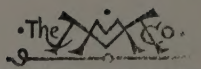
MEN AND DEEDS



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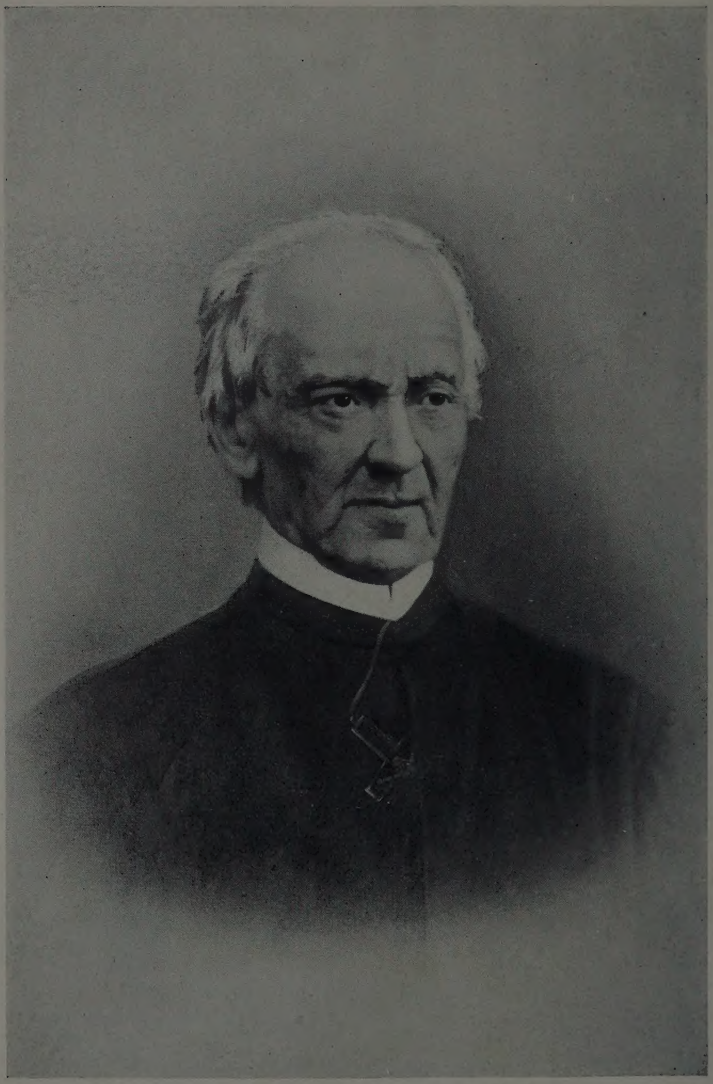


BROTHER FRANCIS XAVIER, FOUNDER

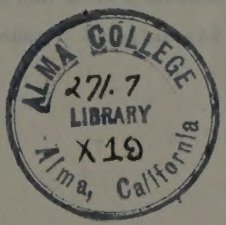
MEN AND DEEDS

The Xaverian Brothers in America

BY

BROTHER JULIAN, C.F.X.

With an Introduction by His Grace, Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore



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SET UP BY BROWN BROTHERS LINOTYPERS
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BORROWING THE SUBLIME THOUGHT INSCRIBED ON A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE FALLEN ENGLISH AT BRUGES-BY-THE-SEA, BELGIUM, THIS WORK, AT THE CLOSE OF SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT OF THE XAVERIAN BROTHERS IN AMERICA, "IS DEDICATED TO A TIME WHEN EVERY MOMENT HAD ITS DEED AND EVERY DEED ITS HERO."

FOREWORD

The importance of history cannot be overemphasized. Nations recognize it by making their own history a required subject in the curriculum of their schools. The child is made acquainted with the history of its country with the hope of engendering a love for it from which will spring in adult life willing devotion to its service.

Back of and supporting national life is eternal life, life in the most intensely real sense. On the principles of Christ must nations build if they are to last to the end of recorded time. No flag can keep aloft through millenniums unless it does obeisance to the Cross. The history of Calvary is the fountain from which to draw the inspiration to patriotic service, to urge one to give his all for the good of the cause.

If nations find their history necessary surely an order like the Xaverian Brothers which is content to carry on, in obscurity, its extensive educational labors may be allowed once in seventy-five years "to spread" the story of its Men and Deeds "on the record."

"To gather the fragments lest they be lost" Brother Provincial Osmund, in the fall of 1928, commissioned the writer to assemble and put them in record. He found of invaluable assistance the notes compiled by Brother Isidore from the annals faithfully kept by Brother Joseph, the pioneer novice in America. "The Cyrenians," sketches of the pioneers, which are also the work of Brother Isidore, proved indispensable. These, combined with the annals of Brother Stephen and Brother Bernardine, form the groundwork upon which the present story of the early days is built.

A towering piece of fine architecture in eliciting wonder

may induce the spectator to lose sight of the reason of its being. Again, its mute surface carries no hint of the many blows the rough stone received, the toil and the pain spent upon it by the common laborer. Still more seldom is his heart raised in admiration to the mighty, beneficent God who made it possible. But the religious should see these things.

Nothing that the pioneers accomplished is comparable to that which it accomplished in the doing for their own souls. Herein it behooves us to find both incentive and encouragement with regard to the similar work which must go on in the soul of each and every one of us, their spiritual children.

If history they made, let us remember that it is only such to us; it was not history to them, but very commonplace. Our task is to make history that will seem no less striking to generations coming, if we succeed in bequeathing a to-morrow to them worthy in every respect of the yesterday outlined in these pages.

THE AUTHOR.

Fortress Monroe, Virginia,
Feast of the Assumption, 1929.

INTRODUCTION

THE most fascinating pages in the story of the Church established by the God Man are those picturing the struggles, sacrifices and divinely sustained courage of the followers of Jesus Christ through that long night of centuries ending with the proclamation of liberty under Constantine. The subsequent pages detailing the spread of the Gospel, the truly marvelous successes of Christian missionaries, the difficulties lying in the Church's way, her determined adherence to Christ's teaching even when such loyalty meant losing nations to the faith, her present unique position as the only great organized and unified moral force in the world, those too are of profound interest to all who realize that it is the history of an organization that came from out the open heart of Christ on Calvary's Cross, human in its members, divine in its Founder, purpose and means of Grace; divine too because all through its years Jesus Christ the Son of God has been, in keeping with His promise, the Guide, the unseen companion of His Bride. The Holy Ghost came to the Infant Church to teach it all things and to abide with it for ever.

Imperial Rome scoffed at the mustard seed that was the Church. Cæsars set themselves to rid the Empire of those seemingly foolish followers of the despised Nazarene. The individual loses life as the result of much blood loss. The Church of God grew and intensified its life as the rivers of blood, flowing from the martyred hearts of its children, became floods wherever the proud Roman eagle flew proclaiming the jurisdiction of the Neros of the first three hundred years. The blood of martyrs was the seed sown. The

story of God's Church parallels the history of the life of Christ.

We see a similar phenomenon in the accounts handed down to us by those who have specialized in the study of great religious orders and congregations. I don't know of one great grouping of men or of women who banded themselves for Christ's sake in the practice of the Evangelical counsels that did not experience difficulties and opposition from most unexpected quarters during its formative years. *Per crucem ad lucem* might be a motto common to all of them.

The Congregation of the Xaverian Brothers is still young. Its members are not priests. They tread humbler pathways in life. Yet I can see God's hand and a divine design in the work of the little Congregation founded by Theodore Ryken just as clearly as I can see the *digitus Dei* in the life and work of a Francis, a Dominic or an Ignatius Loyola.

The humble Founder was consumed by zeal for the spread of the gospel of Christ. He would send apostles to teach Christ to the neglected American Indians. He came to look over the field, to seek counsel from American Bishops. He realized as the result of his study of conditions that there was a crying need of religious teachers among the White Catholics of the United States. Such a need was voiced by the Missionary Prelates of the Church in America. Theodore Ryken returned to Belgium and set to work to lay the foundation of his Congregation. In 1840 there were three members. They had no means, no property, scarcely a place to lay their heads. Many, whose human wisdom counted for much, looked askance at the dreamer and his plans. "The undertaking is foolish." "It is impossible." It is a good thing that God's ways are not ours, and that all the wisdom of the world is not in the heads of the strictly business men.

No man with faith in God and His Providence can read

the story of the foundation and growth of the Congregation in which we are interested without seeing at once that God had selected Theodore Ryken to do a great work in His Church just as He had set apart seven centuries ago the Poor Man of Assisi, "Francis the Fiddler," to renovate the spirit of his age gone mad and bring it back to the feet of the Divine Lover of Poverty.

The early years of the Congregation's history is one of seeming failure and partial success. All the time God's hand was there. In the formative days there was courage illumined by faith. Religious Congregations of men and women are eulogized in this age of progress and enlightenment because their members are found occupied in higher studies in great universities. Theodore Ryken's little band of Belgian teachers were engaged in special studies and professional training in the St. Trond Normal School eighty-three years ago, thus setting a fine and inspiring example to the brilliant young Brothers of to-day who are making a reputation for scholarship for their Community in the Catholic University of America.

Five years of patient and prayerful uphill work brought results. Schools were opened in Belgium in 1844. Two years later the Brothers were in England beginning their work in "Mary's Dowry" where they have to-day a number of flourishing schools. The Founder of the Xaverian Brothers always looked to America as his real field of labor. We are not surprised then to find him leading a little band of consecrated teachers to Louisville, Kentucky, in 1854. Bishop Martin J. Spalding, then Bishop of that diocese, extended a warm invitation to the Brothers. The author gives a frank, unvarnished account of the early days in old Kentucky. The facts read like fiction, and are stranger than many an outpouring of literary imaginativeness. Facts are facts, however. The good Bishop gave the Brothers "his blessing and nothing more." A charitable old lady

discerning perhaps their hunger from their appearance gave them a watermelon. They began their work for God on an Episcopal benediction and a watermelon.

Now that the pioneer days of hunger, cold and faith-trying struggles are over, I have no hesitation in saying that I am glad the Bishop gave them nothing more than his blessing. He might have given them a large sum of money which he did not possess. He might have housed them in an old Kentucky home of palatial proportions which he did not own. He might have emulated saintly Bishops of the long ago by selling his episcopal insignia and giving the proceeds to the poor "foreign" Brothers who had come to help him to build up the Church in Kentucky. He might have done many things: he did just one thing—he gave them a blessing and then he held them to their contract—a miserably few dollars on which they had to live. Dying on it seemed the most natural thing in the world; living on it savored of the miraculous. The rule of life then seemed to be one which is more or less still in vogue in many a mission of the Southland—"root hog or die."

No man can say that the Brothers' success in America is due to the charity of rich benefactors, the generosity of Boards of Trustees or the overwhelming zeal for them or their work on the part of ecclesiastical superiors. It is due to the celestial and fruitful blessings of the Good God and to the gracious protection of His Blessed Mother to whom Xaverians have always had a tender devotion. I do not mean to say that their work and sacrifices were not appreciated. They were. The Bishop of Louisville thought enough about them to keep them all to himself whilst he was Bishop. He would not permit them to take up work in Chicago. In his mind they were for the Louisville diocese exclusively. Then with a consistency that is charming he brought them to Baltimore when he went there as Arch-

bishop. From the story one might conclude that the erudite Bishop and Archbishop considered the Brothers as personal attachés.

Well, what does it all matter now? God's plans cannot be negatived by any man. They came to Baltimore more than sixty years ago. Here they have flourished in school and college. Here their numbers have grown. Here they are known and loved. Here they are still conducting a nationally known school for poor boys—St. Mary's Industrial. Here they have begotten Jesus Christ in the hearts of thousands of boys whom they have sent out into the world young men of sterling character. If the Xaverian Brothers had never done any other work than that of St. Mary's Industrial School, they would have immortalized their names as spiritual sons of Theodore Ryken.

There is one fact narrated in this volume that smacks of divine humor. Failure at one time seemed to seal their Kentucky endeavors. The poor Brothers were on the verge of starvation. If dying for a contract had to be, then they must live up to their contract and die. The Superior called back to Belgium all but two of the pioneer band. The two left behind were to be victims of the contract. Then of course it would not matter much. They were not so clever, not so talented, not so important as the teachers repatriated. From those two poor Brothers have come the numerous Communities of to-day. Again God's hand is there. Would it be irreverent to say that we can imagine the loving God Man smiling at men's designs and ways that are human? I think not.

To-day, thank God, the Xaverian Brothers have left the pioneer days behind them and are reaping a splendid spiritual harvest, the growth of early sowing and present day zealous care. They are guiding young men along the path marked out by Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life. They are efficient coöperators in the vineyard of

Christ, rendering invaluable service in the *opus divinum* of saving souls.

The present work of Brother Julian will be a source of inspiration to the Brothers. It will hearten the younger sons of the saintly Ryken to peruse the story of the "Old Brothers" the pioneers who never flinched, who bore uncomplainingly the burden of the early days with confidence in God and a burning desire for souls.

With profit indeed might Bishops and priests turn the pages of the Xaverian past to find much to admire and more to imitate in the lives of the men who began their work in America on Episcopal benisons and a watermelon.

I am wondering if we are doing much more for our Brothers now than was done for them in the past. Vocations to the Brotherhoods should be encouraged by the clergy. I saw a letter not so long ago written by a priest to a young novice in a Congregation of Brothers advising the young man to leave the novitiate and study for the priesthood. No reason was given. It was just a case of "if you are going part of the way, why not go the whole journey?" That attitude is too stupid to call for comment.

Three Brothers in 1840; six hundred in 1929. A few boys in their schools in 1844; over ten thousand in 1929. *Laus Deo Semper.*

The Church in the United States owes a profound debt of gratitude to our teaching Brothers. They have done and will, please God, continue to do noble service in their special field of Christian education. They are setting for all of us an example of religious observance and devotion to duty.

The Archdiocese of Baltimore desires to congratulate the Xaverian Brothers on their magnificent record of work for God during their seventy-five years in this country. We are particularly grateful to them for all they have done for the boys of this Archdiocese.

May God bless them and may He who was their only strength and consoler in the days of pioneer hardships continue by His Grace the success of their undertakings.

✠Michael J. Curley.
Archbishop of Baltimore.

Christmas, 1929.

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MEN AND DEEDS

CHAPTER I

FOUNDATION

Build me strong, O worthy Master!
  Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
  And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.

Choose the timbers with greatest care;
  Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
  For this vessel shall belong.

LONGFELLOW

THE Congregation of the Brothers of Saint Francis Xavier, known as the Xaverian Brothers, was founded by Theodore Ryken, a Hollander. Of his early life little is known. When very young his parents died; a pious uncle adopted him, trained him in the way of virtue, and bore the expenses of his education. Early in life young Ryken resolved to devote himself to foreign missions. When of an age to decide for himself, he came to America and offered his services to the Indian missioners as a lay catechist. Conditions in America convinced him he could do but little single-handed. Burning with zeal for the soul of the Indian, he returned to Belgium with a dream in his noble heart. His aspirations, never fully realized, were committed to writing, and the following, translated from the Flemish by Brother Clement of Bruges, is to be found in the archives of the mother house of the Xaverian Brothers in Bruges.

For a Congregation among Indians

As the Sovereign Wisdom has ever desired that there should at all times be in His Church strong and sufficient means to lead his strayed children back to the fold; therefore, it is no doubt in keeping with the plan of Divine Providence to establish an institution, suitable to the needs of the day in the Church, which at present appears to be the Christian education of youth. It is a general opinion that where adults are, it is difficult to convert; the child can be saved through education, and the progress of Christian communities secured.

But let us first make a distinction between the character and temperament of civilized nations and those of the Indians, and consider the present condition in which the latter are living. The civilized population (of America) is, in its majority, Protestant; one-third does not adhere to any sect, but the greater part believe in the Protestant Bible, drawing from it a certain form of morality in accordance with their own inspiration. Through the superficial idea that Protestants have, they despise Catholics, especially their priests; but there is reason to believe that this proceeds from incomplete knowledge, and that they would more readily than European Protestants prize the Catholic religion once they become aware of the purity of its doctrine and morality. They would then willingly send their children to Catholic schools and colleges, which would facilitate their conversion to the Catholic faith. It is believed that the great importance the nation attaches to liberty would also be very conducive to that end.

The civilized portion of the population is generally much inclined to married life. There are few unmarried people to be found, as they are generally encouraged to matrimony, and it would be considered a foolish thing not to marry. This mentality results in our opinion from contact with the

English Protestant settlers. Furthermore, the Evangelical Counsels are little known, even by Catholics.

The nation is generally of a peaceful disposition, not very speculative in mind, but active and confident, proud of the equality between social classes, inventive and clever in handicraft. They have much consideration for science. Not many know several languages, but they admire those who do, and evade arguments with priests who are linguists.

The Indians of Michigan and of the vicinity of the Lakes are, with the exception of a few tribes, pacific, slow in comprehension, rude in manners, but apt, if adequately instructed. They have no foresight, and trouble very little about earning their living. They are content with hunting, and detest labor. They travel in crowds, through the woods and plains, hunting and fishing, living under tents. After some time, they return to their huts which are made of trees and bark. They leave them very easily. They have no notion of years, or days, or even of hours. Their clothing is generally made of cotton or wool, and rather odd. For instance, they turn a blanket around their body or use a woolen blanket as a mantle, and wear a cotton shirt.

All they possess, beyond their most pressing needs, is used to adorn their bodies and paint their faces with different colors. Once they have become Catholics, they are very docile to the priests who live with them, become chaste in dress and behavior, and go to Confession and Holy Communion frequently. Some take Holy Water with them on their hunting expeditions and they leave off drinking liquor, to which, as heathens, they were much enslaved. Through the habit of intoxication many died. Those simple people had been deluded by wicked traders, who found the exchange of liquor an easy method of getting skins and furs at small cost.

Under the direction of a priest, the new Christians are admirable. The Jesuit Fathers always consider the presence

of a priest a necessity, for the Indians, like children, must be looked after temporally and spiritually. In that way, one can do anything with them, as they are naturally docile, and they love the Jesuit missionaries of whom their fathers have always spoken favorably. In their simplicity they do not wish for earthly possessions and pleasures, for they do not know them, which is an advantage. With the help of Baptism, and the grace of the Holy Ghost, they have given examples of fervor which ought to confound our laxity.

It looks as if the Lord was about to shed his grace on many heathen tribes, for in different places, and almost at the same period, they have been asking for missionaries. Three delegates from Lake Superior, representing three nations numbering nine thousand souls, were sent to the priest of the Iroquois and promised they would all become Catholics if they were given a priest. At Lake Saint Clair, an Indian chief entreated Father Losterie to have at least one priest, adding, with tears in his eyes, that his nation was being spoiled by Protestant schools.

What a pity that all those Indians of good will and capable of so much virtue, once they are Christians, should be left to themselves and exposed to spiritual and corporal misery through the fault of conscienceless traders who give them liquor and enslave them to that dreadful passion! Moreover, the government drives them westward, compelling them to sell their territories or confiscating the same, nobody caring to teach them how to cultivate the ground. Their children will be condemned to utter misery. Hunting will become less productive, as the forests are being destroyed by settlers for agricultural purposes. This momentary setback hinders the establishment of missions.

Such is the reason of the urgency of establishing a Congregation among the Indians, the more so since Catholics are not in a position to lend them a helping hand, and the

strayed sheep are an easy prey to wolves in sheep's clothes once the Catholic priest is called back and not replaced. The Protestants also tried to deceive the Iroquois in the absence of their priest, but without success. In one large town, Mackinac, the Protestants have founded an institution for young Indians about twenty years old to teach them crafts, and evidently, Protestant doctrine. Because of lack of money, priests, and schools, the Catholics cannot prevent it. Thousands of souls are thus abandoned; their children will be Protestants from their birth, and lost to the Catholic Church. Hence our obligation to spare no exertion in founding institutions for the salvation of so many souls for whom Our Lord has immolated His life.

Such is the reason which has given us the idea of founding a Congregation, with the view of saving as many souls as possible, by contributing to implant the Catholic faith and extend the Church.

But in order to erect the building on a solid foundation, a central or mother house should be erected in Belgium as a novitiate, where beginners are to be trained in all sorts of useful crafts, dialects, catechization, and sundry methods of showing the Indians how to lead a Christian life, of instructing white settlers in plains and forests, and preparing the sick for Confession and the reception of the other Sacraments, thus smoothing the way for the priest. In case of need they could also confer Baptism.

The Brothers, being trained in crafts and agriculture, would assure their subsistence and instruct children in these crafts, especially the children of their schools.

The Brothers should also submit to a Rule, as similar as possible to that of the Jesuits, for the latter Rule is endowed with powerful means for the necessities of missions, particularly in America.

At the mother house young members should have two or three years of probation, during which time they should

be instructed in the crafts above mentioned but above all in Christian doctrine and religious perfection, in obedience and zeal for the salvation of souls, submitting themselves unconditionally to any task the Lord may put before them. They should be prepared and armed against the perils they will be exposed to, and taught how to overcome them.

The Superiors will endeavor to have a clear knowledge of the character, the natural and spiritual traits, and the defects of the young members in order to discern the tasks for which they are suited; that they all may be employed adequately for the benefit of the whole body—the little and the great, the weak and strong—and that their combined activities may realize great and profitable work.

Some time after the foundation of the mother house in Europe, a few children should be accepted at the house, to give the Brothers an opportunity of training themselves in education for subsequent use in America. These children could be admitted free and even trained as future members, should they prove fit.

At the mother house should be admitted only such members as are possessed of suitable dispositions for mission work in America, their chief object being the education of children, particularly the Indian. Their chief qualifications should be: piety, intelligence, facility for languages, and love for children. Those who are of a strong constitution could also be used for manual labor and tillage in order to assure the sustenance of the house and to be able to teach crafts to the Indians and their children. But above all is required an ardent longing for religious perfection and the salvation of souls, or that truly apostolic spirit which will prompt them to leave their parents, relatives, and mother country to go to America, if their Superiors order them to go thither.

Though the chief object of the Congregation is the salva-

tion of souls and the welfare of the Indian children, yet we do not discard other services in the American missions, which should not be lost sight of in the training of young members at the mother house. Besides working earnestly at their own religious perfection in order to communicate their fervor to others, they shall also be trained in teaching religion, science, and virtue. They will learn the language of the nation in which they will have to work; they will be exercised in manual labor, crafts, and husbandry for the sake of the Indians and the maintenance of their community.

Although the four above-mentioned qualifications be necessary, the first points are of greater importance than the latter and are more conducive to our aim; yet the latter are not to be overlooked, for they may be very useful.

To attain its object, the mother house at Bruges should be assured of a regular income so that the want of temporal necessities does not impede religious formation, inward life, mortification, zeal for souls, knowledge of languages—especially Indian—methodology, etc. After some time there should be made an attempt to have a Canadian or an Indian at the mother house in Belgium.

The temporal sustenance of the mother house being assured, there would be no loss of time in educating the members, who would not be hampered by the necessity of earning money through work.

It is our intention, however, to impose manual labor on the young members at the mother house, but only as a spiritual probation which is to last three years before their being sent to America. Manual labor should be practiced the first year exclusively that it may be of use later on in America to the Indians and their children as well as to the children at the mother house, who might otherwise be tempted to ask for admission, only for the advantage of learning foreign languages at small cost. Manual labor will

further foster the spirit of mortification. The members shall, of course, also be trained in the spiritual life, and be allowed to learn to speak English.

The second year of probation will be devoted to study and more advanced spiritual instruction. The members of the second year probation will no longer be employed in manual labor but will supervise and direct the work of those of the first year.

The third year will be exempt from all manual labor and employed for religious formation and the study of French and Indian, as well as of the spiritual and natural sciences mentioned above. Those who have special capacity for teaching languages and sciences will not be employed in manual labor at all if the Superior judges it more profitable to the chief end of the Congregation.

America

A second house is to be founded in America, the Superior and members of which are to be subject to the Superior of the mother house in Belgium. The American house is to be erected if possible near an episcopal town: (1) to be more easily provided with a priest; (2) to be in a better position to handle business concerning our profession; (3) to have a better opportunity to dispose of the agricultural products which must assure a sufficient income to sustain the Brothers in the missions. Vegetables and fruit, being more remunerative, should be preferred. Other sources of revenue could arise from beehives and the growing of hemp which is easy and would occupy the children with weaving. Woolen blankets would also be profitable, the vicinity of the town facilitating their export to Europe.

The central house should be established with preference in a diocese where there are many Indians so that the wants of the latter would be more easily met. It would be almost

impossible to form Christian communities without some social life, similar to ours, which can only be obtained through agriculture and handicraft.

Our task would be to establish ourselves among the Indians to teach them the principles of Christian doctrine, and to show them how to lead a Christian life. As they are simple and of good will, we could effect thousands of conversions. Some Indian boys could be educated at the central house to learn French and even Flemish, for some may have a vocation to join us afterwards, and to get a complete religious formation to prepare them for mission work with their native tribes.

The Brothers shall particularly look after those industries which are more useful to Indians, such as carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking. These occupations will be to them, personally, a means of practicing humility and will also be a source of income to the house. As to the children and Indians, these occupations will keep them from roaming through woods and deserts, which exposes them to all sorts of irregularities.

The Brothers could also prepare the Indians for the reception of the Sacraments some time before the visit of the priest, as Indians without priests are very often only half Christians.

The Superior shall not send the Brothers too far away in the forests before being acquainted with circumstances of time and place or without knowing the character and dispositions of the Brothers.

The Brothers on the mission will always be two. They shall write a letter every four or five weeks to the Superior. They will be recalled after some time to the central house to practice the spiritual exercises. Meanwhile, other members will take their places at the mission. The Superior will carefully watch them to see if their fervor has slackened,

and judge if they may be sent back to their mission for another term or should be retained at the house for teaching or manual labor.

The Superior will choose a spiritual counselor, whose advice he should seek for the direction of the Congregation.

The Superior of the European house must have authority over the American house: (1) because he is in a better position to form competent men; (2) because he will find more means in Europe for his own spiritual advancement which in America would be more or less hampered by missionary work; (3) because he will know the members better, having studied their character in the novitiate; (4) because the old and unfit members could be sent back to Europe, their fervor rekindled, or their laxity remedied. Furthermore, such members may still be of great use to the mother house, on account of their experience and knowledge.

The Superior of the American house shall write every two months to the European Superior to acquaint him with conditions.

In the Rule should also be stated that, besides the three religious vows, Superiors and members will vow obedience to the Bishop of the diocese in which they are employed; but the superior authority will rest with the Bishop of Europe in whose diocese the mother house is located.

The Rule will be composed and revised by meritorious men and bear the mark of the approbation of the Church. It will decide on every point mentioned above. As to temporal administration, this will remain entirely in the hands of the Brothers, who must get their sustenance either from collected money, or from the work of their hands.

Ten or twelve months after the foundation of the Congregation in Belgium, one of our Brothers is to proceed to America to prepare the house, buy ground, and arrange everything for the arrival of the first Brothers sent to America, as it would not do for the latter to live too long

a time amidst the people of the world. Such a measure would also allow the Bishop to decide what members ought to be sent first, and to examine whether or not temporal resources could be secured from their work and from agriculture. It might be considered whether the mother house could get some advantage from the Brothers' voyage; for instance, by their taking along with them cloth or woolen stuffs manufactured at the mother house, to be sold in America.

There may perhaps be an opportunity to get an educated Canadian to come to Bruges to teach English, French, and Indian dialects to the Brothers, which would enable them in due time to open up a boarding school at Bruges where languages especially could be taught, since English is likely to become very useful in Flanders. Perhaps the Canadian might bring with him an Indian boy who could be taught English, French, and even Latin for the benefit of the missions. He could possibly also be prepared for the priesthood.

All these points are to be considered by the Brother who will be sent first to America and later discussed with the Bishop of Bruges.

With this project in mind, Mr. Ryken returned to America to lay it before the American Bishops. Landing in New York and traveling westward, he stopped at Saint Louis. Keen observer that he was, he noticed that the American youth were more in need of instruction than the Indian. He expressed his views to Bishop Rosatti, then Bishop of Saint Louis. The Bishop was impressed, and encouraged him to found a body of religious men who would labor among the American youth, Saint Louis to be the initial field of labor.

The original plan of Theodore Ryken, as outlined above, never became a fact, his dream of Indian missions for his

Brothers giving place to reality in the founding of a Congregation of Teaching Brothers for all classes of youth.

At the advice of Bishop Rosatti, Mr. Ryken repaired to Flanders to begin his work, since that country, generous in its supply of missionary vocations, would be a fertile field in which to plant the seed. Before proceeding to establish a Congregation he went to Rome and obtained from Pope Gregory XVI permission to try and a blessing on the project. On his return to Bruges he secured the necessary episcopal sanction, and entered the Novitiate of the Redemptorists at Saint Trond for the purpose of undergoing preparation before devoting his life to God. At the termination of his probation, the Redemptorists reported favorably of him to the Bishop and he was, consequently, permitted to gather recruits.

Foundation Day is recorded in the Annals of the Brothers as June 5, 1839, since the Founder on that day established himself with the authority of Monsignor Boussen, then Bishop of Bruges, in a house on Ezel Street, Bruges. Five days later, two men joined him—Duchateau, a tailor, and Lambert, a weaver—but they did not persevere long. On June 9, 1840, Anthony Melis (Brother Ignatius) joined, and the Founder always called him his "eldest son."

The original Rules, as drawn by Father Van Kerkhoven, S.J., confessor of the Founder, were approved by the Bishop on September 4, 1841; the body was called Xaverian Brothers—St. Francis Xavier, Patron of Missions, being chosen as Patron. From that date, the Bishop addressed Mr. Ryken as *Frère Superieur*. By 1842, there were seven members. Not having any endowment, the embryonic Brothers had to work for a living. The Founder made shoes; the tailor and the weaver worked about the house; and the others taught the free school authorized by the Bishop in 1840. Borrowing money, kindly loaned without security by a banker named Desjardin, the Brothers pur-

chased a house called *"Het Walletjes"* and moved in 1841 from the rented house on Ezel Street.

On December 3, 1843, the Founder was invested in the holy habit, though it was not until 1846 that he and his first disciples—Brothers Ignatius, Alphonse, Stanislaus, James, Bernard, Paul, Dominic, Nicholas, and Francis—pronounced the Holy Vows of Religion.

When Theodore Ryken, or Brother Francis Xavier as he was called, embraced a life of poverty he did not change his manner of living but rather its motive. Means, he had none; criticism, much; sympathy, little; opposition, much. Those to whom he had a right to look for encouragement laughed him to scorn and would have nothing to do with him. Urged by priests to stop the "pretensions of Ryken," the Bishop replied: "If that institution does not come from God, it will break down by itself, for it has neither learning, nor wealth, nor patronage."

That his project should receive no encouragement was most natural. Three other attempts to found Congregations of laymen in the city of Bruges had failed. With this in mind, the Superior of his confessor, Father Van Kerkhoven, a Jesuit, refused him admittance to the house. This was a deprivation indeed, but the confessor bade him continue to come to him in the confessional since there the Superior had no authority. In this way, Father Van Kerkhoven was able to encourage him in the project and drew up for him the Constitution and Rules. Throughout all, the finger of God was there trying his servant, withholding from him the sight of the future, a reality brighter than even the most sanguine hopes of Brother Francis Xavier could ever have anticipated.

If Brother Francis had opposition from without, he had even greater within. "To many it seems a hard saying: 'Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow Me.'" Many disciples came, but seeing no prospect ahead, deserted.

Would you blame them? When a man gives himself to God at least he is justified in assuring himself stability on the part of the Society he joins. Living in an unpaid-for house, hourly expecting eviction, and having a bell ring for meals at times only because it was the custom of the house, are not calculated to keep up the pitch of fervor in any country, even in a land where apostolic vocations may be nurtured but not necessarily put into practice before the apostolic field is gained. In justice to those who fell by the wayside, we will not even say that those who remained represented "the survival of the fittest," for, where religious houses abounded for supplying a God-given thirst for evangelical perfection, you could not but justify one who felt the future uncertain for taking means to make it certain. On God's part, the wholesale defections were the means to purify the soul of the Founder. He was to realize that it was not the work of man, and that if he was to succeed he must rely solely on Divine aid. This the Founder did and of all the virtues his long and holy life gives evidence that of faith is preëminent.

CHAPTER II

THE AMERICAN MISSION

> To get behind the names and the faces of the men, to delve into the spirit of their time and the motive which moved them, . . . to make clear why in face of difficulties the final triumph came, that is the tale today worth telling and the lesson worth learning.
>
> CARDINAL O'CONNELL, *Centenary of Boston Archdiocese.*

BY 1848 the Brothers were fairly well established and went from Bruges to Bury, England, to open a school. Was the primary purpose of foundation forgotten—that of teaching in America? No. The English mission was a stepping-stone to the American. The Brothers there had ample opportunity to improve in the language while waiting for God's time to embark for America. The hopes of going to America still lingered in the Founder's heart, but the human means upon which he relied were taken from him.

Bishop Rosatti died in 1843. In him, the Founder lost the promoter of his cause. The good Bishop now fades from the scene, and the hand of God is made manifest in depriving the Founder of the one earthly hope for the success of his original project.

In 1853, the illustrious Bishop Martin Spalding of Louisville, who was on his way to Rome, stopped in Belgium to obtain recruits for his diocese from the seminary at Louvain. Being a personal friend of the Bishop of Bruges, he passed some days with him, and at his house met the Founder with whom he was greatly impressed. Learning

of his desire to establish his Congregation in America, Bishop Spalding then and there made arrangements for a colony of Brothers to go the next year to Louisville, Kentucky. Thus, the Founder's dream was about to be realized.

The good Bishop gave the Founder his blessing, and then they parted. Since blessings, though invaluable, are not accepted as passage on trains and sailing vessels, Brother Francis, after giving his promise, was at a loss as to how to fulfill it as the time drew near to embark. Man of faith that he was, he had the Brothers begin a Novena to Saint Joseph.

The Founder had great devotion to Saint Joseph; in all his difficulties he turned to him. To this great saint he attributed the acquiring of the *Walletjes*. In looking over the property with an eye to its acquisition, he pasted a picture of Saint Joseph on a door of a cupboard and told him he wanted that house. (The slab of the door and the picture are preserved in the archives of the mother house in Bruges.) It was on the Feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, April 17, 1853, that he signed the agreement with Bishop Spalding accepting an American mission.

On the third day of the Novena a servant of a priest in Holland, the Reverend Van Beck, who was a friend of the Founder, was accosted by a stranger of venerable appearance who gave him a bag of money and said, "Take this to your master and tell him it is for some foreign mission." The servant did as he was told; the good priest opened the bag. It contained thirty thousand francs and a note: "This money is intended for a mission in America." The stranger was summoned but he had disappeared. Father Van Beck knew of the Founder's desire to go to America and what withheld him, and he thought that he could put the money to no better purpose than to give it to Brother Francis. Acting on his generous impulse, he wrote the following:

SAINT PATRICK'S SCHOOL, LOUISVILLE
(First Home of the Brothers in America)

St. Michael's, Gestel
June 16, 1846

Amice:

This morning I received a letter worded thus: "This packet is intended for the propagation of the faith in America, for any mission whatsoever." After due reflection, I am persuaded that I can do no better than remit this money to your Congregation. As the donor was an utter stranger who disappeared without explaining, I earnestly implored Saint Joseph to enlighten and guide me at this crisis, and ever since I have remained constant in my original opinion. You may, therefore, draw on me for about fifteen hundred guilders, or perhaps more, as I do not yet know the exact amount. The coin is pure gold, and hence, easy to carry. Perhaps it were better that you yourself come and get it as soon as possible, and thus avoid any possible difference.

Believe me, with best wishes to all the Brothers, especially to Brothers Alphonsus and Dominic, with sincere devotion,

Yours in Christ,

M. Van Beck.

Strange it may seem, but the sum was exactly the amount required for the journey of seven Brothers. The early Brothers piously thought that the stranger might have been none other than the good Saint Joseph himself, and a piece of the money is a treasured article in the archives of the mother house.

In July, 1854, the American Colony of Xaverians: Brothers Paul, Vincent, Ignatius, Francis,[1] Peter, and Philip with the Founder started for America. Not timing themselves on leaving Bruges, they were too late for the ship. Greatly

[1] This Brother Francis is not to be confused with the Founder who was known as Brother Francis Xavier.

disappointed, they had to wait for the next sailing vessel. What seemed a regrettable accident was but the providence of God, for the vessel on which they were to have embarked was lost at sea.

Landing in New York, August 4, 1854, they proceeded to Louisville, Kentucky. The good Bishop welcomed them, gave them his blessing, and nothing more. The Brothers were then placed, hardly housed, on the third floor of Saint Patrick's school. A good lady met them on the street and gave them a water-melon. They had never seen one, but rightly supposed it was something to eat. They ate half of it for supper and saved the other half for breakfast; it was all they had for either meal.

On August 16, they opened two schools; one at Saint Patrick's; the other, the Immaculate Conception, always known as "Eighth Street."

Knownothingism was rampant at the time, and Louisville was a hotbed. These fanatics, who had set a day for the blowing up of the cathedral, failed to reckon on the intrepidity of Bishop Spalding. When the rumors reached him he promptly went to the mayor, handed him the keys of the cathedral and told him in no uncertain language that he would hold him responsible for the safety of the church. Despite this, a cannon was wheeled to the church. The intrepid Bishop left his study, placed himself at the mouth of the cannon, and refused to move. Thus failed the attempts of the cowards, who, hating Catholicity, loved their own bodies more.

At this critical period, the Brothers arrived for work in America. The coming of six unpretentious, uninfluential men created not a little stir in the city. The report was spread and even circulated in the daily papers that foreigners had arrived, known as "Brothers"; that they had a barracks at the top of Saint Patrick's school; that the place was stored with ammunition and arms; and that they in-

tended to drill the Catholic young men of the city for a bloody war on Protestantism. The editors insisted that a search of Saint Patrick's be made.

At the advice of the Bishop, the Brothers dispersed, living separately for a while in private families. Their valuables, articles for chapel service brought from Belgium, they hid in Saint John's Cemetery at the lower end of the city in a section known as Portland. For some time two Brothers lived with the keeper, a Mr. Shelly; the others found a welcome in private families. Saint Patrick's was thoroughly searched. Needless to state, nothing in the way of firearms was discovered in an abode dedicated to peace and inhabited by men who, having a business to mind, were content only in minding it—which could not be said of the meddlesome rabble.

As time went on hardships increased, the greatest problem being how to live. The Brothers, in their simplicity, had contracted for their services in terms of Belgian money, not knowing its comparative value in American coin. The result was that their salary was only one hundred and thirty dollars a year, just half of what it should have been; and, strange as it may seem, they were held to the terms of the contract. As it was simply impossible for them to support themselves, within the space of two years two were called back to Europe; two years later, two more, leaving but two valiant souls, Brothers Francis and Stephen,[2] to keep up the unequal struggle. They were left behind because funds were not available for their return passage.

An unwritten tradition has it that they were not among the first or second group chosen to return because the others were considered more worthy of the expense. Neither Brother Francis nor Brother Stephen would have been of great use at home because they could not speak French.

[2] Brother Stephen came to America in 1856 to replace Brother Philip who died.

How shallow the judgment of men! How this leaving behind brings out the fact that God is independent of men when He wishes to establish a work! In a measure He depends on men; but He determines the choice, and chooses the least likely to effect His purpose, as He did in selecting ignorant fishermen to establish His Church. So, with Brothers Francis and Stephen; they were left alone until funds could be saved to bring them home. They were practically supported by a young priest, Father Lawrence Bax. Deserving of an honored place in the annals of the Brothers is the name of Father Bax, and cherished as the founders of the Society in America are the names of Brothers Francis and Stephen.

For two years, these heroic Brothers kept aglow the feeble spark of the Brotherhood in America. No prophetic vision cheered them but the love of God was strong in their hearts. Meanwhile, they resisted efforts of well meaning priests to induce them to abandon their cause and cast their lot, still for God, among the ranks of the diocesan clergy. Seer and prophet impressed upon them the utter futility of ever succeeding with only two so far away from headquarters, and with the very source of supply only an infant, uncertain of a future. With the knowledge of saints, Brothers Francis and Stephen knew that God works silently and slowly; that perseverance in a cause, holy in itself, must bring success in time if faith but dominates the works. To-day proclaims that they were right; and the present success and standing of the Community in America may be traced to these two holy men, who had naught but faith to sustain them, but having that had all that was necessary.

Brother Francis died before he saw his Congregation spread, but in the Communion of Saints one sees all. Brother Stephen lived sixty-three years in the Community, fifty-five in America; so, like Saint John who witnessed the

growth of the Church, he saw his Congregation flourish in America. On one occasion, when at Mount Saint Joseph's College, Baltimore, he saw hundreds of Brothers congregated, he was overcome with emotion, not at the result of *his* work, but of God's through him.

CHAPTER III

GREEN STREET

1860-1864

Wait: yet I do not tell you
  The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanquished
  And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far in the misty future
  With a crown of starry light
An hour of joy you know not
  Is winging her silent flight.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR

COEXISTENT with the low ebb of Xaverian influence in Louisville was a no less unpromising state of affairs at the mother house. The Founder was no longer young. He was the life of the Congregation in matters spiritual, imbuing his men with his own sublime faith, encouraging them by his never-failing hope, and urging them on with his ardent charity. As a leader in the crusade he was all enthusiasm, but as often happens with men of God, he lacked a prudent foresight in practical matters. Borrow money he could when stress was urgent, but he did not stop to ponder if the future would enable him to clear the debt. Matters financial were in a bad shape at Bruges. Twenty years had elapsed and not one penny had been paid on the debt of the *Walletjes*. Disciples there were, but means to support them there were not. Added to this, a threatened foreclosure made the existence of the Congregation precarious, and the anxious flock knew not when dispersion would be the order.

At this crisis, on the advice of the Bishop, the Founder resigned as Superior General, and Brother Vincent was elected to guide the Congregation. That Brother Vincent was a providential man at a critical time is undoubted, for an era of confidence and progress began with his election.

This was in 1860, and coincided with a visit of the Reverend Father Van Deutekom, Pastor of "Eighth Street" where Brothers Francis and Stephen were then struggling against odds. The purpose of this visit was to induce the Superior General to increase the force of the two Brothers in America. Brother Vincent himself could not have had much if he had any faith in the American mission as he had been one of the pioneers. That he should consider sending a fresh colony is surprising. Possibly he saw an easy way of lightening the burden of the mother house by relieving it of the support of some of its members; or the making of a new contract whereby the Brothers were to receive two hundred and fifty dollars a year caused him to relieve the situation in America.

Far from regretting it, he lived to rejoice, for when the financial crisis did strike the Belgian Brothers a few years later, it was the sacrifice, the economy of the American Brothers that helped to save the mother house from extermination. This is not generally known, but the writer has it from members who lived in Louisville under the Superior, Brother Paul, at that time, and they stated that Brother Paul used to say he dreaded to open a letter from Bruges lest it inform him that all was at an end. To save the situation at Bruges, the Brothers in America strained every nerve even to the extent of fasting on days when school was not in session in order to economize. In this way, they helped to avert the evil which threatened the mother house and possibly the entire Congregation.

Meager at other times was the diet of the Brothers. The lunch, taken at the schools, consisted only of coffee, bread,

and molasses. A missioner, the celebrated Father Weninger, S.J., happened to visit a school as the Brothers were at lunch, and said: "Brothers, is that all you get? Truly, it is an apostolic meal for apostolic men!"

This is anticipating. On July 1, 1860, the second colony arrived in the persons of Brother Paul, Superior, Brothers Stanislaus, Benedict, Hubert, Basil, Bernardine, Clement, and Innocent. What must have been the joy of Brothers Francis and Stephen to behold the recruits! Faithful had these two been! More than once they had been urged by well meaning members of the clergy to abandon their vocation and enlist among the ranks of the priesthood. It was pointed out to them the folly of wasting their time. "What can you two men do?" Even the critical status of Bruges was held up to them as a convincing argument that they were flying in the face of Providence. They were—steadfastly, constantly, prayerfully, trustfully—and now the fruit of their steadfastness, constancy, prayers and faith was to ripen. Their trust was not in vain. Brave Brothers, may we be worthy of you!

Brother Paul and his companions arrived sooner than was expected, so nothing was in readiness. Living accommodations at "Eighth Street"—two rooms in the rear of the school—made it unthinkable that the Brothers should continue to live there. Brother Stephen had found a house, but since it was occupied it required a little tact to have the tenants vacate. In the meantime, the Brothers dispersed and lived with various pastors.

The house was on Green Street, now Fehr Avenue, near St. Boniface Church. According to description, it was *not* a house except for its having walls and a roof. At least it was not a house for a growing religious community. Though we are writing of pioneer times, the scene is not laid in the woods, where a log cabin at the time would not have been a hardship, but the scene is in a thriving city as modern then

as any city of the times. Choice houses (and by choice we mean, plain and compatible with religious poverty) there were, but when pious men essay to live on Providence, they must take what Providence sends. Bethlehem testifies God was not bountiful to Himself, for our sakes; and history records of all beginnings, for His sake, a want of comforts and conveniences and that, too, for *our* sakes. God tries His foundation stones. In the natural order, any old thing is not put in foundations, and surely only the choicest is reserved for the spiritual.

Good Brothers Paul, Francis, and Stephen, you *were* God's choice for *us*. For our sakes, the beginning was squalid, uninviting, unsuitable that we of a later generation might look in wonder, aghast, and strive the more to be worthy sons of worthy fathers. May we bear in mind that our prosperity, our comparative comforts, were purchased at your expense, through your toil, and your privations. We trust at the eternal bar to rejoice your spirits as you hear the words of the Master addressed to us, "Well done." We feel your bliss will be the more as you realize that your work was not for time, but for eternity; not for yourselves only, but for us who vowed to God in your name that we would, as you, carry it safe home.

The house consisted of six rooms and an annex. A shack it was then, a disgrace to the street. It has not survived the destroying elements of time, as did its none too pretentious neighboring houses. Had it been saved, we would surely have as standing a miracle as the Holy House of Loretto. Here is the description of Brother Philip who lived in it as a postulant:

> As soon as you opened the door, you were in the parlor which served as office and sleeping room of the Superior. The second room was the novitiate department, the sleeping room of the Master of Novices [fold-

> ing beds unknown, we suppose] study room, recreation room, and dining room of the postulants.

Very commodious, we might suppose. Let the chronicler undeceive us:

> The Superior's room and novitiate each had one window. There were no hallways in the house, no staircase, a flight of stairs without risers was put in. Evidently, the house had been built for two families as there was a flight of steps on the outside leading to the second story. The second floor was devoted to sleeping quarters, while the annex served as a kitchen. In the alley was another house of four rooms, one used as an oratory, the others for sleeping. A shed was built in the yard for a bath room, the water being carried from two cisterns fed by rain; water for drinking and cooking was carried from the city pump. (Louisville at that time, and for forty years later, conveniently had wells with pumps at almost every corner.)

A certain Bishop, the name is not given in the chronicles, stated that the two houses were a combination of Bethlehem and Nazareth. Was he not right even beyond the literalness of his words? Bethlehem and Nazareth were and are holy places, because of those who dwelt therein.

Three years later when the Superior General, Brother Vincent, made his visit he went to the street and number previously given to him. Not being able to convince himself that the Brothers lived there, though he then saw only the outside, he passed it by and rang the bell of a conventual-looking house which proved to be the Sisters' convent.

The Superior's visit was in 1863, and we are still in the period of 1860. With ten Brothers in Community, it was possible to open more schools. An era of prosperity, to them at least, began to dawn. Wrote the Right Reverend J.

Lancaster Spalding in his book on the life and times of his illustrious uncle, the Most Reverend Martin J. Spalding, who, it will be remembered, brought the Brothers to America:

> They (Xaverians) came out in 1854. . . . Their success for several years was but partial. The Founder, who had accompanied the infant colony to Louisville, though a man of many excellent intentions, did not seem to understand how to adapt his Institute to the new circumstances in which he was placed, and the work began to prosper only after he had been superceded as Superior.

Plausible though this may seem to an outsider, it does not lend itself to facts as known on the inside. True, the Founder came with the infant colony, but he did not remain long in Louisville. How long we do not know; but subsequent details will convince one that it could not have been a month, perhaps not even a week. The Superior of the second colony, Brother Paul, had been Superior of the first, and *if* he failed the first time for want of adaptation to "new circumstances," he succeeded the second time and with exactly the same difficulties of adaptation confronting him.

The failure, as noted in Chapter II, was due solely to the fact that the Brothers could not subsist on $130.00 a year, or $10.83 1/3 a month, and subsistence then was, as it is now, an expenditure for clothes, food, light, fuel, and incidentals. Brother Paul, we learn from the chronicles, wrote to the Founder of his inability to meet living expenses. The Founder in return commissioned him to see the Bishop; hence, the Founder could not have remained in Louisville long enough to realize it for himself.

Three times, Brother Paul went to see the Bishop to ask that the Brothers' salary be increased, and each time the Bishop was displeased at the request and refused. To

justify his refusal the Bishop showed Brother Paul the contract between himself and the Founder. The failure to adapt to "new circumstances" was indeed true; but the circumstances to which the Brothers could not "adapt" themselves were undoubtedly the difficulties of making one dollar go as far as two. Failure, apart from the inscrutable designs of Providence, was due to the financial strain and to no other cause.

With a new contract of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, a second start was made and "adaptation" became the order of the day. This meager amount was in vogue until the nineties when it was raised to three hundred dollars, and remained at that figure until after the World War, when, as he who reads well knows, the cost of living more than trebled itself.

A non-Catholic physician met a Brother at the bedside of a sick pupil (who is now a good Xaverian Brother) in the year of 1903 and casually asked the Brother, the present Provincial in America, what he received in compensation for his services. The Brother replied that he received nothing for himself, but that the Community received twenty-five dollars a month for ten months. "Twenty-five dollars!" ejaculated the doctor, "Why the man that sweeps the streets gets more than that. How can you live on it?" This was true! The janitor of the same school in which the Brother taught was then getting sixty dollars a month; the teachers, twenty-five! This is a point that is not generally known, or if known, is lost sight of by our Catholic people. Sisters and Brothers who labor for the welfare of the children in the schools receive but a pittance. They do not complain; their lives are vowed to poverty; but if they were to demand a salary on a par with that which public school teachers receive, parochial schools would not exist, simply because parishes could not afford to maintain them.

Out of this pittance, Brothers and Sisters must maintain

themselves, support their aged and infirm, and educate their younger members for the work—no slight task, considering the demands upon the present generation of teachers, demands which religious communities must meet and do meet with a heroism little understood, if known. Even higher institutions of Catholic learning, be they staffed by priests, Brothers, or Sisters, could not exist for Catholic youth of ordinary circumstances if the rates of tuition were on a par with institutions of similar scope under secular auspices. That we have such institutions is due simply to the fact that there are no high (living) salaries to be paid to professors. Do our Catholic young men and women appreciate the generous lives that enable them to take their place among the educated of the land? Does the nation realize the debt it owes to these selfless lives of the Catholic Church by reason of the wealth of high ideals poured annually into her national life?

This is a digression brought on from the supposed failure of Brother Paul and his companions to adapt themselves to a condition not of their making and not in their power to overcome. To return: On August 16, 1860, Brother Paul was able to open new schools. In those days schools closed July 1, and reopened August 16. It mattered not whether July 1 fell on a Monday or August 16 fell on a Friday, they were set days in "the contract."

St. Patrick's, the first school taught by the Brothers and closed in 1858 owing to the loss of the Brothers, was reopened with two teachers, Brothers Paul and Bernardine; the Immaculate Conception, Eighth Street, was continued with Brothers Stanislaus and Innocent; St. Boniface, a new school, was opened by Brothers Francis, Hubert, and Basil; St. John's, still taught by the Brothers, and taught uninterruptedly, had as its staff Brothers Stephen and Clement. The tenth Brother, Brother Benedict, remained at home as domestic.

March 19, 1861, seems to have been "a red-letter" day in the Community. We read in the chronicles:

> March 19, 1861, Feast of St. Joseph, Michael Sullivan (Brother Joseph) entered the Congregation as a postulant. This was a joyful day to the whole Community. From this date, an era of prosperity opened for the Xaverian Brotherhood by a steady increase of new members to the Order in America.

To us of later days this seems a trifling incident, but what an echo of a joyful note in the heart of the pious recorder is heard! With an eye to the past, can we not discern the anxiety of the Superior and his little flock as they pursued their quiet way for God's greater glory, seeing their labors and lives unnoticed by men? Almost a year had passed and no one had asked to share their labors. Was no one to come to replace those who left as time thinned the ranks? How they must have stormed heaven to look upon and pity their distress! Must they not have reasoned, at times, "What have we to offer to any that may come?" Or were they go so ultra-unworldly as to think that they had all that was necessary, having God?

Apostolic men they were, and only apostolic hearts would ask to share their lot. Those who knew the first Novice of the American Foundation, dear old Brother Joseph, realize his heart was one with theirs. Does not the recorder betray his simple love for the Congregation in his joy that one had answered the call? Did he discern an apostle in Brother Joseph, that he records the event as an occasion of joy? We do not know the recorder; the penmanship resembles that of good old Brother Stephen, but it was that of a man who thought only of the good of his Congregation, for whose sake he had put miles and miles of water between him and his home. Though he is but one, he reflects the hearts of all. Surely such hearts, in such a cause, were bound to

succeed, and they did or this record would never have been written.

Before the close of the year, three more entered, but only one of these, Brother John (Quill), persevered along with Brother Joseph, until death. Three postulants had presented themselves while the Brothers lived at St. Patrick's before the exile period of Brothers Francis and Stephen. One remained only a week; the other two, three months; but neither was invested, so good Brother Joseph of sainted memory has the distinction of being the first Novice of the American Foundation. A more extended notice of this holy man and exemplary religious will be given later.

In 1863, the Brothers numbered sixteen. New schools were thus in order. First comes the Cathedral School, formerly conducted by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart who left the diocese. This school, we learn from the chronicles, was without the usual hardships of opening for the Brothers of the Sacred Heart had smoothed the way. St. Martin's was opened with one teacher, Brother Bernardine. St. Aloysius "Select" School was opened at the residence on Green Street. Where the Brothers taught, how they managed, where the "select" came in are puzzles to one who reads the description of the house, yet this is the mustard seed of the famed St. Xavier's of Broadway, Louisville.

In those strenuous days, the Brothers were men of many-sided activities. The parishes, being too poor to employ sextons and sacristans, the Brothers volunteered for such extra work. They decorated the altars, trained the servers, conducted the choirs, acted as organists, established libraries, and formed sodalities. Sunday was a busy day; practically the whole day was spent with the children giving instructions, dispensing library books, superintending games, and the like. Some of these "extra-curricula activities," as they would be called nowadays, were incidental to school work, it is true; but most of them were foreign to the teaching

profession, taxing the strength, not of the early Europeans, who knew not what it was to be exhausted and seemed to thrive on labor, but the American could not possibly do all that on Trappist fare.

The religious teacher's vocation is beyond all else his personal sanctification through the labors of the school—this, and nothing more. Self-preservation is the first law of the spirit as well as that of nature. To effect the end of his vocation, he must give his whole heart and soul to his work. To succeed, he must sedulously avoid any activity foreign to the work. Teaching demands all his energy. Any activity apart, means loss of man-power, and loss of soul-power follows, for an overworked body means a tired soul when it comes to prayer, the essence of his life, the source of his spiritual energy. Interests cannot be divided, and where the attempt is made, something (usually the essential) is bound to suffer.

Eventually, wisdom pointed to the necessity of curtailing all activities outside of class, save sanctuary boys and choir directing. Naturally, this attitude did not appeal to the Reverend Pastors to whom the Brothers had rendered themselves more than ordinarily useful and necessary, and in consequence a coolness became apparent. By degrees, all the parochial schools conducted by the Brothers were closed, except St. John's which remains to-day after sixty-eight years. The losses came at times when they were not felt, as the Brothers had extended their sphere of usefulness beyond Louisville, and the demand was greater than the supply.

This policy of ceasing to be sacristans has been adopted by many Sisterhoods either at the instance of the Bishops, or of their Major Superiors, who wisely see that the conservation of energies to the one purpose of existence is but simple justice to the teacher and the pupil. If the spiritual life of the religious fails, all else fail with it.

As was previously stated, the Superior General, Brother Vincent, was shocked beyond words to find the Brothers living in such deplorable conditions. Brother Paul was surprised at his attitude, pointing out to him that he had received a drawing. The Superior replied that the drawing looked all right but that it certainly did not reveal conditions. He had been aware of inconveniences, but he thought that they would surely have been remedied by time. Brother Vincent was not backward in stating his mind to Bishop Spalding, and the Bishop promised to see to better housing in the near future. The Brothers were delighted with the prospect of a new home—at least Brother Philip, then but a boy of thirteen, from whom we glean this item. As the Civil War was at its height, nothing could be done immediately.

During the war, the schools were not closed, though there was much confusion in the city at times. Kentucky, being neutral, bore the brunt of the war, and Louisville, the metropolis, harbored the sick and the wounded. The commandants were frequently changed, which once caused a little annoyance to two of the Brothers. The route from St. Patrick's to the Brothers' house was in the forbidden zone, and one evening as Brothers Stanislaus and Bernardine were returning home, a pass was demanded of them. Having none, they were forced to fall in line, and were marched to a military prison. There they remained for some hours until released through the efforts of Vicar General Spalding, brother to Bishop Spalding. We know Brother Stanislaus must have enjoyed the discomfiture caused by the adventure, for he had the happy faculty of making interior sunshine for himself and others; but we can imagine the invectives, that night at recreation, of good Brother Bernardine who would have imagined new plots against the Church, which he loved with a devotion possessed by few and excelled by none.

The Superior General was persistent in his efforts to better the Brothers' living conditions, and after several meetings with Bishop Spalding and his Vicar General, a suitable house, large and commodious, was found in a select quarter of the city. Here really ends the glorious history of pioneer days writ triumphantly in heaven, and ineffaceably, we trust, in the hearts of Xaverians of all time.

CHAPTER IV

FOURTH STREET

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad
When looking up, I saw Thy Face
In kind austereness clad.

SELECTED

"FOURTH STREET" is the name used in the Community to designate the fourth home of the Brothers in Louisville, if the two rooms on Eighth Street where only Brothers Francis and Stephen lived for two years be considered one of the homes. It is not called "Fourth Street" because it happens to be the fourth home. It was on Fourth Street, and to-day not "a stone (brick) remains upon a stone." Its chartered name was Saint Xavier's Institute.

Though pioneer days, so-called for the demarcation of epochs, may be said to terminate with Green Street, yet there was no sudden change in the standard of living, no increase in the Brothers' fortune. It was simply a change of outward circumstances, living in a larger house, yet not the property of the Brothers. Though a feeling of security and stability must have buoyed them since they now had something to offer possible candidates in the shape of a house built on monastic lines, hard times were not over, and those valiant souls who cast their lot for Christ with the Brothers in the early days of "Fourth Street" may be truly classed as pioneers. True, they did not have to endure the cramped conditions of Green Street; but privations, heroic indeed, followed the Green Street Foundation to "Fourth Street."

Though increase of members meant more schools, and schools meant added income, meager though it was, yet it was just at this time that the existence of the mother house at Bruges was in its critical stage. The burden of debt that confronted Brother Vincent on assuming the office of Superior General three years prior to the removal to Fourth Street, had not miraculously been liquidated. As has been stated, the Brothers of the American Foundation were the backbone of the Congregation at the time. While loving their American home none the less, love for the mother house was the very life of Brothers Paul, Francis, and Stephen. Their hearts were wide enough to embrace all the works of God, their own Congregation coming first. This love they instilled in the hearts of their disciples. Thus, the strictest economy was practiced. The bread and molasses lunch at school, and the fasting on days of no school continued, or, as Brother Philip in his own humorous way would say: "We were not obliged to fast by Rule, but we got very little to eat."

All honor to the sturdy pioneers of Fourth Street! Brothers Isidore and Richard still live; but all too soon will pass into history with the honored names of Brothers Peter, Boniface, Michael, Dominic, William, and Francis. Others there were who heroically lived, and holily died before a generation arose to profit by their example, save the example of perseverance, which Father Faber terms the "grandest of acts." The names of Brothers Bonaventure, Ambrose, and Patrick are bequeathed to us redolent of virtue. Not many, considering they cover a period of twelve years before a Provincial House and Novitiate were established at Baltimore, yet the small number serves to enhance the character of the men who lost sight of self in seeking God.

"Fourth Street" house was selected by Bishop Spalding for the Brothers. The property certainly underwent many changes in its lifetime. First it was a private dwelling next

SAINT XAVIER'S INSTITUTE, FOURTH STREET, LOUISVILLE

to St. Aloysius College conducted by the Jesuits who left Louisville in 1858. The college building became Saint Joseph's Infirmary conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. When the Xaverians relinquished "Fourth Street" in 1891 to go to Broadway, the Sisters of Charity used it as a Working Girls' Home until 1899 when they acquired the Kenyon Club House next door, and the old "Fourth Street" house was razed to make room for a wing of Saint Joseph's Infirmary.

The property was acquired for the Brothers, not by the Brothers. The various parishes in which the Brothers taught were taxed for it. Diocesan property it was; the Brothers, merely having the use of it, were responsible for its upkeep and improvements. To render it suitable, a third story was added to the main building, and an annex one hundred and fifty feet long was built. The summer of 1863 was spent by the Brothers in cleaning the place and getting it ready for habitation, though it was not until August 14 of the next year that it was ready for occupancy.

When finished, it was a decided improvement on the cramped quarters of Green Street. The front door led one to a vestibule; to the right was a parlor and a storeroom; to the left, the chaplain's quarters and the novitiate department. On the second floor were the Superior's room, the tailor shop, infirmary, and guest room. The third floor was used as sleeping quarters. The annex was a two-story building; the first floor: classrooms, refectory, and kitchen; the second: Professed community room, ten small sleeping rooms, sacristy, and chapel. The chapel, at first, was inconveniently arranged. It had an entrance from the outside effected by a flight of steps leading to the second floor, built purposely by the Bishop as the scarcity of priests compelled the Sisters of Saint Joseph's Infirmary to make use of the Brothers' chapel for Mass and Benediction. Later, when the Sisters were favored with a chaplain of their own, these

steps were removed, and the chapel turned around, by placing the sanctuary where the outside entrance had been. Over the front door of the house was placed a tablet bearing the inscription:

D. O. M.
SAINT XAVIER'S INSTITUTE
A. D. 1864
PIETATE ET DOCTRINA

This caused not a little comment; the learned claimed it should be *Pietate et Scientia,* but Brother Paul silenced all by stating that Bishop Spalding wrote the inscription, and Pat Bannon made the letters. The unlearned were puzzled; one passer-by inquired if it were a school of medicine, while many wondered at "D.O.M.," fittingly placed! In the hearts of the real founders, Brothers Francis and Stephen, it was indelibly printed years before its public manifestation.

Classes were opened in September, 1864, and so great was the increase of students that three classes had to be organized immediately with Brothers Clement, Bernard, and "Postulant John" (Brother Philip) as teachers. Progress once started never ceased. The Brothers, then laboring day by day simply for God, never dreamed of the future when Saint Xavier's, humble, unpretentious, would be the center for all Catholic boys and young men of the city of Louisville, of the suburbs, and of the neighboring Falls Cities of Southern Indiana.

Higher education in those days was not extensive and even lower education was very unusual. For the most part the Catholics of Louisville were Irish and German immigrants. The Irish were poor—too poor to give their children the benefits of education, nor were those benefits seen at that time. The Germans, though mostly of the strug-

gling class, were thrifty. They had a custom, almost an ironclad rule, that education should cease at First Holy Communion. This worked havoc with the schools even as late as 1900. Another factor that accounts for the slow growth of the Catholic schools of the time was laxity on the part of some parents. There were no compulsory education laws; but there was the Council of Baltimore regulation regarding attendance at Catholic schools, and nowhere was it more strictly enforced than in the Diocese of Louisville. The ruling in Louisville was that no child would be admitted to First Holy Communion unless he or she attended a Catholic school; hence, not a few were in attendance for more than one year, and sometimes only from Christmas until June. Invariably when a child came from the public school in September or January, it was a foregone conclusion that he came only to make his First Holy Communion. After First Holy Communion, for the latter it meant a return to the public school; for the former, in most cases, work. Parents had "gotten along without schooling," and the principle prevailed that what sufficed for them was good enough for their children, who were looked upon as earning assets to the family.

These reasons account for the few graduates in the early history of Saint Xavier's. Among the first to be graduated we find the late Right Reverend James Ryan, one-time Bishop of Alton, Illinois, and the still living, eloquent Reverend Doctor Charles Raffo of Louisville. They finished the course before the Institute was chartered to give diplomas. Its first diploma was conferred in 1873 on Francis Menne, who was a class by himself. He became a prominent business man, owner and manager of the Frank A. Menne Candy Company, and remained until his death an ornament to the Catholic Church of Louisville. The next class, 1874, was composed of four; one is now the Reverend Francis Cassilly, S.J.; a second, George Ryan, died a physi-

cian; Rudolph Deppen and Frank Gehr were the others. Mr. Gehr was prominent in Catholic societies and a successful business man also. Through the years, a graduating class of six was considered an ordinary class, and in 1904, when a class of seventeen was graduated, great jubilation prevailed. The number kept increasing until in 1916 it reached over forty, necessitating the division of the class. At present the class that is graduated each year often goes beyond the hundred mark, which is more than the whole Institute had for many a year. Parents now realize what they missed by not having received an education, and an appreciative alumni wish for their sons the blessing that came to them.

The curriculum of the Institute embraced the usual branches taught in the public school, plus religion, the *raison d'être*. Exhibition Day—the term "commencement" was then unknown—was held at the Institute. By means of folding partitions between classrooms and refectory a good-sized hall was effected. Four-part choruses formed a part of the program, Brother Stanislaus, an accomplished musician, personally conducting them. Costumed plays were in vogue. Brother Philip often spoke of *The Hidden Gem* and *The Talisman*. "Ganio" became the Reverend Michael Whelan; "Carinus," later, Doctor Halpin O'Reilly; and "The Spirit of the Wood" the Reverend Francis Cassilly, S.J. Later, the exercises, by reason of increased popularity, were held in a public hall or theater.

The chronicler records nothing further of historical value, the daily routine of school and community life, much the same at any period, being the order. In August, 1866, an event occurred that denotes both progress and desirability. Brother Paul, "that noble soul," as the chronicler styles him, left Louisville for Baltimore to open St. Mary's Industrial School with the permission of the Superior General,

and at the urgent solicitation of Archbishop Spalding who had two years previously been promoted to the See of Baltimore.

That expansion had not occurred earlier has always been the regret of the Brothers. An excellent opportunity had presented itself when the Jesuits of Chicago offered their large parochial school requiring twenty-one teachers, to the Xaverians. Bishop Spalding objected on the score that he had brought the Brothers from Europe for his diocese. Realizing to some extent the reasonableness of the Bishop's contention, the Brothers agreed to confine their activities to Louisville, but for the time being only. Pressure was brought to bear to have them agree to this permanently, but without success. Justly might the Brothers have remembered the time when four of the six were forced to abandon the field that refused to give them even a living. Now, the same Bishop who had prevented expansion was in favor of it, and the longed-for opportunity came. His desire to have the Brothers with him in Baltimore denotes confidence on the part of the most learned member of the Hierarchy in the United States at that time. In fact, he is credited with having said that one of the most important acts of his life as Bishop was the introduction of the Xaverian Brothers to America.

Bishop Lavialle, the successor of Bishop Spalding to the See of Louisville, strenuously objected to the Brothers going to Baltimore. Writing in protest to the Superior General, he stated that he had a contract on hand whereby the Brothers agreed to remain in Louisville until all the parochial schools had been supplied with teachers. The Superior General, Brother Vincent, wrote in reply that he, too, had the contract, but that it was unsigned, and that he never would sign it. This contract had been made out by Bishop Spalding, when Brother Paul refused to bind himself indefi-

nitely in the Chicago affair, and had been sent for signature to the Superior General, who replied at the time: [1]

> The Superior General, impressed with the importance, and after long and measured deliberations, has arrived at the following unalterable resolution: that he cannot allow under any circumstances interference with the government and regulations of the Xaverian Brothers; neither can he submit to any condition which would enforce upon them permanent abode in any locality. They will, however, on all occasions respect the rights of the Bishop in his diocese.
>
> The Superior simply claims for his infant colony freedom of action, unchecked by any regulations which might cramp its operations and lessen its usefulness.

This dates the beginning of growth. Brother Peter, one of the original band of six in 1854, arrived from Belgium on August 29, 1866, with Brothers Polycarp, Sebastian, and George. Brothers Polycarp and Sebastian remained in Baltimore to assist Brother Paul, and Brothers Peter and George proceeded to Louisville. Brother Peter had credentials from the Superior General appointing him Superior of Saint Xavier's. The installation took place on September first, at which, records the chronicler, "a most beautiful exhortation was delivered by the Superior which clearly convinced those to whom he was not acquainted, of his learning, wisdom, and eloquence."

Brother Peter, it seems, was given to long speeches and conferences, lasting sometimes for an hour and a half. On such occasions, the novices and postulants would assemble in the Professed Room, and as there were not enough chairs for all, some were placed standing against the walls. They were but boys in their teens, so it is not surprising to learn that they became weary. Not having the Napoleonic art of

[1] Archives, Provincial House, Baltimore, Maryland.

sleeping while standing, they gradually, quietly, slid to the floor, and the eloquence of Brother Peter was lost on them, at least.

Brother Peter was an eminent educationist, and inaugurated many wise regulations for the good of the Xaverian cause. Monthly school conferences were instituted in which difficulties were discussed, suggestions offered, views interchanged. He gave lectures on school management, the manner of presenting the various subjects taught, stressing the supreme importance of inculcating love of religion and consequent habits of virtue. Weekly competitive tests were held in the schools. A Brother was assigned to correct the tests in a given subject and results of the various schools were compared. In this way, was brought into play impetus on the part of the teachers and pupils. Certain reforms were introduced in the community, for example the Brothers were obliged to be at home at a certain time in order to prepare by study for the next day's work. He changed the monthly retreat; formerly, the professed had the first Saturday of the month; the novices and postulants the second; now, all had retreat at the same time, on the second Saturday of the month, a custom that prevails to-day.

In 1869, Brother Vincent convoked the first General Chapter of the Congregation. The delegates from America were Brothers Paul, Peter, Stephen, and Hubert. At this chapter, it was decided to have the Constitution, Rules, and Manual of Prayers, hitherto in manuscript, printed. The decision stopping extra, uncalled-for work at the churches was one of the enactments of the chapter. At the close of the chapter, Brother Paul was retained in Europe and placed in charge of the Xaverian Catholic Collegiate Institute, Manchester, England. Brothers Peter and Stephen returned September 29, bringing with them Brother Martin.

At this time, the Brothers conducted in Louisville the following schools: St. Xavier's Institute, five teachers; Immaculate Conception, three; St. Patrick's, five; St. Boniface's, eight; St. John's, four; St. Martin's, three; Cathedral, three; Our Lady, two; St. Peter's, three; St. Michael's, two; and St. Anthony's, two. The openings of Immaculate Conception ("Eighth Street"), St. Patrick's, St. Boniface, St. John's, St. Martin's and the Cathedral have been recorded. "Eighth Street" closed in 1899, the locality having changed to such an extent that the church no longer had sufficient parishioners to maintain separate schools for boys and girls. Eighth Street School has given many priests to the diocese and religious orders, and is justly proud to claim as its son the Right Reverend Theodore Revermann, Bishop of Superior. St. Patrick's was relinquished in 1900, reopened in 1910, but closed finally in 1911; St. Boniface was closed rather dramatically in 1872; the Cathedral was closed in 1875, but reopened in 1887 at the request of the Right Reverend George McCloskey, then Bishop, but closed finally in 1899 for lack of pupils, business having encroached upon the Cathedral parish; Our Lady's School (Portland, a section of Louisville at the extreme western end) was opened in August, 1867, no date of its closing is given, but it is not listed in the appointments in 1873, though it is in 1872; St. Peter's was opened in 1868, and closed for the same reason as St. Boniface in 1872; St. Martin's closed in 1874; St. Michael's was opened in 1868, and closed in 1885; St. Anthony's was opened in 1868 and closed in 1869; St. Louis Bertrand's School was opened by the Brothers in 1874 and closed in 1888. The last named does not belong to this period, but is the last of the schools the Brothers opened in Louisville. All have passed into history, except old St. John's, the banner parish of Louisville for diocesan priests. It has been taught by the Brothers uninterruptedly from 1860, and is now flourishing under the pastorship of the

Right Reverend Monsignor George Schuhmann, one of the Brothers' boys at old "Eighth Street."

To these schools was brought the influence of Brother Peter's sound pedagogic principles. He was undoubtedly a good, religious man, an earnest worker in the cause, zealous in advancing the standard of the schools and the religious spirit of the Community over which he was head. Religion to him was not a dead letter, and the months of March, May, and June were always ushered in by a soul-stirring exhortation to implant the spirit of the particular month in the hearts of the Brothers, that they, in turn, might inculcate it in their pupils. Devotions peculiar to the months were held in chapel. No feast of note ever passed without his exhorting, on its eve, the Brothers to dispose their souls for the reception of its proper fruit. Frequently we read in the chronicles that such a feast was observed in the Community as a double of the first class, double of the second, meaning that appropriate devotions were held in chapel, followed by corresponding recreation according to the solemnity of the day.

Unfortunately, like many other good men, his zeal was not always tempered by prudence. From chance remarks, one would gather that at times his temper would get the better of him, and his government was not always mild, though it was always firm. The combination of these qualities is most desirable in a Superior. That he had the good of the Community at heart, no one questions; but he forgot, in his zeal, to act as a father; and even carried personal feelings beyond the limit of endurance as the following sad incident will show. Similar troubles were not uncommon in religious communities of past generations, but thank God, they are obsolete in the present.

In 1872, trouble within the Community began to brew, and, like a smoldering volcano became more active by reason of its being hidden from those who should have known

it. The chronicler relates that several of the Brothers began to weaken in their vocation, and confided community troubles to two Franciscans, attached to St. Boniface Church. The two Franciscans were young, inexperienced priests at the time. Injudiciously they advised the discontented Brothers to leave the Xaverians, and form a teaching community of their own. By attaching themselves to the Franciscan Order they could be known as "The Teaching Brothers of St. Francis."

The Brothers at this time were not in general favor with the Franciscans, owing to the recent mandate of Brother Vincent to stop the training of altar boys, and all other unnecessary work. Brother Stephen was opposed to this measure, thinking it would work harm. He received permission to continue his work as sacristan and train the altar boys at "Eighth Street" pending an answer from the Superior General to whom he had written to revoke the order. The Reverend Anselm Koch, Guardian of the Franciscan Convent, happened to note Brother Stephen's activities while present at ceremonies at "Eighth Street" and was much displeased. Permission to train servers finally came from Europe, but it was too late to heal the breach.

Contrary to opinion, this had absolutely nothing to do with the Franciscan trouble, only in so far as to create suspicion on the part of the governing body at "Fourth Street." The chronicler bitterly arraigns the Franciscans for trying to entice the discontented Brothers away from their Community to form a German Order of their own, but his attitude is far from correct. Father Anselm, the Guardian, had nothing to do with it; neither had the Franciscan Community as a whole. It was solely the work of the two inexperienced young Fathers; and in passing, it may be noted that neither of them died in the Order, one of them even renouncing his priestly functions. At this phase of the trouble, Brother Paul arrived suddenly from Europe while

the Community was at breakfast, February 16. In the evening, the purpose of his arrival was made known; he had been appointed Superior in place of Brother Peter who left a week later for St. Mary's Industrial School. There he remained until July, and returned to Europe where he died as Provincial of the English branch. Brother Paul, who came to pour oil on troubled waters, arrived too late to curb the evil.

Viewed now, after over a half century, in a clearer light to facts, justice exonerates entirely the Franciscan Order, while blame may be partially attached to Brother Peter. However inexcusable the conduct of the discontented Brothers may have been to their contemporaries, at the bottom of the matter lay the failure of nationality to drown itself in the ocean of religion. The Franco-Prussian War was at its height at this time, and the Community was unhappily divided in sentiment. Brother Peter, though a Hollander, was not neutral, and many sided with him in the heated arguments that followed his defense of France. The German Brothers thought they had a just grievance. Having no peace at home, they sought it from without.

In passing, it should be said that during the Great War, the sentiment of the Brothers in this country before its entry in the war was naturally divided. Never a word of recrimination was heard. Once our country entered the conflict, without warning or prohibition from Superiors, patriotism forbade further division, and no one was more patriotic than the naturalized German. Of the few Germans among us, not one heard a word that might hurt his feelings, rather a feeling of pity went out to him. We were —are—all children of God, sons of a common Father and we acted accordingly.

To return: On being notified of the Franciscan affair, the Superior General hastily cabled to close the Franciscan Schools, St. Boniface, St. Peter's, and later, St. Martin's (the

last named then under the pastorship of the Franciscans). Had both sides been presented to him, had he waited to examine, matters might have had a different ending. St. Boniface School was then in a most flourishing condition. It had five hundred and two pupils, a library of over seven hundred volumes, founded and increased through the sole efforts of the Brothers. Just before the closing of the doomed schools, in June of that year, some of the Brothers taught in an altered habit, the collar and the cincture were removed. On the last day, pathetically alone, walked home from Saint Boniface our sturdy, loyal Brother Philip.

The relations between the Franciscans and the Xaverian Brothers were strained for many years. With the passing of time, and the death or change of members, the incident was forgotten. So completely was the wound healed that from 1900 until 1919 the Franciscans were confessors to the Community at Louisville, and to-day act as chaplains.

The new Community of Teaching Brothers never matured. The work was not God's in the beginning, and could not possibly thrive. Grievances the ex-Brothers had, but they took the wrong means to redress them. They had a Superior General to whom they could appeal. If the truth were known, perhaps the real reason of their defection lay elsewhere. Vocations are not lost over night, and though there may be a final cause, it is not necessarily the initial. The time was ripe, and wisdom surely pointed to the forming of an American Province of the Xaverian Brothers.

CHAPTER V

ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

> Give me the boy to train, and I care not for the rest of the world; for the boy of today will be the rest of the world tomorrow.
>
> CARDINAL GIBBONS

ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL for Boys in the city of Baltimore was established in 1866 by Archbishop Spalding, ably assisted by his Vicar General, the Right Reverend Monsignor McColgan. At this time Archbishop Spalding had been but two years in Baltimore. Surrounded by cares and duties, he placed foremost, like a true shepherd of souls, the welfare of dependent children, and above all, that of the wayward. His heart was afflicted, his conscience aroused, as he saw orphaned boys, too large for the Sisters, leave their sheltering care, and go to institutions where faith would languish for want of nourishment if not for causes more malign. He was painfully aware of the fate of the youthful delinquents who came under the notice of the courts, and were placed in the House of Refuge. The spirit of Knownothingism was still alive, and priests often experienced difficulty in obtaining entrance to public institutions to render aid to the dying, while the authorities refused to allow them to visit regularly to impart religious instruction. The Archbishop, therefore, planned an institution that would care for the temporal and spiritual wants of homeless, neglected, and wayward boys. This may be justly said to have been his first great work in the Archdiocese of Baltimore. St. Mary's remained the child of his

heart. Its cause continued to be espoused by his successors, notably the illustrious Cardinal Gibbons. To no less a degree, its interests lie close to the heart of the present Archbishop of Baltimore, His Grace, the Most Reverend Michael J. Curley.

To start the institution, Archbishop Spalding turned to the Xaverians whom he had brought to America. He requested particularly that Brother Paul be appointed to initiate the good work. Brother Paul was not selected because he had any special aptitude for the work entailed. It was to be a new venture for all concerned. The Archbishop, as Bishop of Louisville, had been closely associated with Brother Paul. He knew and appreciated his worth as a religious. He admired his methods, his gentleness of character, and above all, his spirit of religion. As we have noted, Brother Paul left Louisville in August, 1866, for this new field of labor. Brother Augustine left Louisville with him, while Brothers Polycarp and Sebastian were sent from Europe to assist in the founding of St. Mary's.

The School, as planned, was to be under a board of directors to consist of priests and laymen with the Archbishop of Baltimore as president. It was not to be the property of the Brothers; and it is not to-day, as is sometimes erroneously supposed. It was, and is, diocesan property; the Brothers simply have the management of it in details connected with the ordinary running; the board looks after the special wants entailing new buildings or extensive improvements.

St. Mary's Industrial School, like all other works of God, was humble in its beginnings. In the midst of a woods at the western extremity of the city, stood an unfinished frame building, a "shanty." Here were conducted the pioneer Brothers of St. Mary's now famed institution. Did Brother Paul face greater difficulties than he had in Louisville in 1854? It would seem so. Not a convenience existed for

SAINT MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, BALTIMORE, 1866

civilized man; there was not even an article of furniture in the house. Immediately the Brothers began to put things into shape. They felled trees, blasted roots, uprooted shrubbery, constructed roads, built sheds and outhouses.

Primitive indeed was the beginning of St. Mary's. Brother Paul often related that the Archbishop and Monsignor McColgan frequently visited them, and were treated to lunch as they sat on a stump of a one time tree, and drank water from a nearby spring, using an oyster shell as a glass. What must the daily life of the Brothers have been! Truly, if records were unearthed of the little deeds done for God, what an array of heroics we should have!

In two months, the place was fairly well fitted for the reception of boys. On October 3, one boy was registered. By the end of the year, the school had forty-four, and in two years, eighty-eight, when lack of means and accommodation prevented the taking of more. In 1869, Brother Paul did not return to America at the close of the Chapter in Bruges, and he was succeeded at St. Mary's by Brother Hubert, a member of the second band of pioneer Xaverians in 1860.

Brother Hubert's career as superintendent was short and stormy. First, he encountered an epidemic of typhus in its most virulent form. On the surrounding hills tents were erected, and there the Brothers faithfully attended to the stricken boys. Good, self-sacrificing Brother Polycarp fell a victim to his zeal, and died from the disease May 31, 1870. Throughout it all, Brother Hubert stood manfully, religiously, at his post with never a thought of danger to himself, the death of Brother Polycarp serving to keep alive his zeal. The Passionists, whose monastery is within a distance of a mile, likewise shared the labors—among them the late, lamented Father Charles Lang, then a young priest. To this day, the Passionists continue their interest in the welfare of the school, acting as chaplains, and the names of

Fathers James Ryan and Francis Murmann—the latter still living and devoted to St. Mary's beyond the limit of duty—will ever remain in the history of St. Mary's.

After the trial of typhus, another followed which was to last for four years, trying beyond limit the patience and endurance of the Brothers. In life there are trials of three sorts: those God sends, those we bring upon ourselves, and those that come from fellow men. The first are bearable because grace comes with them for support; the second, we recognize with the thief on the cross as "our just deserts"; but the third are the hardest because they need not be.

Brother Hubert, in his first annual report to the board, a report as honest as he, himself, wrote:

> The difficulties to which a new institution is subjected are numerous, particularly in procuring competent mechanics to conduct departments properly. We have suffered in relying too much on the integrity of others; men who were employed in the shoe factory the first year took advantage of our inexperience, and by that means entailed a debt in that department. Last year was again unsuccessful, as the work of the boys was not sufficiently attractive to obtain a ready market for the sale of shoes.

The board then thought it wise to place the management under a certain priest; Brother Hubert retained the name of Superintendent, nothing more. On a large scale, the new manager commenced. A disastrous reform, if such there can be, was immediately put into operation. An enormous quantity of leather was bought for the shoe factory ("shoes were unsalable last year"), a small warehouse of cloth was purchased for the tailoring department. Within a few months unpaid creditors began to press for payment, and the board found that St. Mary's was practically bankrupt. Bills accumulated, the treasury was empty. Under the new

management for months not even the Brothers' salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year had been paid. For the time being, to run the institution was out of the question. Most of the boys had to be sent away, and St. Mary's was reduced from a hundred and ten boys to forty-four.

Worn out from his encounter with the epidemic, and harassed beyond man's power of endurance by the board, Brother Hubert retired from the scene of inaction. He was succeeded by Brother Alexius who had been sent from Europe to try to bring order out of chaos. He was destined to do even greater things.

Brother Alexius found St. Mary's reduced to abject poverty. Brother Paul had found nothing in 1866; Brother Alexius found worse than nothing in 1872. The inmates had no shoes, next to nothing in clothing, and but poor, scanty food. His heart ached at the sight. He inquired of a member of the board what they intended to do to relieve the situation and was told that he would find out later. The truth of the matter was that the board did not know what to do. Things could not improve by themselves during the period of "watchful waiting." The Brothers were not able to supply the boys with ordinary necessaries; the board helped less, and became even more arrogant.

Brother Alexius was kind-hearted, but by no means soft-hearted. He immediately informed the Superior General of the state of affairs and received word to withdraw the Brothers as soon as suitable persons could be engaged to manage the School. Brother Alexius communicated this information to Archbishop Bailey who, in 1872, had succeeded Archbishop Spalding. Not willing to lose the Brothers, the Archbishop promised Brother Alexius that the board in future would no more interfere with the internal management. The promise came to nothing. Not readily do usurpers relinquish authority. Matters did not change. The Brothers, not allowed to buy anything, literally had to

beg the board for the smallest article, and more often than not were refused.

After three visits to the Archbishop, and after receiving three promises made to be broken, Brother Alexius went a fourth time and firmly, without compromise, tendered his resignation and that of the Brothers to take effect immediately. This fourth visit happened to coincide with a meeting of the board. Present was Mr. Cumberland Duggan, the only really fair-minded member. Much to the satisfaction of the Archbishop, who really wanted amicable relations to exist, Mr. Duggan proposed:

> All alterations or necessary improvements of St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys must be submitted to the Executive Board before execution. Adopted.
>
> *Resolved:* That all minor repairs, purchase of furniture, provisions, clothing, utensils, implements, etc., etc., shall be left to the discretion of the Brother Director, who shall, however, render an account of same to the Executive Board at its next meeting. Adopted.

This was the first concession, hard-earned, won by the indefatigable Brother Alexius.

Affairs smoothed out somewhat from that date, but only partially as the board relinquished authority very reluctantly. Friction occurred frequently for years to come. Brother Bernardine succeeded Brother Alexius in 1875. In him the board met its match, for fighter he was by temperament, and fight he did. No one worked harder or more faithfully for the interests of the School than Brother Bernardine, yet no one seemed less appreciated. During his administration, the building was enlarged, and remained intact until 1909, when the tower and concrete building for smaller boys were erected.

Brother Bernardine was removed in 1887, and Brother Dominic of revered memory, succeeded him. Whether

Brother Dominic was tactful, or whether his being Irish pleased the board and thereby proved the determining factor in establishing peaceful relations, is hard to determine; but he managed to bring the board around to his way of thinking and affairs at St. Mary's from that date assumed an air of quiet progress.

Brother Dominic, synonym for kindness, did much to elevate the boys by removing all signs of institutionalism in discarding uniforms. He also caused the discontinuance of the cells used for special refractory cases of discipline. That cells had been in use need not cause surprise. It must be borne in mind that the Brothers, on assuming charge of St. Mary's, were not experienced in that line of work and, therefore, copied from a similar institution in the neighborhood under secular management. Many stubborn cases were committed to St. Mary's by the courts, cases that should have been sent to state correctional institutions; the Brothers were not armed as officers of such institutions are to enforce submission. Boys were frequently committed at the advanced age of twenty, and were older in lawlessness. Again, say what you will about the evils of to-day, the evils of a past generation were even more pronounced. Though evils exist and always will, there is, in point of numbers, a larger percentage of people to-day, non-Volsteadism notwithstanding, who abide by the law. Automobiles apart, the danger to life and property has been lessened with the advance of education. The growing influence of Catholicity, the mainstay of law and order, quietly working its leaven through society, accounts for higher standards of living, and has lessened the grosser forms of lawlessness extant a generation ago.

The time was ripe to discard both uniforms and cells at St. Mary's. They would be a stigma on the majority of really good boys who form the present, and formed largely the past make-up of St. Mary's. Orphans, sons of widows

and widowers, and, unfortunately, sons of disrupted homes caused by the misconduct of father, mother or both—all these unfortunates are to be found at St. Mary's. In these St. Mary's aims to instill principles of right living to guide them in the world they must one day face alone with head aloft and heart aright. Priests and religious have come from its doors, statesmen and successful business men, to say nothing of the myriads of good men in the ordinary walks of life, and all are proud and appreciative of St. Mary's. In his zeal for boy-welfare, Brother Dominic in his own quiet, unostentatious way earned the highest encomiums from both city and state inspectors annually appointed to visit the school because of appropriations from both.

City and state appropriations, though helping St. Mary's, have also hindered it in an innocent way. Because of these appropriations the opinion is abroad that St. Mary's is supported by both city and state and is, therefore, in need of no help from the outside. This is far from the truth; the city and the state merely pay for boys they commit; but there are hundreds of boys, not wards of the city or the state, whom St. Mary's undertakes to support with no endowment to meet current expenses. St. Mary's, though privately operated, should have the support of the public, as it is doing a work for the public in a private way.

Brother Dominic's work at St. Mary's was suddenly brought to a close when God called him from earth in 1907 to receive his reward. He was succeeded by another Brother Paul, present Superior General of the Xaverian Brothers. In May, 1907, Brother Paul had been called from California where he had charge of an agricultural school and placed at St. Mary's as assistant to Brother Dominic, the intention being his eventual succession. To him the work was entirely strange, but he threw himself heart and soul into it, and soon mastered all its details. Brother Paul had "a way

about him," and soon won the confidence of the board. Time and deaths had thinned the ranks of the old belligerents on the board, which now consisted of men broad enough to see ideas not of their origin. The peace-loving Cardinal Gibbons was on the scene, and had been for years. The great Cardinal always saw the right and the proper. The board, in deference to his wisdom and experience, never opposed his views, and thus Brother Paul was able to effect all his plans for a greater St. Mary's.

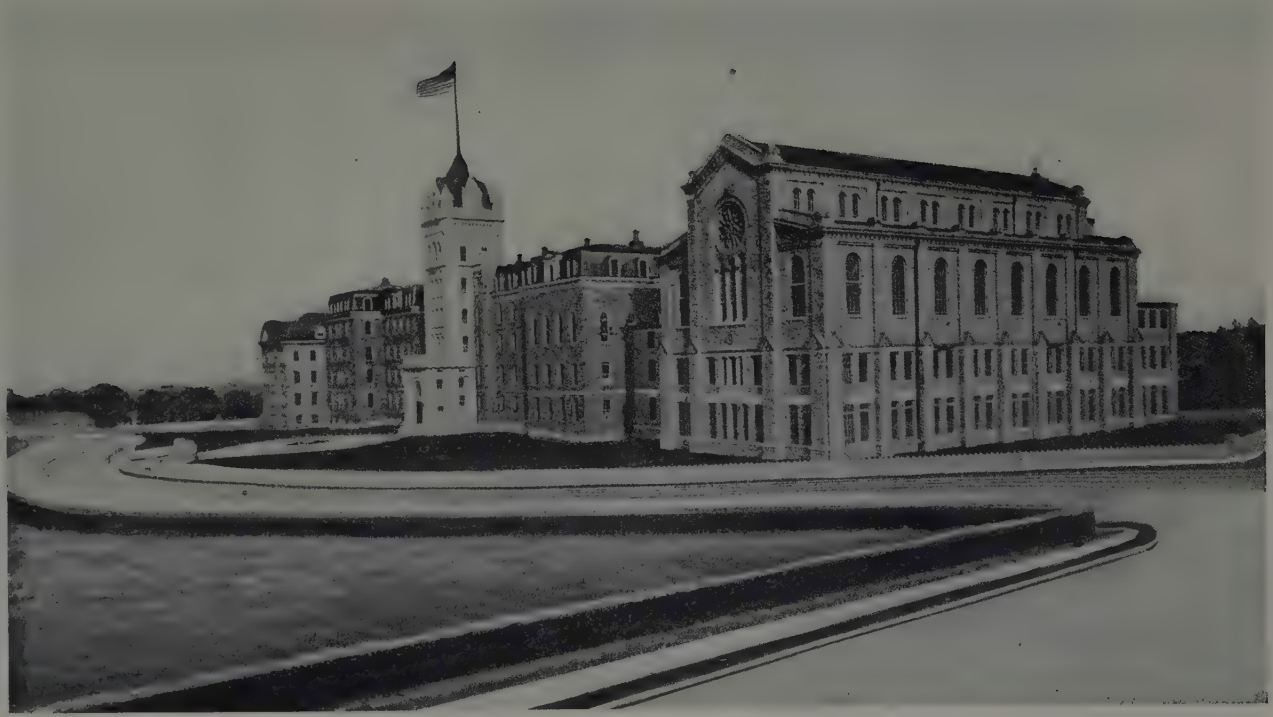
The front of the building was made to present an ornate appearance by the erection of the tower. The tower was no mere ornament, but contained rooms, and a clock that automatically rang the Angelus and regulated the hours of duty for all concerned. The number of boys increased to such an extent that a stone building was erected at the eastern end of the long array of buildings. When completed, boys of tender age were placed in it, thus forming at St. Mary's three distinct classes: minims, juniors, and seniors. The numbers, reaching the nine hundred mark, rendered dining room and chapel space inadequate. To relieve congestion, a chapel building was erected at the western end, the lower floors serving as classrooms and dining halls. The chapel, in reality a church, is a thing of beauty, and one must see it to appreciate its majestic lines calculated to lift the soul, the purpose of all church architecture.

Brother Paul had everything running smoothly when the hand of God touched St. Mary's heavily on April 24, 1919. Shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon, on the eventful day, columns of smoke were seen pouring from the roof. Fortunately it occurred at a time when all the boys were in the yard. The fire was caused by a live coal having been blown from a tinner's stove, and lodging under an eave. Its deadly work had gone on for some time before it was discovered. Baltimore's Fire Department heroically tried in

vain to save the buildings. Two of its lieutenants, Davis and Watson, lost their lives in the attempt. Against the efforts of the firemen was a high westerly wind that swept the flames to the farthermost part of the building. Starting from the junction of the chapel, the flames swept rapidly until the small boys' building, supposedly fireproof, was but a mass of twisted girders. The prayerful voices of the stricken boys in the yard saved the chapel, but that was all, except the workshops in the yard. In three hours, St. Mary's, old St. Mary's, was no more.

To the credit of the boys, be it said, not one took advantage of open gates to escape. What was to be done for the night? "Sorrow makes the world akin," and friends were not wanting. Some boys were able to return to their homes; a few were taken by private families; the Brothers of Mary from St. Martin's School were on hand with buses and marshalled all they could accommodate, and sat up all night with the boys in the classrooms of St. Martin's School. Truly, disaster exemplifies the brotherly love of Christ's counsels, and the Brothers of Mary deserve more than a passing note of appreciation. The Sisters of Charity of St. Agnes Hospital harbored two hundred little ones for the night, gave them supper, breakfast, and ordered them to be sent up to the hospital for dinner. The good Sisters, true to the name of Saint Vincent de Paul bestowed upon them, insisted that the Brothers be their guests, but nothing could tempt the Brothers away from duties more pressing than ever, and they remained at the School until all the boys had been placed for the night. Never can the Xaverian Brothers forget the Sisters of Charity for their many deeds of kindness, and what is true of Baltimore's Sisters is true of the Sisters of Charity wherever they and the Xaverians are laboring side by side.

Our country, too, was kind. No appeal for suffering, at home or abroad, is ever left unheeded by the United States,



SAINT MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL BEFORE THE FIRE, 1919

and St. Mary's proved no exception. Certain barracks of Camp Holabird, adjacent to Baltimore, were placed at the disposal of the three hundred boys of St. Mary's who had no other place to go. There, the Brothers and boys remained for six months until things were in readiness at St. Mary's for their return. The enforced stay at the camp was bad, as it gave people the impression that St. Mary's, supposedly state institution, was being supported by the government. This was not the case. The government gave barrack quarters only. More could not have been expected. The authorities at the Camp did not, could not, supply rations and clothing. To do so would require authorization they did not possess. St. Mary's at Camp Holabird was supported by its treasurer. Because this was unknown outside sympathy cooled with the ashes of the débris.

Truly heroic were the Brothers attached to St. Mary's during this ordeal. Three hundred boys, more accepted, others returned, were at Camp Holabird. It was a cold, damp spring, followed by a hot, dry summer. There was no shade from the sun, no shelter from the rain except the barracks which were dormitories. All through the day there was nothing for the boys to do. To organize classes was impossible. Any teacher will realize the utter futility of conducting classes without paraphernalia, desks and blackboard, at least. Something was done for the little ones. All that was necessary for them was a book, and classes were held in the dormitories. Hardships and privations the Brothers were prepared to meet; but to be thrown into camp life, without the consolations of Community life, daily Mass, Holy Communion, and the abiding Presence of the Tabernacle, the very life of the religious, was indeed a trial that called for heroism which they faced with the courage that comes to men of God in such situations. Though now forgotten, as things of time pass, there is One who has not forgotten and will not forget.

Brighter days dawned, but the sun did not shine as before. In October came the call home. The workshops at St. Mary's had been fitted as dormitories and classrooms. Some semblance of the work was resumed, while the chapel, untouched by fire, made it really home. Before the fire, Brother Paul had had in mind two large buildings, the topmost floors to be used for gymnasiums; the second, for libraries and playrooms in inclement weather; the first, for showers and lavatories. Work on these began, and at their completion they were used as dormitories, and the workshops once more reverted to their own purpose. A new building, part of the intended plan to replace the old St. Mary's, was also begun, and is now used for classrooms and dining halls. St. Mary's has no endowment; the insurance from the fire failed to cover the loss entailed; it is heavily in debt, and further buildings, to place it where it was, are out of the question unless charity, individual or collective, comes to its aid.

In 1925, Brother Paul was succeeded by Brother Benjamin. The new superintendent came to St. Mary's ripe in experience at organizing and directing schools. The special line, or rather, many lines, of activity at St. Mary's were entirely new to him, but with his accustomed energy, he took up the work laid down by Brother Paul after eighteen years of devoted service. Brother Benjamin, with his band of thirty Brothers, continues the work for God and country —for country, since St. Mary's not only supplies the country with good citizens, but has a service flag dotted with three thousand, two hundred stars.

If St. Mary's was not nationally known otherwise, it would be by reason of its Boy Wonder Band. Before the fire, its bands, Senior and Junior, were well known. The bands were the result of the initiative of Brother Pancratius, of happy memory. Often they were requisitioned for conventions and concerts, and always for the inaugural parade

CHAPEL, SAINT MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

at Washington. At the time of the fire, Brother Pancratius was sick at St. Vincent's Hospital, Norfolk, hence he did not witness the total destruction of the band, the instruments and uniforms being in the doomed building. The reorganization of the band soon after the fire is due to the benevolence of the Baltimore Elks. Appreciative of what the band had done, the Elks donated a complete set of instruments and uniforms. A bandmaster was needed, and one was found in Brother Simon, a master musician. He was called from St. John's, Danvers, where he had been musical instructor and organizer of the School Orchestra. To his new work Brother Simon gave energy and zeal, and in an incredibly short time, the band was able to fullfil engagements.

To maintain a band at St. Mary's is no easy task. Other bands, once organized, may keep together, and the labor of the leader becomes lighter as time goes on. Not so at St. Mary's. Boys, of special training and ability, suddenly leave or are withdrawn. Preparing recruits that the band may never be left in the lurch is the daily work of its energetic master. St. Mary's band renders no simple music; jazz—Brother Simon will not permit, no poet likes doggerel; difficult pieces, the works of the masters form the repertoire. Sousa, on hearing the band, pronounced it the best boys' band he had ever heard. In 1928, the band went to Joliet, Illinois, to compete in the contest of boys' bands, and captured first prize in Class B. The judges considered it better than any in Class A, but St. Mary's was not eligible to compete in the first division since it did not come up to the requirements of age of the performers or numbers in the high school department. Incidentally, it was the only Catholic band in competition.

No history of St. Mary's would be complete without the mention of one of its most ardent admirers and former workers, the Right Reverend Owen B. Corrigan, one-time Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore. Bishop Corrigan had been

treasurer of the board for thirty years. He succeeded the late Monsignor McColgan, and resigned only when ill health obliged him to retire to St. Agnes Hospital and relinquish his pastoral duties. No member of the board was more devoted to the interests of St. Mary's than he. None had been so helpful to the Brothers. He spared nothing that could advance the School and advocated every measure for its good. No one took the disaster of the fire more to heart than he. Had his own St. Gregory's lain in ruins he could not have felt worse. With tears in his eyes, he said, as he met Brother Philip the day after the fire, "Oh, Brother, this is awful." Bishop Corrigan was succeeded as treasurer by his secretary, the Reverend Peter Ireton, who imbibes his spirit; while His Grace, Archbishop Curley, like his illustrious predecessor, Cardinal Gibbons, is in favor of any plan for a greater St. Mary's, but is handicapped sadly in his good intentions for want of funds.

The inner work of St. Mary's, the real work, the work for which it stands, the work on souls, goes steadily on, day by day, unsung, unheralded. More than two hundred boys go daily to Holy Communion, three times that number go each Sunday, while all Catholic boys go once a month. The devoted Chaplain, Father Francis, Passionist, is unwearied in his labors, ready to attend to the spiritual wants of the boys at any time, and three afternoons a week he sits in the confessional. On special occasions, he has the volunteer assistance of his Brethren in the nearby monastery. A mission is held each year; Baptism is frequently administered; the Holy Name Society, Senior and Junior, is flourishing; a St. John Berchmans Society exists. With these aids, boys go out from St. Mary's month after month during the years, better for having been there, and ready to play their part in the drama of life.

CHAPTER VI

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

> Perhaps you will not agree with me, but I maintain we could have an effective Catholic school without even directly teaching the Catechism; for the force that goes out from the chair of the religious teacher is what makes for genuine education and character training—this alone creates the real religious classroom that effects much for God and country.
>
> Archbishop Curley

In the designs of Providence, the taking of St. Patrick's School was a blessing to the Xaverian Brothers. It was but the forerunner of greater expansion, as will be told in detail in a coming chapter.

While the good work at St. Mary's Industrial School was going on, a silent observer existed in the person of the Reverend John T. Gaitley, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church. Impressed, he sought the Brothers for his school. In August, 1872, Brothers Joseph, Martin, and Michael left Louisville for this new mission. Their coming was not the beginning of St. Patrick's School. If St. Patrick's be not the oldest parochial school in the United States—New Orleans having one in 1722—it is, at least, the first to exist in the original United States. It is true that prior to its foundation, Catholic schools existed; the Jesuits at Georgetown, and Georgetown Visitation were functioning in 1799; Mother Seton established her Sisters of Charity in 1809; Father Nerinckx founded the Lorettines in Kentucky in 1811; Bishop David, the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth in Kentucky, in 1812. All of these Communities conducted schools, but we are

referring to free parochial schools. St. Patrick's began to exist as a free school in 1815. It was founded by the Reverend John Moranville who organized an association of Catholic women under the name of the "St. Patrick's Benevolent Society," which provided funds for the maintenance of the school. St. Patrick's School began its existence while our glorious republic was still in its infancy, long before the public school was born, thus proving that, as His Grace, Archbishop Curley stated: " . . . the interest which the Catholic Church has taken in the work of education wherever she enjoyed freedom from persecution, and was not deprived of her God-given right to carry out the injunction of her Divine Founder, 'Go forth, teach all nations.'"

In 1846 the Reverend James Dolan, then Pastor of St. Patrick's, brought the Brothers of St. Patrick, three in number, from Ireland to teach the boys. They left the scene before the year 1852, and from then until the arrival of the Xaverians in 1872, the school was under lay management. The Sisters of the Holy Cross came from Notre Dame, Indiana, in 1859, to teach the girls, and they continue their good work to the present day.

When the Xaverian Brothers arrived, the boys' school was in an ungraded condition. This, bad in itself, was intensified by the fact that the boys were unruly. St. Patrick's Parish embraced what is known as Fells' Point. That section was known as a "tough section" and the boys certainly showed the result of environment. Brother Joseph, gentleness itself, must have found himself in an entirely new element, as the boys of Louisville have always been known for docility. Seldom does kindness fail to win, and it won out in Brother Joseph's dealings with the "wild Irish" of St. Patrick's; while his co-laborer, Brother Michael, could be a boy with boys during playtime and a master of boys in class.

After the school had been organized to the satisfaction of

the Brothers, the increase of pupils necessitated more help. Brother Boniface came from Louisville, indelibly stamping his name and genial personality on St. Patrick's, remaining there for twenty years, for the last eleven of which he was Superior. Brother Michael was transferred to Richmond, Virginia, in 1881, but returned to St. Patrick's in 1893 as Superior for one year. In 1894 Brother Norbert was given charge of St. Patrick's and remained in office until 1900 when he was succeeded by Brother Athanasius who held office for three years. In 1903, Brother Osmund, the present Provincial of the Brotherhood in America, was appointed to guide St. Patrick's School. After five years, he was succeeded by Brother Leo who remained for two years. In 1910, Brother Basil directed the school, and remained for eight years. He was succeeded by Brother Alexius, and in 1924, the present Superior, Brother Harold, assumed charge. With a staff of six Brothers, St. Patrick's continues the work firmly established by the zealous Brothers Joseph, Martin, and Michael. For fifty-six years, the school has been functioning steadily under the Xaverian Brothers. It has given many prominent men to the legislature of the state and thousands to the ordinary walks of life who are a credit to the little school. The Church has received from St. Patrick's four Xaverians, and over thirty priests. The brightest jewel in her crown is the Right Reverend William T. Russell, D. D., late Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina.

During all these years, the Brothers lived in a house, or rather two houses joined, adjacent to the school and close to the church. The house was a rather ramshackle affair, much too large, nearly half it vacant and useless. Inside conveniences, such as lavatories, heat, and electricity, were not installed until 1924. To warm the house, there was a latrobe in the parlor, which was supposed to heat the community room above through a flue, but it required the

imagination of a Bob Cratchett to feel any effect. When the Reverend Cornelius Dacey assumed the pastorate of St. Patrick's in 1924 and realized the living conditions of the Brothers, he nobly said that he would not feel comfortable in his own house unless he could know that the Brothers were just as comfortable. He immediately installed the conveniences the times demanded. In 1928, the present Pastor, the Reverend John F. Eckenrode, caused the old house to be demolished, and on its site a suitable residence was erected, which was ready for occupancy September 22, 1928.

The Golden Jubilee of the arrival of the Brothers was fittingly celebrated by exercises extending over three days. On a Sunday, the exercises began with a solemn Mass, the Right Reverend Monsignor John T. Murray, Celebrant; the Reverend John I. Barrett, Superintendent of Parochial Schools, Deacon; the Reverend Joseph L. Curran, Subdeacon; the Reverend John Czyz, Master of Ceremonies; the preacher on the occasion, the Reverend John J. Murphy, S.J.—all sometime pupils of St. Patrick's School.

Monday evening was devoted to an informal gathering of old boys at a smoker, when old times were rehearsed and friendships of boyhood days renewed. There, many met after years of separation. Time brings changes, and St. Patrick's has undergone a change, a great change; the name of the parish no longer bears the special significance of its racial character. It has now but very few of its old time families, and out of a class of fifty, there will be but three unmistakably Irish names. The school is larger than ever, but its personnel is Polish.

On the third evening, a formal banquet was held at the Alcazar. Gracing the occasion were Archbishop Curley, Bishop McNamara, the Honorable Albert C. Ritchie, Governor of the state of Maryland, Brothers Osmund and Norbert, two former Superiors, (Brother Alexius, a third, was

not present) many other Brothers, and hundreds of the alumni. His Grace, the Archbishop, spoke eulogistically of the work the Brothers were doing, not only at St. Patrick's, but in other institutions of the Archdiocese. The Right Reverend Bishop McNamara testified that he owed his vocation directly to the influence and instruction of Brother Paul. Other speakers, the former pupils of the school, now grown men, spoke tenderly and appreciatively of their old teachers, even as far back as good old Brother Joseph, and Brothers Michael and Boniface, all now with God. Truly, it glorified the vocation of a Brother, and made him realize that his hidden labors produce fruit in time; while the tribute of the assurance of not being forgotten impressed upon him the more the eternal memory of God.

CHAPTER VII

BROTHER FRANCIS XAVIER

> There is a golden stairway ascending, like Jacob's ladder, from earth to heaven. The first step, which is tribulation, rests on earth; the last step, which is hope, reaches to heaven.
>
> CARDINAL GIBBONS

IN the annals of the Xaverian Brothers, the name of Brother Francis will ever be hallowed, not only as one of the pioneers, but as one of the two valiant souls who remained at the post when hope seemed to be abandoned by hope. No less heroic were the other pioneers, but they were recalled. Had Brothers Francis and Stephen been thought worthy of recall, no history of the Xaverian Brothers in America would have been written. Brothers Francis and Stephen stand out in bold relief in the annals of the Brothers. We do not criticize those who returned. We may not. Obedience called them. Brother Paul did not wish to go. What could he do, but go? We do not believe that courage was wanting on the part of the others—had they not gone through as bad, if not worse, at home? But the fact remains, Brothers Francis and Stephen did not return, and in the heart of each must have been the saddened thought: "I am not wanted." We said they were not needed, but there is little, if any, difference between needed and wanted. Still they persevered, and therein lies their undying glory in the hearts of American Xaverians.

Great were their hearts, and God knew it. He works in divers ways to bring about His ends, and uses men merely

as instruments. All beginnings for the Cross must be stamped with the Cross, and the Almighty chose this particular cross for the American Foundation to show that the work was really His, and His only. Later generations of Brothers may well admire His wonderful Providence and increase their faith, as appreciation of what is, grows and intensifies, by reason of concentration on these two lowly instruments, the least likely, in the mind of man, to effect anything.

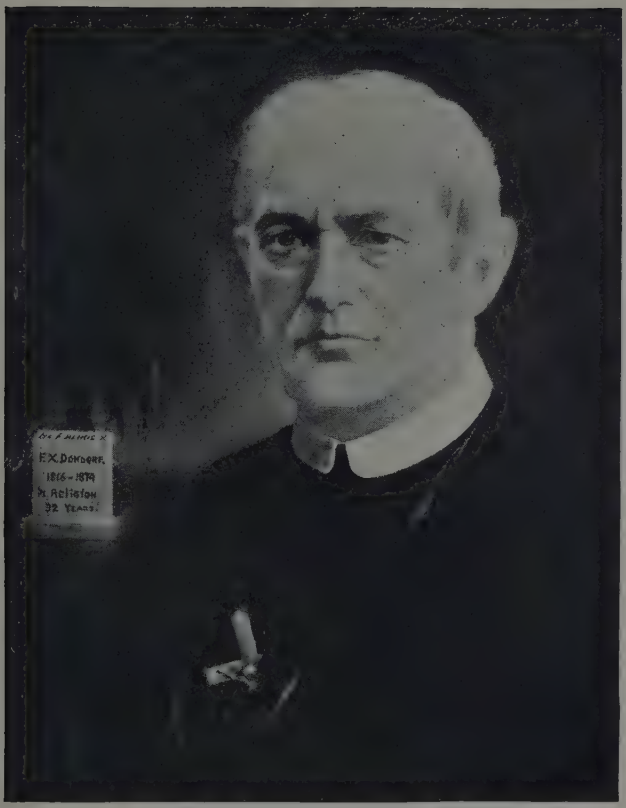
Whether Brother Francis encouraged Brother Stephen, or Brother Stephen, Brother Francis, is not known. Those two holy men thought little of themselves, and therefore talked not at all about themselves. For this reason little, at this late date, can be written of Brother Francis.

Brother Francis Xavier was born in Aachen, French, Aix-la-Chapelle, April 10, 1816. His parents, Dondorf by name, were blessed in this world's goods, and blessed likewise with the gift of faith which resulted in bringing up a family in the love and fear of God. Two of his sisters became religious. The home training of young Dondorf made him a serious minded youth attracted to piety. His particular attraction, an attraction that lent a distinguishing trait to his character and which he preserved through life, was an ardent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He never passed a church without going in for a visit. His early education was received at home and in the schools of his native town. At the age of sixteen he had completed what the schools had to offer. Up to the age of twenty-six, he held a clerical position; first, in one of the banks of his native city; later, in the post office. His heart was not at rest. Vocation usually begins in a general dissatisfaction with the things around us. If there are few acceptances to the general call, it is because many fail to analyze their feelings, and to seek light in prayer. Not so with Francis Dondorf. His visits to the Blessed Sacrament did not cease

with his years of manhood; and few vocations there are that are not conceived in the Sacramental Presence.

It was the year 1842 that Francis Dondorf's aspirations took definite shape. By accident, if the meeting of Christ and Matthew can be said to have been by chance, Francis Dondorf found his vocation. It will be remembered that Theodore Ryken at this time was busy gathering recruits for his newly founded Society. His first disciple, Anthony Melis, later known as Brother Ignatius, came to him in 1840. Mr. Ryken, for he was not then known as Brother Francis Xavier, sent his first disciples to Catholic centers in the hope that acquaintance with the object of the Brothers-to-be might induce ardent young men to follow their example. On this mission, came the future Brother Ignatius to Aix-la-Chapelle. To bless his efforts, Anthony Melis first paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the Cathedral. Francis Dondorf was making a visit at the same time, and both chanced to leave together. Perhaps the edifying spectacle of seeing a grown man devoutly praying in church outside of services led Anthony Melis to walk with him in the hopes of getting a recruit. Be that as it may, the two met and talked, with the result that a few weeks later, Francis Dondorf was at the mother house in Belgium seeking admission.

That Francis Dondorf was a providential gift to the infant Congregation and to America is an unquestioned fact. God's ways are wonderful, and the wonder grows as one considers events. In Aix-la-Chapelle, there were six religious orders of laymen. To any one of these Francis Dondorf might have applied, and in a well-established Institute worked out his sanctification and achieved his God-given aspirations for a higher life. These he passed to give himself to a Society not yet formed, and with little prospects of ever being formed. Surely this was providential and showed a courage on the part of the future Brother Francis



BROTHER FRANCIS, INTREPID PIONEER

which was to ripen in later fruit at another time and in another place.

On September 30, 1842, Francis Dondorf was admitted and began his postulate. On December 3, 1843, the Founder and seven others: Brothers Ignatius, Alphonse, Stanislaus, James, Paul, John, and Dominic were canonically invested in the Holy Habit. Francis Dondorf was not invested until Easter, April 23, 1844. The Founder chose the name of Francis Xavier, and Mr. Dondorf retained the name of Francis, adding Xavier when he came to America.

The early religious career of Brother Francis was not without its peculiar, perhaps unnecessary, trials. He was sent to the normal school at St. Trond, Belgium, but recalled after two years, due to a shortage of Brothers at Bruges. This was shortly before the emission of the first vows in the newly founded Congregation. On October 22, 1846, the Founder and nine others, Brother Francis included, terminated the first probation and were admitted to profession. When the time arrived for perpetual vows, Brother Francis was considered unsuitable. He had failed as a teacher, while in Community, his quite, unobtrusive ways were taken for moroseness and unsociability. The Founder advised him to return to the world. This Brother Francis did, broken-hearted, but not discouraged. He dearly loved the religious life and in his own undemonstrative way was sincerely attached to the infant Congregation. Surely, there was nothing human in this attachment, and such pure love would be permitted to find an outlet. How long he remained at home we do not know, but we do know he never gave up the cherished hope of returning to his first love. He went to Rhenish Prussia, and attended the normal school of Langenhorst to fit himself for his vocation in his chosen Congregation of St. Francis Xavier. Two years later, without previous arrangement, he pre-

sented himself to the Founder for readmission and was accepted, emitting perpetual vows on December 3, 1853. The Founder never regretted taking him back, and after events show that a man of his caliber was a God-sent gift to the future American Province of the Xaverian Brothers.

At this time, America was the topic at recreation and the subject at prayer time. All hearts, aglow with fervor, were eager to be chosen for the "foreign mission." America then, in the mind of staid Europeans, was a wild country in which the heart of an apostle in the jungle was needed for missionary work. In the hearts of our Brothers, the conception was not wrong as far as apostolic qualities were concerned. No heart glowed more ardently than that of Brother Francis, and none prayed more earnestly than he to be chosen. If he spoke less, he thought more. God, knowing the hearts of men, and seeing the great good Brother Francis was to accomplish, caused him to be chosen as one of the initial six apostles who landed in New York, August 2, 1854. That they arrived on the feast of St. Alphonsus is quite significant when it is considered that the Founder made his preparation for the work in America under the guidance of the Redemptorists.

The trials incident to the foundation in America, in which Brother Francis heroically shared, were related elsewhere, as well as the further trial of alternating hope and fear as he and Brother Stephen kept aglow the light that feebly, but surely burned, despite the winds.

When times grew somewhat brighter, and a new colony of Brothers arrived, postulants, heroically, with emphasis on "heroically," presented themselves. Brother Francis was appointed Master of Novices, along with his other duties at school. As Master of Novices, the chronicler states, he was inclined to over-severity. He was a saintly man, a real ascetic; but he lacked the natural gift of winning young hearts, and of meeting human nature halfway.

From 1854 until 1860, Brother Francis taught at the Immaculate Conception; from 1860-1863 at St. Boniface; back again to "Eighth Street" until 1868, when he took charge of St. Martin's and remained there until the Brothers relinquished the school in 1874.

Many amusing incidents are related by his young companion as happening as they went to and from St. Martin's. Silence on the street was the Rule, unless it was necessary to speak. A strict observer of Rule was Brother Francis. One day an urchin, seeing them going along silently, cried out: "Look! that old man and his son never talk." Circuses were the rule then, as now. Often the young Brother's heart beat high with glee as he descried in the distance a circus parade. But before they came to it, Brother Francis would ask, "What is that noise?" On being told it was a circus parade he would whisper: "Let us turn up to the next street; there are too many distractions on this street." Noticing that shoes wore away more quickly on one side than on the other, he walked on the northern pavement going down the street and on the southern going up. The worldly wise may smile at this, but does it not bear witness to the fact that Brother Francis ever remembered that he was a religious, and that the perfection of the virtues relative to the vows is attained by attending to trifles?

As an instructor in religion, Brother Francis was unexcelled. In relating the Sacred Passion and depicting its scenes, he was frequently moved to tears. To him, the work was God's. Diffident of his own powers, he relied on Divine aid, and thus succeeded in attaining perfection in his chosen life-work. On the way to school, he sought to impart his methods to his companion. He would inquire the subject of the daily lesson in religion, have him go over the instructions he intended to give, and supplement it by advice or anecdotes. In this way, the man of God sought to do God's work in God's way.

Other subjects were not neglected. He would inquire about the grammar, geography, arithmetic, and ask how the lessons were to be conducted. If the presentation seemed faulty, he would advise accordingly. In those days, as now, singing was part of the curriculum. He was very particular as to the choice of songs, never allowing anything that savored of liveliness ending in yodeling—jazz was then unknown. He preferred songs that lauded honesty, sobriety, and uprightness.

A stern training he gave to his young disciples, but Brother Francis was a man to whom pleasure, so-called, was unknown. His only pleasure was in service. We of modern date may be inclined to think that such methods would be unsuitable to our times. Though we are writing of sixty odd years ago, we should remember that, though times change, God is unchangeable, and what was suitable then, is suitable now. To a modern world it may seem that God, and the ways of God are old-fashioned, but principles are eternal, and who will say that Brother Francis acted contrary to the principles of the Gospel?

School, in those days, was strenuous. It started with Holy Mass at seven-thirty o'clock; classes began after Mass, terminated at eleven-thirty; resumed at one, and dismissed at four. Brother Francis' zeal was not confined to these long hours. Saturday brought no respite, for he conducted his boys to Mass on Saturday. On Sunday and holy days, he assembled boys and young men not in school, for sodality. After the instruction, he devoted the rest of the afternoon to games. In this way, Brother Francis inculcated frequent Holy Communion, and saved the young from the peril of having too much time on their hands.

One day, as Brother Francis and a companion were walking, Brother Francis remarked, noting the Newcomb residence, "That would be a fine place for the Brothers." His

companion laughed at the idea that such a fine place, a palatial-looking residence, the finest on Broadway, would ever be the property of the struggling Brothers, but Brother Francis quietly remarked, "We do not know what God has in store for us if we are faithful in His service and do our duty." Twenty-five years later, that same property passed to the Brothers. If Brother Francis was not prophetic, at least his remark was true, and God did reward the fidelity of the Brothers of Louisville. Though Brother Francis was no longer on earth, we may be sure that his fidelity ranked not as the least in earning that reward.

As a teacher, Brother Francis was known to few; as a religious, he was known to many. It is a truism that man teaches best by example. Brother Francis was an exemplar, an inspiration to all who knew him. Only two of the Brothers now live—Brothers Isidore and Richard—who remember him, but for years after his death, his name was frequently heard. Good old Brother Joseph, of sainted memory, time and again at recreation would dilate on the estimable qualities of Brother Francis, a soul kindred to his own. Many of these incidents are now forgotten, as at that time no thought occurred that knowledge of them would be useful later. One stands out in memory. In the beginning of this sketch we learned that Brother Francis was especially devoted to the Blessed Sacrament. This devotion remained with him to the end. As is always the case with devotion to the Heart of Christ, if time preserves it, time increases it. In chapel, Brother Francis was an inspiration to piety, and his attitude after Holy Communion was nothing short of rapture. He had a wonderfully deep voice for singing, but used it only in teaching or singing the hymns at Benediction and other devotions. To hear him sing any hymn to the Blessed Sacrament or to our Blessed Mother was to be moved to greater piety. To look at him

then, caused one actually to be lifted above the things of sense. Tears coursed down his cheeks, indicating that his whole soul was in the act. To him, the Blessed Sacrament meant life. He was teeming with the life within, and unconsciously gave evidence of it to the admiration of those who saw him. Let us, who are not favored by the personal acquaintance of this saintly man, keep alive his spirit. From him let us imbibe an appreciation of our common Gift, the Sacramental Presence, and use his oft-repeated words of the hymn:

> Sight, touch and taste in Thee are each deceived,
> The ear alone most safely is believed.

Through "the ear" let the heart be touched, and the work of Brothers Francis and Stephen will thrive through the life imparted to it by Him whose delight is to "dwell among the sons of men."

Good men live, and good men die. We would fain hold them, but God knows best. He has an allotted amount of work for each, and when the time for accomplishment is at an end, the summons will come. In God's decree Brother Francis' work ended at the close of St. Martin's school. The latter part of September, 1874, Brother Francis was afflicted with internal hemorrhages. As he grew weaker, on October 14, he received with great devotion the last rites of the Church. On October 15, the Feast of St. Theresa, to whom he had special devotion, he rallied, and hopes were entertained for a recovery. Toward evening a relapse occurred, and the chaplain, Father Monteriol, told him that his labors were about to end, to which he replied, "I wish I could add more to them." Later he was asked if anything disturbed him and he replied, "No, I am ready to die." Whence this assurance? Need we ask?

On October 16, at seven in the evening, the Community was called, and among his Brethren, while the prayers for

the dying were being recited, he gave forth his soul to God to receive the reward of a spotless life.

Brother Francis was the first Xaverian to be laid in the new St. Louis Cemetery. His was not the first death in America, but the others had been laid to rest in St. John's Cemetery, Portland. The funeral services were held at the cathedral, the late Father William Dunn, then Pastor, preached the discourse. After eulogizing the deceased, and sympathizing with the Brothers over the loss of a valued member, urging prayers for his eternal repose, he concluded: "Dear Brothers, reverently take the mortal remains of Brother Francis to the cemetery, but keep his spirit in your Community."

At his grave former pupils of St. Martin's erected a monument to his memory. Shall we, who enjoy the fruit of his selfless labors of heart and soul, do less than conserve the monuments he erected for us in America to the greater glory of God through the forgetfulness of self?

CHAPTER VIII

GOD'S OWN, ALWAYS OF THE PRE-PROVINCIAL PERIOD

> Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it dies it bringeth forth much fruit.
>
> JOHN 12:24-25

THE death of a religious is not an occasion of mourning but one of joy. His has been an upward look all his life. Having died to the world on his entering religion, he has nothing to miss on going to eternity. He but goes home to His Father to receive the reward of having "borne the heat and the burdens of the day." Cardinal Newman was asked on his deathbed how he felt, and he replied he felt like a schoolboy going home for the holidays. To the religious, death is rid of its terrors, for he is animated with the sentiments of Saint Terese, "Little Flower," who has left behind, the echo that we are to expect more from the justice of God than from His mercy. Because He is just, He will recompence deeds done for Him. Because He is just He will make allowance for good intentions and reward efforts. He asks not for deeds, but is satisfied with the will that tries. Your man of the world looks for results. Truly, God's judgment is not to be feared—"perfect love casts out fear."

When a religious dies, though his going is regretted by his Brethren, they do not mourn as children of earth whose grief is purely selfish. Religious do not regret the happiness of one who has died in the grace of God. In religion, those that are left behind are consoled by the thought that their

brother has attained the end of life; he has persevered in love and service; he has simply gone before to prepare the way for those he leaves behind.

In the pre-provincial period of twenty-one years, the first fruits of the Xaverian sowing were attained by seven faithful servants. The first to go, on November 2, 1856, was Brother Philip (John Martin). Brother Philip died at the age of thirty-five, and was but five years in religion. He was born in Nievenheim, Germany, on October 15, 1821. He formed one of the band of the six pioneers that came to America in 1854. Little is known of him save that he was employed as cook, nor need we know more. There are not a few hidden saints. If the spectacular were necessary for sanctity, then Saint Joseph would be without his crown. Measured by years, Brother Philip's life was short to the world, and shorter still was his life for God. In him we may surely glean the heart of an apostle. Leaving his native land for the sake of Christ, he died even before any results from the leaving, that might fill the hearts of those left behind with holy envy, were evident. That he shared in the poverty and privations incident to the first unsettled conditions that confronted the early Brothers before they were recalled to Europe, and died beneath the unequal burden, suffice to hold him up to his later Brethren as one of God's hidden heroes. In the plan of Providence, his work was over that Brother Stephen, weak in body, but strong in heart, might replace him to keep aglow the spark. From the heights of heaven, we may be sure he has his share in the work. He was culled by God as the first seed productive of many fruits: "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." [4]

On September 22, 1867, Brother Bonaventure (Daniel Clifford) died at the age of sixteen, after only one year in

[4] John 12:24-25.

religion. Brother Bonaventure was born in Louisville, April 17, 1851. He was the only child of a widow. Though dying as a novice, we may be sure he entered eternity as a professed; to repeat: God rewards intentions rather than acts. Afflicted with heart trouble, he had been sick for a few days, and though nothing serious was apprehended, he was found dead in bed in the early morning. His good mother knelt for hours unsupported beside the blessed remains. She died in 1910, her last days were rendered comfortable by the Brothers, and six of them acted as pallbearers at her funeral.

On November 26, 1867, Brother Ambrose (James Mitchell) died at the age of twenty, after two years of the religious life. The chronicler gives him extended notice, which is remarkable, for such notice does not occur regarding those before or after him, with the exception of Brothers Paul and Francis.

> During his long illness [we read], which lasted from the beginning of June until his death, his conduct has been edifying, and his resignation to the will of his Creator what should be expected from a faithful servant of God. His funeral took place on the following day from our house on Fourth Street. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up for his soul by Reverend John Montariol, assisted by Reverend F. X. Van Deutekom as Deacon, and Reverend Father William, O.S.F., as Sub-deacon. There was a large concourse of people notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Thirteen carriages were necessary to convey the people to the Portland Cemetery. He was buried near his two Brothers in Jesus, Philip and Bonaventure.

Brother Ambrose was born in Mayo, Ireland, in 1847, but joined the Brothers from Louisville. He did not have even a few years in religion; but to receive the grace to die in re-

ligion two months after Holy Profession is proof that the good Lord was satisfied with his measure of grace and took his intentions for deeds. In the words of the Book of Wisdom, Chapter 4, verse 13: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fullfilled a long time."

On August 31, 1870, Patrick McGuire died at the age of fourteen, having been in the Community for two years. "Little Pat," he was called. In those days, boys were received but were not invested in the holy habit until they reached the required age of sixteen. They followed the exercises of the religious life, but lived apart from the Community. The chronicler merely states that he was sick for twenty-one days, and "spent two years, two months, and twenty-five days of his saintly and useful life in the Order, and died greatly lamented by the Community." Patrick was buried at Saint Louis Cemetery in the lot of his people.

On January 8, 1871, Brother John (James Quill) died at the age of twenty-five, having been ten years in religion. Brother John was born in Ireland, County Cork, on October 1, 1846, and joined the Brotherhood from Louisville in 1861. He taught at Saint Patrick's and the Cathedral School in Louisville. Developing consumption, he was removed to St. Mary's Industrial School in the hope that a change of climate might benefit him. He died there, and was interred in Saint Peter's Cemetery, Baltimore.

Brother Francis Xavier (Francis X. Dondorf) died October 16, 1874. His death has been recorded in the sketch of his admirable life.

CHAPTER IX

PROVINCIALATE OF BROTHER ALEXIUS

> All experience is an arch where through
> Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> Forever and forever, when I move.
>
> TENNYSON

IN 1875, Brother Vincent, Superior General, convoked a General Chapter. The delegates from America were Brothers Alexius, Stanislaus, and Joseph. Up to this time, the American Foundations, only three in number, were governed directly from Bruges. Circumstances were bound to rise, and had arisen, where immediate action would be necessary, and there was no one on hand with power to assume the responsibility of acting. The formation of a province was imperative. The Superior General was too far from the scenes of activity to judge accurately, expeditiously, and efficiently. As Almighty God did not create any two men equal in character and temperament, countries must differ far more widely, and one of one nation cannot fit his judgment to suit conditions in another's domain. This is illustrated, if illustration be needed, in the disastrous conditions arising from the Brothers' contracting, before their arrival in America, in terms of Belgian money. Furthermore, the impracticability of Brugean authorities to regulate minor affairs can be seen in the following: by enactment, Superiors of houses were forbidden to spend over fifty dollars without special authorization from the Superior General. Obedient to this command, when the Brothers at Louisville needed a melodeon, costing eighty dollars, they wrote to Europe for permission, and

were refused. Surprise was expressed in the refusal that four hundred francs (now over twenty-three hundred, enough to build a small house in Belgium, would be wanted to buy an organ. The trouble with the Franciscans and with the Board of St. Mary's, likewise, pointed to the necessity of "home rule." If progress was to be, it would be only when freedom of action in details of government became a fact. The Church in her perfect democracy realized this, and from the beginning, as she spread, power of action was delegated from the See of Rome to the various Bishops throughout Christendom, without relinquishing one iota of authority in essentials. Wisdom pointed to the necessity of a division of the Congregation into Provinces, and Bruges was the first to propose and act. At the Chapter, Belgium, England, and America became separate Provinces united to the Brugean mother house in laws, and cemented by charity, which St. Paul terms, "the bond of perfection."

Brother Alexius, Superintendent of St. Mary's Industrial School, was appointed the Provincial of the American Province. His appointment was not well received by all in America. The bulk of the American Foundation was still in Louisville. To the Brothers there, Brother Alexius was a stranger, having visited them but once for a short while. Many thought the choice should have fallen upon Brother Paul, who "had borne the heat and the burdens" of the foundation. Though Brother Paul was an excellent man, loved by all, kind to a fault, it is now acknowledged that he never would have accomplished the work that was accomplished by Brother Alexius. What the Xaverians have in America to-day, they owe to the farsightedness and shrewdness of Brother Alexius, and time has sanctioned the choice of Brother Vincent and his councilors.

The dissatisfaction over the appointment did not allay itself. The Almighty saw that a little weeding was necessary to protect the tender plants. The Louisville Com-

munity had, at that time, a few malcontents who had come from the European Foundations in the hope that a change of scene would benefit their souls. They injected their poison in a few misguided souls, and started a foolish rumor that the time was ripe for an "American Branch." Visits were made to Bishop McCloskey of Louisville to seek his aid in effecting a separation from Bruges. From the Bishop, they received scant, if any, encouragement. The movement came to naught, and six of the disgruntled members withdrew from the Community. This was the last time that the peace of the Community was threatened, and please God, may such never be threatened again. A beautiful spirit of charity reigns, and the Brothers, to-day, are united as one. With time, and increased facilities for education of the soul and mind, all pettiness unworthy of men, not to mention men of God, has happily been eliminated.

The first act of Brother Alexius as Provincial was to establish a central house and novitiate. Its site, Mount St. Joseph's, we shall learn, came through the prayers and efforts of Brother Bernardine. As the Mount is the first love of many of the Brothers, and of all from 1876 to 1921, and is rich in tradition, it deserves more than a passing notice, so a fuller description of this loved spot is reserved for a subsequent chapter.

Saint James' Home, 1878

The first foundation from the American mother house is St. James' Home, High and Low Streets, Baltimore, Maryland. St. Mary's Industrial School had now been functioning for twelve years. A problem arose that became more and more acute as the years passed—what should be done with boys, without kith or kin, when they would arrive at the age in which they should be out in the world earning a livelihood. To remedy this situation, the great and good Cardinal Gibbons called into being an institution

where the boys might receive a start in life and not endanger their better selves thereby. To the institution he gave the name of his holy patron. Though the Home was established to provide for St. Mary's boys, it was not exclusively for them. To-day, it receives but few from St. Mary's, as the boys there take advantage of the high-school course offered by the School. The doors of St. James' Home are always open to welcome any boy of working age who has no home, or coming to the city, has no place to live except a boarding house. Each boy has a private room, pays a nominal sum per week for board and lodging, and deposits with the Brother Superintendent his surplus, which is put at interest in the bank to his credit. Many a youth of St. James' Home, arriving at majority, has thus saved enough to make him independent in case of reverses incident to idleness or sickness. Another distinct advantage to the boy is, that should he be idle, he remains at the Home. The Home is his, whether he can afford to pay for his board or not, and the Brother Superintendent helps him to find suitable work.

St. James' Home, though under the same management as St. Mary's Industrial School, does not receive aid from the city or the state. It maintains no wards of either city or state. The Home is partially maintained from the board received from its inmates. This is inadequate, and the deficit is made up by the charitable members of the Immaculate Conception Union who pay the small sum of twenty-five cents a year. Small indeed, and if the good work is ever to advance beyond its present scope, it will be only when additional help is given to it from those charitably inclined.

For fifty years the good work of St. James' Home has been going on; but its real work, its purposeful work, the good of the soul of the homeless boy, is painfully handicapped by environment. When St. James' first came into

existence, its location was in a good, though not pretentious, neighborhood. Time has wrought havoc in the neighborhood. It never rose from respectable poverty, which seldom, if ever, happens in cities; but it has gone down to the very depth in the scale of morals. To expect growing boys to rise to the heights of decent manhood under the present conditions is to expect the extraordinary. This is a source of anxiety to the Brothers engaged there; they pray and hope to be able to move to a quiet suburb. Facilities for transportation are many; rates are reasonable and a home out of town would not be a tax on the resources of the boys. Like all good works, not distinctly parish affairs, the means are wanting and likewise the way to raise them. Even the sale of the present building, up-to-date and in first class condition as it is, owing to the morally diseased condition of the neighborhood, would not bring an amount commensurate with buying or building a new home.

The Home was first opened by Brother Philip, assisted by Brother Martin. When Brother Philip arrived, there was nothing in the house but whitewashed halls and stained, dirty floors. In the afternoon, beds, bedding and kitchen ware arrived. Brother Philip asked for an ice box, and was told by the treasurer of St. Mary's Board that it was a luxury. Brother Philip next noticed that a hydrant was damaging the pantry, and asked that it be removed; but he was told that it had been there from time immemorial. When he next asked—Brother Philip was never known to be backward—for a bathtub, the treasurer, aghast, said: "What next?"

Brother Philip remained at the Home for two years, and was succeeded by Brother Hubert, who managed the Home for the next six years. Ill health caused Brother Hubert to retire and hand the work over to Brother Basil who was relieved after one year by Brother Anthony, who remained

but two years. In 1889, Brother Bernardine came to the Home as Superintendent and remained in that capacity for ten years. Brother Denis succeeded Brother Bernardine and managed the Home for five years. In 1904, Brother Bernard became Superintendent and remained in that capacity for six years. He was succeeded by Brother Leo who retained office for five years, when the late lamented Brother Patrick assumed charge and held it for ten years, wisely governing and receiving the cognomen, "Friend of the Boys." Brother Gaudentius, present Superintendent, whose fatherly interest in the boys for the welfare of Baltimore deserves more recognition than it receives, took charge in 1925.

Of all the Superintendents, none, perhaps, has done more for St. James' Home than Brother Patrick. In season and out of season, he labored for its welfare, and never rested until he had secured all that was needed to make the interior comfortable, attractive, and homelike. With a personality all his own, he elicited the interest of friends, and succeeded in remodelling the whole interior to a degree little guessed from the surroundings without. The chapel, especially, with its costly fittings, deserves a better place.

Peace to the soul of the noble-hearted, generous-minded, self-forgetful Brother Patrick!

St. Joseph's, Baltimore, 1878-1893

In 1878, at the invitation of the Reverend Placide Chappelle, later Archbishop of New Orleans, the Brothers opened St. Joseph's School, Baltimore. Brother Michael was the first Director, followed by Brother Basil in 1881, Brother Pius in 1883, Brother Paul in 1887, and Brother Norbert in 1891. The school never required more than four Brothers who formed a part of the Community at St. Patrick's.

St. Joseph's existed next to Camden Station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. In course of time, the encroachment of business around a great railroad terminus meant

all but the extermination of the Parish. In 1893, when the number of pupils dwindled to such an extent that Brothers in the Parish became a luxury to its finances, the school ceased to function.

From the school came many vocations to the archdiocese; the Right Reverend John McNamara, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore is of the number, and proudly proclaims Brother Paul as the direct cause, under God, of his vocation.

West Troy, N. Y., 1880-1881

At West Troy, New York, a foundation was made in 1880, but proved unsuccessful. Brothers Philip, Peter, and Charles were sent there to open an industrial school. As nothing had been prepared for such a school they conducted a parish school for one year while waiting for the original plans to mature. As the Reverend Pastor, Father Sheehan, refused to abide by the terms of the contract, the Brothers were withdrawn at the close of the scholastic year.

St. Peter's, Richmond, Va., 1881-1923

In 1881, the Right Reverend John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, invited the Xaverian Brothers to take charge of his Cathedral School for Boys. The school had been taught by seminarists studying for the diocese, who were called from the seminary to teach before ordination. Not always was a requisite number of teachers to be found; and, again, teaching requires an aptitude which is the grace of the special vocation. In August, 1881, Brother Philip was sent to Richmond with Brothers Peter, Benjamin, Michael, Raymond, and Francis as assistants. Received most cordially by the Bishop and his Vicar, likewise pastor of the Cathedral, the Reverend Augustine Van de Vyver, the Brothers began their work in Richmond.

Brother Philip, in his own energetic way, arranged the

schedule, which during the life of the school remained practically as he had inaugurated it. It was framed to suit the needs of the pupils who expected to gain their livelihood from the education received at St. Peter's. The usual branches of the grades were taught, one class of two years being added, corresponding to the present-day junior high school. The object of the upper class was to hold the boys longer in school during their formative period in order to ground them thoroughly in the principles of religion and right conduct. By adding commercial work, the boys were equipped to seek employment upon finishing school. The hopes of the Brothers were not belied. Richmond boys from St. Peters's had no difficulty in obtaining employment from the railroads and the business offices. In the more important matter of manhood, they were and are a credit to religion. The Reverend Doctor Magri, Historian of the Diocese of Richmond, writes: "It is an admitted fact that St. Peter's Parish is the best in the diocese. In no other church does the number of men that approach the holy table exceed that of the women as it does here." [Doctor Magri was at St. Peter's at the time.] "The church on Sundays is filled with men and young men, and even on week days, especially in Lent, on First Fridays, and days of devotion, men are noticeably numerous, and we all attribute it to Brother Philip and his colleagues, who produced such wonderful results."

In connection with the work of the Brothers at St. Peter's, particularly pleasing and effective was that of Brother Michael with the sanctuary boys. In this line of endeavor Brother Michael had no peer. His knowledge of the ritual and his skill in drilling boys in the difficult and intricate ceremonies connected with pontificals were such that Bishop Keane often expressed the opinion that it was a pleasure and a relief to be able to go through the ceremonies unhampered by mistakes. The boys remained as

servers long after school days were over, even to the age of manhood; and on great occasions, the sanctuary of old St. Peter's was a picture of orderly decorum with its young men acting as Master of Ceremonies, Acolytes, and as the various other offices connected with Pontifical Mass. When Bishop Van de Vyver succeeded Bishop Keane to the See, he would never go away for special ceremonies without taking with him Brother Michael and his altar boys.

Another feature that added to the prestige of the Brothers in Richmond was the correct singing of the *Tenebræ*. Brother Philip would assemble the young men in the school on evenings during Lent and train them in the chant. It was extra work, but it was God's work. It held the young men to the Brothers, and many a sage remark would Brother Philip give to a young man as the latter would confide to him his difficulties, his problems in life.

For nineteen years, Brother Philip conducted the school, not consecutively, for one year he was in charge of the school in Lowell, Massachusetts. That year, 1890, Brother Angelus was in charge of St. Peter's, but Brother Philip returned to Richmond in 1891 and remained until 1901, when he was succeeded by Brother Marcellus. In 1909, Brother Charles, a household name in Richmond, was placed in charge. Death released him in 1911, and he was succeeded by Brother Ernest for one year. Brother Justin came, and remained until 1917 when the school came under the supervision of Brother Timothy who retired in March, 1918. Brother Pius filled the position temporarily, and Brother Borgia assumed charge September, 1918. Brother Maximus replaced Brother Borgia in September, 1922. In 1923, the school dispensed with the services of the Brothers as the Parish could no longer support them. Old St. Peter's, like many other localities, died a natural death in the course of time. In 1906, it lost its prestige when the Bishop removed the seat of the cathedral to the new one built by

Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan. Since then, the Parish has lost many of its old time families, and the neighborhood, its air of respectability.

For the forty-two years the Brothers were at St. Peter's, they lived at North Ninth Street next to the school. The house is an historical landmark in the city of Richmond for it was the home of Patrick Henry. Up to the time of the Brothers' departure, its antiquity had been preserved on the inside as well as the out, and no doubt, the irregularly heated house had not a little to do with the rheumatic trouble that followed Brother Philip, dating from his sojourn in Richmond.

St. Patrick's Parochial School, Lowell, Massachusetts

No diocese in the United States is more teeming with religion than that of Boston. The advent of the Brothers to Massachusetts was, indeed, a blessing from on high, as it resulted in an uninterrupted supply of vocations. Their going there forms an interesting piece of history. The Reverend Michael O'Brien, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Lowell, was a great friend of the Reverend John Gaitley, pastor of St. Patrick's, Baltimore, and annual visits of friendship were made. Father Gaitley was loud in his praises of the good work of the Brothers, and Father Michael was impressed to such an extent that he urged Brother Alexius to open a school for boys in Lowell. Since 1852, St. Patrick's, Lowell, had had a school for girls conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. The boys of the Parish had no means of religious instruction except what they received in Sunday School from the Sisters.

By custom, the Sisters of Notre Dame were not permitted to teach boys. The custom originated in this country. Their first Provincial Superior in America, Sister Louise, was impressed with the good work done in Philadelphia by Brothers, and she wisely foresaw, that in time, if she did

not sternly set her face against her Sisters teaching boys, the Sisters would be the innocent cause of interfering with such good work. Her successor, Sister Julia, to whom the wish of Sister Louise was law even after her death, maintained the same custom. In time, holding to this custom, as parochial schools increased, it meant for the Sisters the loss of schools. Finally, the shortage of Brothers made it unwise to enforce the old-time custom in all its rigidity, and it was mitigated so that the Sisters now teach the boys in all grades.

Since Father Michael made little headway with Brother Alexius who could not see his way to spare the Brothers for a foundation, he turned to his friend, Father Gaitley, and asked him to intercede with Brother Alexius. Father Gaitley then requested Brother Alexius to accept the school as a favor to him. For some time Brother Alexius had been eager to secure the valued services of Brother Joseph, then in charge of St. Patrick's, Baltimore, for Mount St. Joseph's, but Father Gaitley was loath to part with Brother Joseph. Brother Alexius hit upon a plan that would serve both purposes, and agreed to send Brothers to Lowell, provided Father Gaitley would not object to Brother Joseph's leading the band. To accommodate his friend, Father Michael, Father Gaitley gave way, and Brother Joseph, with Brothers Bonaventure, Eugene, and Aloysius opened the Lowell School in September, 1881.

The boys of Lowell were the wildest of the wild. We must remember we are writing of the days when Catholics were depised openly, and studiously shunned. It is boy nature to give in proportion as it receives. Especially in the boy is true the old adage about giving a bad name: "If you think a boy is bad, and let him know it, he will prove to you that you are right." Good, gentle Brother Joseph experienced great difficulty with the boys of Lowell fresh from the subtle persecution of the public schools.

Not for long did Brother Joseph remain in Lowell, as Brother Alexius called him to Baltimore at the end of the first year to assist at the mother house in the government of the province.

St. Patrick's, in its second year of existence, found Brother Dominic, whole-hearted Brother Dominic, a master at handling boys, in charge. Under his guiding hand, order, perfect order, was effected to the pleasure of all concerned. Shortly after the term commenced, Brother Dominic was surprised to receive at the school some visitors, who proved to be members of the Lowell School Board. They were skeptical as to the workings of a parochial school, and determined to find out for themselves if work of the caliber of their own was being done. They were armed with no authority to visit, but Brother Dominic had nothing to hide, and much to exhibit. He conducted them through the classes. With full liberty granted, they asked questions pertaining to the grade, had the boys demonstrate their knowledge of arithmetic at the board, and heard them read. Before retiring, they complimented Brother Dominic on the standing of the school, but—found "the boys, as a whole, weak in reading." Brother Dominic agreed to this, and replied: "They are as you sent them to us; but come back in a year, and I guarantee you a decided change for the better." They never returned.

Brother Dominic remained in Lowell, exercising his influence for good, for four years when his term came to a rather abrupt end. He was the soul of kindness and solicitude for those under him—traits he carried to his grave. Anything that he could do for the Brothers to make them happy, that was in the bounds of reason and the Rule, he gladly did. At that time, the Brothers had no central house where they could gather in the summer away from the heat of the city to rest and recuperate. In the summer of 1886, a Mr. McGlinchey, who owned a cottage at Nabnasset

Pond, offered its use to Brother Dominic, who accepted it for a week. While there, the Brothers enjoyed the boating on the lake. One day, while some of the Brothers were out in a boat, another who could not row, wished to go also, and asked Brother Bonaventure to accompany him. Brother Bonaventure did not care to go, but when he saw the Brother was disappointed, he went with him. After a while the first boat capsized. None of the Brothers was able to swim; Brother Bonaventure, who could swim, plunged into the lake and succeeded in grabbing each of the three struggling Brothers in turn, and piloted them to the boat, ordering them to cling. The effort proved too much for him, and after he succeeded in guiding the last Brother, he sank never to rise. Shortly after this, Brother Dominic was removed from office, and Brother Angelus assumed charge of the school.

During the administration of Brothers Joseph and Dominic, the Brothers lived about the classrooms on the top floor of the school. In the time of Brother Angelus they moved to Varney Street. Brother Angelus, a well-known educator, kept the school up to the standard, and brought it before the public notice by initiating military drills. Parades followed, and a band was organized to lead them. In 1890 Brother Angelus was succeeded by Brother Philip, who remained in Lowell but one year. He was replaced by Brother George, who in turn was succeeded by Brother Clement in 1896. Brother Clement remained in charge until 1898, when Brother Pius became Superior. Before the scholastic year of 1898 elapsed, the school was suddenly disrupted.

On March 10, 1899, fire broke out during the night and damaged the school to such an extent that classes had to be discontinued for an indefinite length of time. A disagreement between Father Michael and Brother Alexius caused the Brothers to be withdrawn. Under the charge of one of

the curates, lady teachers conducted the school for the remainder of that year and all of the following. This plan was very good so far as the interior fittings of the school were concerned. The priest in charge was able to influence Father Michael to place the school in a first-class condition —a vast improvement over its state before the fire. The women teachers proved a failure at managing the sturdy boys of St. Patrick's, and Father Michael urged the return of the Brothers. In the meanwhile, Brother Alexius died, and Brother Dominic became Provincial. Willingly, Brother Dominic acceded, and Brother Matthew was sent to reopen St. Patrick's in 1900. The Sisters of Notre Dame then agreed to teach the boys of the first four grades, since the Brothers had been dispersed elsewhere and only six could be supplied.

Brother Matthew remained in Lowell until 1903. He was succeeded by Brother Leo, who remained in charge until 1908 when Brother Osmund, present Provincial, was appointed. Brother Osmund remained until 1918, and Brother Nilus became the Superior. Brother Clarence succeeded to the office in 1921, and gave place to the present Superior, Brother Finbarr, in 1927.

During the administration of Brother Osmund, the Community moved from Varney Street to Wilder Street. The new house, though modern and comfortable in every way, was situated fully two and a half miles from the church and school. The going and returning three times a day was inconvenient, and often unpleasant. This was obviated to an extent under the administration of Brother Nilus when friends presented the Brothers with a Ford, which, however, necessitated two Brothers always walking. During the time of Brother Clarence, the Brothers were moved to Fletcher Street, overlooking the Common. They now live within a few minutes' walk of the church and school. The Reverend Doctor McGarry, present pastor, spares nothing

to make the house comfortable for the five Brothers that comprise the present Community.

Previous to the fire, the Brothers were eleven in number, and conducted a high school in conjunction with the regular grades. At present, they have only the grades and one year of junior high. The days of small parochial high schools are drawing to a close. Wisdom points to centralization where numbers warrant the equipment necessary to conduct a high school on recognized standards.

St. Patrick's has done and is doing good work for the Church and the city of Lowell. The priests of the Parish have been appreciative; the good people of the city likewise, as is proven by the fact that they willingly surrender their sons to do similar good work elsewhere, and no less than thirty-one vocations have come to the Brothers from Lowell. The head of the list is Brother Anselm, who is also the first boy enrolled as a pupil by the Brothers in Massachusetts. The number of priestly vocations exceeds that of the Brotherhood. Statistical evidence has been destroyed by the fire of 1899, though twenty-six priests of St. Patrick's School are living to-day.

Lawrence, Massachussetts, 1889

The good work of the Brothers in Lowell came under the notice of the Reverend James T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., of Lawrence, a neighboring city of Lowell. The Augustinians have charge of all the Catholic churches for English-speaking people in Lawrence proper—three in number, the largest being St. Mary's. The Parish had had a school for girls under the Sisters of Notre Dame since 1859, and Father O'Reilly was eager to do for his boys what had been done for his girls for the last thirty years. He was a very zealous man. While Lawrence lasts, the name of Father O'Reilly will be linked with its history. Foremost in any movement for civic betterment, he was the inveterate foe of the com-

munist who seeks from time to time to do his deadly work among the foreign element that largely composes a mill city. His zeal in the welfare of religion will give ample testimony to his devotedness as long as the churches, schools and convents which he caused to be erected last.

After successful negotiation with the Provincial, Brother Alexius, Father O'Reilly prepared for the coming of the Brothers. Brother Raymond arrived in Lawrence in August, 1889, to take charge of the boys, assisted by Brothers Peter, Leonard, Hubert, and Majella. The school building, still in use, was an old church renovated for the purpose. The schedule followed was that of the public school, and authorized by the diocesan authorities. During the first years, drilling was in order, and the boys, under the capable direction of Brother Hubert, always made a favorable impression. Later, the drilling was abandoned. To adopt drilling, then drop it, may seem to savor of sudden enthusiasm cooling, as is often the way with something new. Times change; each age has its own fancies; and what was once feasible need not be so always. Drilling was excellent in its day to enforce, in a mild way, discipline and order among boys. The boy of to-day is more tractable than was the boy of two generations ago. Though drilling was in vogue, it was never held in great favor by the Brothers at large. It was not always easy to find a man capable of organizing and drilling a company; as in all other things, aptitude and preference are necessary. Nor can drilling be said to have been in any great favor among the boys, once the novelty wore off, unless circumstances made it so. If interest is to be sustained in boys it cannot be at the expense of his free time; hence, drills generally formed a part of the schedule. This consequent loss of time did not lend itself to the favor of the teachers who preferred to have their entire class together all the time. Present day schedules certainly would not admit of drills during

school hours, while hours after school devoted to drilling would work no less of an injustice on the boys.

An annual feature in Lawrence is the May procession in honor of our Immaculate Mother. It is largely the work of the Sisters and the Brothers who coöperate heartily with the Pastor to make it a success. It consists of floats, symbols pertaining to the various phases of our Blessed Lord's life, the Most Blessed Sacrament, our Blessed Mother's prerogatives, the impersonation of various saints, and Sodalities with their banners. It wends its way through the streets, always headed by the Pastor who has on each side of him a tot dear to Mary's Immaculate Heart. For over forty years, Father O'Reilly was proud to walk ahead of his children. The last year of his life feebleness obliged him to resort to an auto, but he would not miss the May Procession while he lived.

When the Brothers had rounded out twenty-five years of service in Lawrence, good Father O'Reilly would not let the occasion pass unnoticed and had an elaborate celebration of three days' duration. The first day, Solemn Mass was held at St. Mary's. Many old members of the alumni who are priests were present, also the Sisters and their pupils, the Brothers and their pupils, some Brothers who had been formerly at Lawrence, and the Church was packed with the good people of Lawrence who never let an opportunity pass to show their love for the Brothers. The second day was given over to a social reunion of former teachers and pupils. Surely a part of the hundredfold came to the older Brothers as they beheld their one time boys, now grown men, adorning the sanctuary, others on the bench, or in the legal and medical professions, some in the high civic duties of the city from the mayoralty to the Council chamber, and the vast number leading Godly lives in the ordinary walks of life—no less honorable, for as Abraham Lincoln said: "God must love the common people, He made so many

of them." The third day closed the ceremonies with Solemn Mass of Requiem for deceased teachers and pupils.

When the Brothers first came to Lawrence, they lived in a house on Hampshire Street. In 1891, the Augustinians, living in a convent next to the Immaculate Conception Church, took up their residence in the Augustinian Convent attached to St. Mary's, and the Brothers moved into the convent vacated. There they found a house built on community lines. In 1927, the Prior and Pastor, the Reverend Michael Sullivan, O.S.A., spared no pains or money to put the house in first class condition both inside and out.

Brother Raymond, the first Superior, remained in charge for four years. In 1893, Brother Boniface arrived and directed the school for two years. He was succeeded by Brother Mark, a household word in Lawrence, who remained in charge for eight years. In 1903, Brother Walter, who had been in Lawrence since 1896, became Superior for two years. Brother Robert succeeded Brother Walter but retained office for only one year, when Brother Jerome succeeded him, holding the position for nine years. In 1915, Brother Raymond returned, but only for a short time, as age and infirmity made him relinquish it after a few months when Brother Joseph maintained it for four years. In 1919, Brother Dunstan arrived and remained for six years. Brother Aurelius succeeded for one year, then Brother Jerome, the present Superior, returned to Lawrence and still guides the school.

The Brothers also teach at St. Rita's, which is in reality an adjunct of St. Mary's. St. Rita's was established by Father O'Reilly to accommodate the smaller children, thus preventing their going the distance required to reach St. Mary's.

It would be impossible to compute the good that has been done in the Lawrence school or elsewhere for that matter, as all parochial schools effect much the same good. Over

four thousand boys have been instructed during the forty years of its existence. Over thirteen hundred have been graduated and are a credit to the school; sixteen became Brothers and many more priests. To-day, the enrollment is three hundred and sixty, exclusive of the four grades of boys taught by the Sisters.

East Boston, Massachusetts, 1891-1913

In East Boston, as in all other places in Massachusetts, where the Brothers teach, flourishing schools for girls under the direction of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur had existed years before the Brothers came. Nothing had been done for the boys, except what the zealous Sisters had volunteered to do in the Sunday Schools. As time went on, a demand for Brothers was created. The zealous Pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, the Reverend Joseph Cassin, on being assured of help from the Xaverians, built a substantial school on Sumner and Seaver Streets opposite the church—the school facing on Seaver Street.

On January 17, 1891, three Brothers arrived: Brother Alphonse, Albert, and Adrian. School opened on the following Monday, January 19th. This seems an ill-advised time to open a school, and why September was not chosen is inexplicable. The boys were wild and disorderly. The blame cannot be attached to them, considering the circumstances of the days of which we write. The A.P.A. was slowly budding, and the flame it caused had been smoldering around Boston ever since the days of Knownothingism. Catholics of Boston had absolutely no share in civic positions except such as were allotted to the common laborer. It was next to impossible for a Catholic woman to get an appointment as a teacher in the public school, and girl graduates of Sisters' Academies knew better than to apply for entrance to normal school. The rank and file of public school teachers was decidedly non-Catholic. At that time teaching school

meant a life's work since teachers generally remained in the school until age or death removed them. They were, for the most part, of the old Puritan stock, a smile seldom brightening the outlook of a stormy face. Though religion was never mentioned in the class, a subtle aversion for the Catholic boy—Irish understood—was in evidence; and the boy of non-Catholic belief, often in the teacher's Sunday School Class, received the favors openly. Catholic boys, with few exceptions, sensing their inferiority manifested by the teachers, with true boyish intuition, created trouble. They had other grievances: it is proverbial that the old Franklin medal for excellence was dropped because the winners were invariably Catholic. Had teachers gone even one-fourth the way to be agreeable and make school life tolerable, if not pleasant, and if they had displayed only a little justice, there would have been no trouble. The boys, Catholic boys, finding themselves objects of dislike and suspicion, gave in turn what they received, and gave in good measure. As a consequence, they became rough and unruly.

These were the conditions the first Brothers faced in East Boston in what is commonly known as the "First Section." East Boston was then divided politically into four wards called "sections."

Drilling, uniforms, fife and drum corps, coupled with the open and friendly intercourse between teachers and pupils, the former taking an interest in the latter, soon won their hearts. Developing a sense of self-respect and manliness, the boys lost their roughness which was only on the surface.

The good people of the First Section responded to the solicitude of their Pastor so well that in two weeks an additional class was necessary, and Brother Linus was sent to take charge of it. In 1893 the first certificates of graduation were awarded to eight, the number increasing each year. As the school had no hall, graduation exercises were held in Lyceum Hall which was always taxed to its capacity

on such occasions. The people, proud of their school, were delighted to think they had graduation exercises for their boys which they could call their own.

The Brothers lived on Seaver Street next to the school in a double frame house, occupying the part nearer the school. In time, the house proved too small for the growing Community. As the owners next door refused to sell, it was necessary to build an annex which provided amply for a large community room and chapel, leaving the original part of the house for other purposes of living. Though everything was done to make the house comfortable and liveable, it was affected by the dampness incident to the water edge of that part of East Boston. To one not acclimated serious results might happen, and to this house were traced several cases of tuberculosis among the younger Brothers.

Due to unavoidable circumstances, the Brothers left the School of the Assumption in June, 1913, after twenty-two years of labor. For forty years the Sisters had taught the girls in a frame building on Everett Street. In 1913, the Board of Public Safety condemned that building as unsafe. By this time, East Boston was dying a natural death from causes not uncommon to localities where the younger element seek homes farther away and leave the places open to other nationalities. When there was question of building a new school for the girls the parish finances could not stand it, since there were not sufficient people of the old stock left to bear the burden. To remedy the situation, the only thing the Pastor, Reverend Father Fitzgerald, could do was to combine the boys and girls in the school then occupied exclusively by the boys.

Brother Alphonse opened the school in 1891, but remained only until the school closed in June. Brother Albert succeeded, and remained in charge for nine years. In 1900, Brother Lawrence became Superior for five years, was replaced by Brother Benjamin in 1905, who, in turn, was suc-

ceeded by Brother Urban in 1907. Brother Urban's health failing, Brother Cyril succeeded him; Brother Robert next, and Brother Virgil assumed office at New Year, 1909. In 1912, Brother Virgil was succeeded by Brother John until the school was obliged to dispense with the Brothers in 1913. Statistics for the number of priests it gave to the archdiocese and religious Orders are not available, but it gave eight of its pupils to the Brotherhood, none having yet attained the eternal crown.

Norfolk, Virginia, 1891

St. Mary's Church, Norfolk, was built in 1858 by the Reverend Matthew O'Keefe. It has the reputation of being the finest church architecturally in the South. In 1890, the Pastor, Reverend John Doherty, sought for Brothers to teach the boys, the Sisters of Charity having a private school in the parish for the girls. He applied to Brother Provincial Alexius, and in August, 1891, Brother Angelus was sent to open the school, accompanied by Brothers Robert, Clement, and Fabian.

At this time, public schools were not held in favor by the genuine Southerner. Private schools abounded, but were patronized only by the more wealthy. Parochial schools in the strict sense of the word existed, but by being labelled "Academies" and charging a moderate rate of tuition, they were known, as they really were, and are, as "private schools." The name drew non-Catholics who were unable to pay the higher rates of other private institutions, and parents were able to think and say that their children did not attend the free schools. Catholics, likewise, while still attending to their bounden duty regarding the religious education of their children, could maintain their social standing in the community. This has to do with more than a generation ago when public schools of the South were poorly equipped, and were mainly for what the colored folk would

term "white trash." In recent years, with proper buildings, equipment, and a staff of qualified teachers, the older remnants of southern aristocracy disappearing, the present generation patronizes the public school, and the private schools have disappeared, save those of the ever-living Church.

St. Mary's Academy had its birth in an old church. School was started under great difficulties which did not disappear for five years. The church was divided into classrooms, the height of the church remaining intact. The classrooms were abnormally high, and steam heat was then in the airplane stage. So thin were the partitions, that from a practical point of view, they obscured only the sense of sight, and the vocal powers of one teacher, silenced only to give pupils the opportunity to recite, singly or together, could be heard resounding through the edifice. It is sometimes erroneously thought that the assets of a school are teachers and pupils only. Beginnings are generally hard everywhere, and Brother Angelus was a pioneer worker.

The Brothers lived next door to the school in two small separate cottages. In 1896, a Miss Ella Wood donated to the Parish for the use of the Brothers a large estate nearly opposite to the church. It was an old time southern mansion hidden from the street by a grove of magnolias. The house, too old to admit of improvement, was, at least, more commodious than the two cottages, while there was also ample room for classrooms of good size and properly separated. The school functioned there until 1912, when fire leveled the place. On the old site, closer to the road, a large and suitable building was erected. During the course of construction school was held once more in the old church. At the rear of the lot, a house was bought for the Brothers' living quarters. For some years, the house remained as it was, rather small for community purposes. In 1925, an addition was built and the interior thoroughly renovated by

the present Pastor, the Reverend Edward Brosnan, whose interest in the welfare of the school has helped not a little to place St. Mary's in the front rank of Norfolk's educational institutions.

During the thirty-eight years of its existence the school has been directed by Brother Angelus from 1891-1896; Brother Raymond, 1896-1901; Brother Ignatius, 1901-1905; Brother Patricius, 1905-1907; Brother Ignatius, 1907-1912; Brother Casimir, 1912-1914; Brother Cosmas, 1914-1916; Brother John, 1916-1921; Brother Bartholomew, 1921-1923; Brother Maximus, 1923-1924; Brother Sylvan, 1924-1927, and the present Superior, Brother Vincent, carries on the good work.

In the beginning, the school acquired prestige with the people by means of cadets, and fife and drum corps. These were dropped in later years as interest died out and the need was no longer apparent. The schedule comprised all the grammar grades and two years beyond. The object of holding the boys after the grammar grades was to instill, at their formative period, with greater force, principles of religion and morality. At the same time, such subjects were taught as would enable them to seek employment at the end of the course. Time brings changes, and for the past eight years, with the general popularization of education as the means of livelihood, the school has maintained a full four-year high school course accredited by the state of Virginia.

Vocations in the South are not many, so the school has to its credit only three priests and two Brothers. Justly proud is it of its distinguished alumnus, the Right Reverend Vincent Taylor, O.S.B., Abbot-Ordinary of Belmont, North Carolina. The school, however, can point with pride to the men of Norfolk trained within its walls who are a credit to the community, and faithful to Holy Mother Church, the real object of the school's being.

St. Xavier's, Louisville, Kentucky, 1891

St. Xavier's College of Louisville, Kentucky, is not a new foundation, but a continuance of the Institute on Fourth Street. The Institute became overcrowded in course of time. To extend it was out of the question, as the property did not belong to the Brothers. Conditions came to such a pass that it was either a question of buying property or curtailing the good done at the Institute to the Catholic boys of Louisville. Brother Provincial Alexius looked about, with the aid of real estate men, for a suitable location. The old Medical School on Center Street was actually bought, but was not held for any length of time. The generation of Brothers then living thanked a kind Providence that such was the case, as the locality was going down, and is now at its lowest ebb. While still holding title to the Medical School, the Standford residence on Fourth Avenue between Broadway and Breckenridge Street was being considered. Owing to a flaw in the deed it was not accepted. The papers had it sold to the Brothers, and when a few days later it was announced that the Brothers had come into possession of the Newcomb property on Broadway, the A.P.A., strong in Louisville at that time, spread around that the Catholic Brothers of Fourth Street were going to buy the city.

The Newcomb property was the finest estate then in Louisville. It was set off from Broadway by a hundred feet of lawn, had winding roads to the house, and was banked on both sides with a hundred and fifty towering trees. It was owned by a Mr. Newcomb, one-time president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. At the time the Brothers purchased it, it was being used as a select seminary for young ladies conducted by a Mrs. Noel. The house looked palatial from the outside, and the interior did not belie the exterior, that is, as much of it as milady would show to visitors com-

ing to see, to admire, and—to envy. It has an imposing tiled vestibule, a parlor on one side, a large reception room on the other, which makes a very suitable chapel, a smaller parlor separated from it by sliding doors, admirably suitable as the sanctuary, a spacious lobby with wide walnut stairs, sacredly called by the Brothers "the grand stairway" and sacredly preserved by not being used. On the walls of the stairway are Semitic characters, the interpretation of which read: "This is the house of the Lord forever." The chance remark of saintly Brother Francis, recorded in the sketch of his life, became a reality, if not a prophecy fulfilled. Beyond the palatial appearance at the entrance there is nothing about the rest of the house that is not most ordinary. The rear is an ell which was the servants' domain, and this was divided into small rooms for the Brothers.

The property extends from Broadway to Jacob Street. On the Jacob Street side was a stable of brick extending the whole length of the property. This was torn out and made into a building of eight classrooms which had the advantage of all being on the ground floor. This class building served its purpose for eleven years. It also caused no little comment among people, who look to the exterior of things, and seldom beyond. The cry was raised, this time not by the A.P.A., that the Brothers live in the palace, and put their boys in the stable. If sleeping in a room six by ten, and breaking the ice in a basin to wash at four-thirty on a winter morning is living in a palace, then the Brothers lived in one. If doing janitor work, such as sweeping classrooms and making fire in a classroom stove, is compatible with living in a palace, then the Brothers were guilty. Besides, the building assuredly was not a stable, but stood where the stable had been. The classrooms were suitable to the time—one is not supposed to be ahead of the times, unsophisticated Brothers, least of all. As times advanced and demanded more and

better, such was given to the city of Louisville by the Brothers, and without asking aid from without or within the fold.

St. Paul's, Portsmouth, Virginia, 1892

The Reverend Thomas Brady, Pastor of St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, knowing of the Brothers' success with the boys of Norfolk, Portsmouth being across the water from Norfolk, applied to Brother Provincial Alexius for Brothers. Brother Provincial could not see his way to open another school. On the plea that he could not accede to Father Brady's plan, which was to have the Brothers live at Norfolk and cross the ferry each day to Portsmouth, he refused. This would have been impracticable since the distance on each side of the ferry is considerable. But when Father Brady, in his eagerness to have the Brothers, proposed to have them live in Portsmouth, Brother Alexius had no other recourse but to agree. Only three Brothers were necessary at the beginning: Brothers Vincent, Justin, and Christopher, and only two of these were for work in the school since the number of pupils, sixty-two, would not justify more.

Portsmouth was then very small. The Norfolk Brothers always styled those of Portsmouth "their Brothers on the farm." As the city grew, the school increased in numbers, and to-day there are six Brothers with two hundred and thirteen boys enrolled in the grammar grades.

From the start, the boys were held for two years beyond the grades for further good to be done, and to prepare them for work in the offices of the Navy Yard. There they were welcomed if they could show certification from St. Paul's. The term "Academy" was adopted for reasons similar to those of Norfolk. The school, for the same reason, attracted many non-Catholics, and undoubted good was accomplished. For example when the late Reverend Father Frioli was Pastor of the church in Newport News, Virginia, he was hastily

SAINT XAVIER'S CHAPEL, LOUISVILLE

summoned one morning, early, to attend a dying man. He found a young man about to die from a self-inflicted bullet wound. The wounded man asked for Baptism. Replying satisfactorily to the few questions required to ascertain the dispositions and requisite knowledge, it was administered. The man then asked for Holy Communion, and to Father Frioli's astonishment, he was fully instructed on the nature and necessity of the Holy Sacrament. Father Frioli asked how, not being a Catholic, he came to have such a perfect knowledge. The young man replied that while a boy he had attended the Brothers' School in Portsmouth, and though not obliged to study catechism, he had always listened to the instructions. On leaving school the family moved. Eventually father and mother died and he was left alone. At present, he was out of work and funds, and had received notice from his boarding mistress to leave since his rent was in arrears. Having no place to go, he thought he would end it all. The moment he shot himself, he realized that hell was going to be his portion, and he suddenly remembered Brother Hubert's voice about the Mother of God and her compassion on sinners at the hour of death. He began to pray to Mary that he might live until baptized. This is but one instance where the Brother's work counts years after his charges have gone from him, and it only serves to prove that the good teacher works not in vain.

The school in 1925 dropped its two-year junior high as there was no prospect of its continuing further. The Parish could not afford to finance the proper equipment of a standard high school for boys, the girls already having one conducted by the Sisters of Charity. As Norfolk is sufficiently close, the boys of the eighth grade are now transferred to the Brothers' high school there, where they can receive recognized credits for their work.

The Brothers first lived on Dinwiddie Street in a small house that caused not a little merriment when Brothers of a

more pretentious dwelling happened to visit or to be stationed there. Bedrooms were so small that the bed did not permit the full opening of the door, and one had to go in and out sidewise. Later, they lived on High Street. When the church burned in 1898 a new rectory for the priests was built corresponding in appearance with the new church, and the Brothers moved into the vacated rectory. They now have a cosy home which has been modernized and made comfortable through the kindness of the present Pastor, the Reverend Joseph Magri, D.D., who cannot do enough for the Brothers of his school.

The school was under the direction of Brother Vincent from 1892-1904; Brother Sulpicius, 1904-1906; Brother Justin, 1906-1912; Brother Virgil, 1912-1918; Brother Clarence, 1918-1921; Brother Columbanus, 1921-1927; and at present it is directed by Brother Lorenzo.

Vocations from the school are rare, this being a condition prevalent in the South; hence it has brought forth only one priest, the Reverend Doctor Brynes, and no Brothers; but the good work is manifested in the Catholic lives of the men of Portsmouth who are the support and joy of the estimable Pastor and his devoted assistants.

Somerville, Massachusetts, 1893

St. Joseph's School, Somerville, is still blessed with the presence of its founder, the Right Reverend Monsignor Christopher McGrath, and is the only school of the provincialship of Brother Alexius that still has its founder living.

Father McGrath, as he prefers to be called, had had a school for girls under the direction of the Sisters of Notre Dame, since 1881, and in his eagerness for the welfare of all the lambs confided to him by the Good Shepherd, he built a large school for boys on Washington Street and invited the Xaverian Brothers to conduct it. In August, 1893, Brother Basil was sent to open the school, accompanied by Brothers

Alban, Denis, Bernard, Justin, Hubert, Lambert, and Sebastian. From the beginning, the boys of all grades were taken, the first and second grades being taught by the Sisters. So great was the influx of pupils that extra classes had to be formed, and young ladies were called to teach.

St. Joseph's, or properly, the Church of the Patronage of St. Joseph, has always been famed for its spirit of piety and devotion, and to a stranger, the number of daily communicants is a marvel. To this place of piety and thriving religion, the Brothers came to do their mite for the boys. The passing years but accentuate the good done, and in a large measure the credit must go to the Christ-like heart of the grand old Pastor, Father McGrath, who always refuses any credit, saying that God did it all. True, but God uses human instruments. Every good work in the parish has had the hearty coöperation of Father McGrath, and not much would have been done without it. To help him, he has had zealous assistant priests, the Sisters, and the Brothers working in the fullest spirit of coöperation.

As the boys completed the grades, they were held for the high school. The high school, in point of numbers, never flourished. At that time, Massachusetts permitted children to seek work at the age of fourteen. Now, a child of fourteen may work, but must attend a continuation school four hours a week. Few were the families that could afford to give the boys a chance after they reached the working age, though it seems the girls were generally favored. We are writing of a time when girls were not merely ornaments in the home; when education for them did not mean a preparation for work, but a preparation for homemaking; and a future mother cannot be too well educated. With the boys, the case was different. They were expected to contribute to the support of the home when they arrived at working age. The high school, at best under these conditions, was a languishing affair, though the good done to the few who

attended was unquestioned. But was it worth while? Considering that it held at most but twenty odd boys, scattered through four years with two teachers, while lower classes had more than treble that number, it was a waste of manpower, and a drain upon the resources of the parish comprised for the most part, if not wholly, of working people. Wisdom pointed the way to its discontinuance in 1910. It could never have met with the requirements of the present day lords of education in the way of numbers of teachers and equipment. The few who could afford to remain for high school could likewise afford to go to Boston College High, so the need of a high school for boys never existed.

From the outset, Brother Basil, a born disciplinarian, organized drill, cornet, fife and drum corps. To give the organization a religious tone, he styled them "Knights of the Sacred Heart." The uniforms were red, fashioned quaintly after the knights of old. A brass helmet with flaming tassel and a sword worn by the side of the youthful knight, gave a picturesque appearance. Drilling was never held during school time, but always on certain nights of the week. That such was a delight to the boys, it goes without saying, as the times were then old-fashioned and parents had their own curfew laws. How many arrived late at home because they had "to stay for extra drill" we do not know, but we feel that few, if any, ever took the whole night off, as Brother Basil's eye, when on the lookout for trouble, never missed it, and his unrelenting attitude was something to be remembered.

The Knights served as an excellent means of holding the boys together after school days, and many remained enrolled until they reached the age of manhood. That was the time when pleasures were simple, and the non-simple kind out of the reach of the ordinary person. The Knights were also in demand for civic parades. With perfect technique, quaint

uniforms, and manly dignity they always made an impression, and came off with first honors in competitive drills.

But the Knights of the Sacred Heart was essentially a religious organization. Every Sunday after Mass, the Office of the Sacred Heart was recited. Never did they appear to better advantage than when turning out *en masse* at the May Procession or forming guards of honor at Forty Hours and Corpus Christi. First Friday was Knighthood Day, and all approached the Sacraments, while weekly Holy Communion prevailed long before the invitation of Pius X, of holy memory, was put before the world.

The organization was supported from the proceeds of an annual play held after Easter in the School Hall. The amateur dramatics of St. Joseph's always drew a crowd. As the cast was held together it soon reached perfection, and the plays grew in popularity. Proud of their boys, and eager to show appreciation for what was done for them, the good people of Somerville generously helped the cause, and the same is true to-day. As time went on and the school grew it became necessary to partition the hall into classrooms, so by degrees, the hall ceased to exist, and the plays faded into history, though knighthood still prevails.

The Brothers lived in a small frame cottage the first year. As more were to be added to the staff, it was entirely too small. Another house was bought, and moved to the spot where it was joined to the original house. This accounts for the two steps in the middle of the second floor passageway. When the Brothers were thirteen in number, the dining room was so small that those on one side of the table could neither get in nor out unless all moved to make way. The first floor contains kitchen, dining room, extra room, community room, and parlor; the second floor, chapel, sleeping rooms; and the third, all sleeping rooms. The chapel of the house has always been most devotional, and the people see that nothing is wanting to keep it so.

In the matter of renovating the house, Brother Basil had to restrain Father McGrath in his good intentions to make it comfortable. One thing for which a later, if not the generation of the day, blamed Brother Basil, was the lack of heat in the small bedrooms. The Pastor tried to urge it, but Brother Basil said that heat was not necessary, and had his way. In the matter of light, Brother Basil thought light from the halls through the transoms would be sufficient for the sleeping rooms, but good Father McGrath would not listen to that, and wisely insisted on light in each room in case of sudden sickness. Now it is a matter of regret that heat was not put in the small rooms, for at five A.M. in winter, Jack Frost renders the use of curtains superfluous.

No history of the Somerville house would be complete without a reverent mention of the name of Miss Kate McGrath, sister of Father McGrath. Her deeds of kindness will long be remembered. A mother she was to her own household. Large enough was her heart to mother the whole parish, but she considered the Brothers as her own. As it was said by Pharaoh of old: "Go to Joseph," so good Father McGrath would often say: "See Miss Kate," and Miss Kate was never seen in vain. When the good lady died, her devoted priest-brother, bending over her remains, remarked tenderly, "Those old hands did a lot of work in their day." Truly, they did. Only the good Lord can reckon the many deeds of kindness they performed in life, prompted by the loving heart of saintly Kate McGrath.

To the good Sisters of Notre Dame, a word of appreciation must be expressed. If the Brothers' housekeeper was sick, and it came under the notice of the Sister Superior, the midday meal would be sent over to save a Brother's leaving class to prepare it. Such deeds of kindness remain in the memory after the deed has itself become an act of the past. In the beginning, the Sisters were no little help to the Brothers, who were strangers to local conditions. Working

harmoniously, side by side, in the great cause through the years, both Sisters and Brothers have accomplished for the young of Somerville untold good.

We have noted that the Brothers were thirteen in number, now they are eight, though the school is larger than ever. One year, Brother Provincial was short of Brothers, though for that matter he has never been plenteously supplied. Brothers always seem to be in the "years of famine," patiently waiting for the "years of plenty." Due to this shortage Brother Provincial Isidore proposed to take three Brothers away on condition that the Sisters would assume charge of the three classes, which they kindly did.

Each class at St. Joseph's is duplicated, and some are trebled owing to large numbers in the same grade. In the examinations held yearly for scholarships in Boston College High, St. Joseph's boys have not been backward, and many a poor boy has thereby received the benefits of a higher education.

Like Lawrence, Somerville has its May Procession. It vies with that of Lawrence in point of excellence and interest on the part of the people. The May Procession, for which most parishes in Massachusetts are noted, may be said to have been introduced by the Sisters of Notre Dame. Formerly, in point of artistic setting, except for the display of the knights, these processions were solely a girls' affair, the boys merely marched in their "Sunday clothes." But the boys now have a display equal to the girls. Symbols and banners are carried. One boy will be arrayed as the Holy Father; other boys as Cardinals and Bishops; others again, as popular youthful saints. The Christ Child and the Baptist are represented, and the whole makes display of color and antiquity to the glory of God in honor of the Queen of Saints. In years gone by, the procession was formed in the boys' and girls' yards respectively, meeting at the church. After the Act of Consecration to our Blessed Mother, it

wended its way to the girls' yard where it disbanded. Now, after the services in church, it goes along Washington Street up to the bridge, through Lincoln Park, making a circuit to the girls' yard on Webster Avenue. Not the least inspiring scene is that of the children eagerly watching as they pass the rectory to catch a glimpse of their beloved Father McGrath, as the good old pastor is now seldom seen.

During these years, the school was directed by Brother Basil from 1893-1899; Brother Bernardine, 1899-1900; Brother Pius, 1900-1902; Brother Justin, 1902-1906; Brother Sulpicius, 1906-1911; Brother Fabian, 1911-1917; Brother Chrysostom, 1917-1919; Brother Sulpicius, 1919-1925; Brother Claude, 1925-1928; and is at present directed by Brother Claver.

Vocations from the school have been numerous, frequent Holy Communion being the rule, which is undoubtedly the reason. The archdiocese has received a goodly number of priests, the Jesuits and other religious Orders likewise, while forty-two elected the Brotherhood as their vocation. Among the saints with God are the treasured names of Brother Gabriel (Thomas Flynn), Brother Celsus (John Osborn), Brother Ralph (George Hagerty), and Brother Franciscus (Francis Nulty).

Fitton School, East Boston, Mass., 1893-1923

The Fitton School is attached to the Parish of the Most Holy Redeemer. When the late lamented and much loved Reverend Lawrence P. McCarthy told his parishioners that he intended to build a school for boys, he stated that it would be called "The Fitton School" after his revered predecessor, Father Fitton, the founder of the parochial schools of East Boston. Father Fitton was at one time the only priest in all New England. He is the builder of the four Parishes of East Boston: Holy Redeemer, Second Section; Assumption, First Section; Sacred Heart, Third Section, and

Star of the Sea, Fourth Section. The Holy Redeemer Parish had been started under a Father Wiley, but was known as the Church of St. Nicholas. The present stately stone structure was the work of Father Fitton.

In the old frame St. Nicholas Church a school for girls, under the Sisters of Notre Dame, had been in existence since 1859. Father McCarthy, eager to have a school for boys also, decided to build one for both boys and girls, and the old wooden school became, as it is to-day, a part of the Sisters' Convent.

In 1893, the new school—boys' entrance facing London Street, the girls', Havre Street—was ready for occupancy, Brothers Linus and Frederick were sent to take charge of the boys' department. The opening lacked the troubles incident to the First Section. Some years before, when Father McCarthy deemed the time ripe for a boys' school, the Sisters started to form the nucleus. Reaching the age limit of their time-honored custom in teaching boys, a Miss Teresa Welch was called to teach the class that had outgrown the care of the Sisters. Classes were held at first in what was known as "The London Street School." This was a small unused frame building belonging to the parish. At times it had been used as auxiliary classrooms when the Sisters' School was crowded. It may have been the first convent of the Sisters and subsequently moved to London Street, for the annalist of the Sisters of Notre Dame mentions a frame convent on Havre Street as their first home in East Boston. As this building was on the site of the new school, it was demolished. Classes for the boys were held in the basement of the church pending the construction of the school. This is the foundation of the Fitton School for Boys.

In 1894, Brother Aloysius was sent to take charge of the boys, but death called him in the spring of 1895. That year, the first class was graduated, the number being thir-

teen. As the parish was supporting one high school, it could not see its way to support another, so no attempt was made to hold the boys. The total number of boys that year was one hundred and fifty-six. In time, the number of Brothers teaching at the Fitton School reached four. They formed a part of the Assumption Community until the latter closed in 1913.

Wishing to hold the Brothers at the Fitton, the late Reverend Patrick Riley sought a house for them. Around the church and school, no vacant lot existed; neither could a suitable house be found as, though hucksters still exist in East Boston, in that particular section, they no longer call out their wares in the English language, and certainly not in Gaelic. At the extremity of the Parish on Meridian Street, a house, formerly operated as a school for music by a Doctor Crane, was purchased. It was a considerable distance from the school—a mile and a half. This entailed no little rush in the morning to go down to early Mass, return for breakfast, and again go down to school at eight-thirty, but the inconvenience was surely worth the quiet surroundings after the day's work. Brother Dunstan opened this new Community.

In August, 1923, Father Riley was assigned to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Everett, and his successor, before he was a week in the Parish, decided that the Brothers could not be maintained any longer. Writing to Brother Provincial Isidore that the Brothers need not return in September, he offered, as the contract called for six months' notice of discontinuance of service on either side, the coming six months' salary. This offer was courteously declined by Brother Isidore who was well pleased to have four extra Brothers. The good priest himself did not live to see the opening of school, and his successor, the Reverend William Whelan, regretted the loss of the Brothers. The departure of the Brothers from East Boston might have

come a little early, but it was bound to come in the course of time. That part of East Boston is dying a natural death because people are seeking homes in better localities, other nationalities crowding them out, and the Most Holy Redeemer, Mother of Churches in East Boston, may some day be but history.

Brother Dunstan directed the Fitton School from 1910-1919; Brother Joseph from 1919-1921; Brother Claver from 1921-1923.

Holy Redeemer has always been famous in the archdiocese for vocations to the priesthood and the religious life. From the very beginning, the Sunday School, under the Sisters of Notre Dame, had prepared the boys for First Holy Communion, its first fruit in priestly lines being the Right Reverend Christopher McGrath of St. Joseph's, Somerville, now in his sixty-fifth year of the priesthood. With the coming of the Brothers, vocations continued, and a First Mass was almost an annual affair. Sixteen of the boys elected the Brotherhood. Among them, the late lamented Brother Placidus (Joseph O'Brien) was one of its brightest ornaments, and better still a flawless religious; and the youthful Brother Aloysius (Francis Walsh) was like his holy patron in all respects.

St. John's, Worcester, Mass., 1894

St. John's Parish of Worcester, rich in traditions, is the Mother Church of the Catholic Churches in Worcester, a city of Massachusetts, second in size and importance to Boston. For more than thirty years, the late Monsignor Griffin was its Pastor. His zeal for the glory of God led him to establish schools for his children, calling the Sisters of Notre Dame in 1872 for the girls and the Irish Christian Brothers for the boys. The Brothers remained in Worcester but two years. In 1893, the Monsignor applied to the Xaverians, and as a result Brothers were promised for Sep-

tember, 1894. In August of 1894, Brother Robert, with Brothers Calasanctius, Hugh, and Anthony, laid the foundation of the present St. John's School of Worcester.

The boys of Worcester rang true to the traditional New England boys of the cities, at least. Being subject to petty persecution at the public schools, they looked upon the school and its functionaries as natural enemies, and were prepared for the worst. They became more docile, but not less active, as they realized with the unfailing intuition of boyhood that religious teachers are not avowed enemies to be met on the defensive, but friends who have their interest at heart, as ready to uphold them in the right as they are to penalize them in the wrong.

The first year of the school, the enrollment was kept within the limits of the number of Brothers that could be spared for the mission. One hundred and twenty-eight were registered, the Sisters having the smaller boys. Two classes were added the next year, and the number reached two hundred and twenty-five. Year by year, classes were added until the school reached the high school stage. In 1898, Brothers Alphonse and Henry started the high school.

St. John's School faces Temple Street opposite the church. The school was built expressly for the boys. Until 1925, the high school classes were in the main building. To meet the general patronage of the famed St. John's High, it having lost most of its parochial character, a separate high school building was erected by the Pastor, the Reverend Edward Fitzgerald. That year also, the Sisters took over the grammar grades and the Brothers confined themselves exclusively to the high school.

The school system of two of the Worcester parishes is unique. The Ascension Parish was formed from St. John's. Within the limits of the new Parish were the convent for the Sisters of St. John's School and the school for girls as well.

The Ascension Parish still maintains the girls' school for both Parishes, and St. John's does the same for the boys.

The prestige that St. John's has earned for itself makes it a central high school. Though not central in location, it draws its patronage from all over Worcester. It is the only high school in Worcester staffed by Brothers. At first, the high school course was only three years for the benefit of the many who would be obliged to seek work. The few, who could aspire higher, easily matriculated at Holy Cross for the fourth year high, preparatory to college. In 1907, Holy Cross began to discontinue its high school department, and then St. John's added its fourth year.

Apart from its general scholastic standing, St. John's has achieved fame through its debating team. Debating forms an integral part of the high school curriculum in the Diocese of Springfield. The schools are divided into two sections, the eastern and the western. The sections meet teams of their own divisions, each debating both sides of the same question on the same night in different halls. The winner of the one section meets the winner of the other section to determine which team shall hold the trophy for a year. After three yearly holdings, the school is privileged to hold it in perpetuity. St. John's was declared champions of the diocese in 1918, 1922, and 1923, and is now in possession of the Bishop Beaven Shield, the only high school of the diocese in permanent possession of the trophy. The team is now out after permanent possession of the Bishop O'Leary Cup, having been the champions of 1925 and 1927. For the past four years, the school has been the champion of Worcester County, losing only when it lost to Springfield.

The debating team of St. John's was inaugurated in 1908 under the principalship of Brother Thomas, Brother Henry being its first Moderator. It is known as the Philoponia Society. Its organization was due to the initiative of the boys who were anxious to join in the competition then ex-

tant among other high schools. At their request, Brother Thomas formed the society and appointed a moderator. Brother Henry decided on the name and started the activities. Like all other things worth while, it was not of the mushroom growth. Only by dint of persevering endeavor has it reached the high plane it occupies to-day. For ten years, it had to see itself lose year after year. In 1918 it was declared the diocesan champion, and since then, if not successful each year, which is not to be expected, it has always reached the finals.

Debating forms but one of the many-sided extra-curricula activities at St. John's. Each branch of study has its club; mathematics, English, Greek, Latin, and chemistry, under the guidance of the Brother handling the particular subject. At the meetings, papers pertaining to the history and achievements made in the specific branch are read and discussed. In this way, interest in the subject is sustained, research is awakened; in a word, a soul is put into the subject, dispelling its "dry-as-dust" atmosphere.

For the social side of life, clubs exist. The Good Fellowship Club is an organization established to form the link between the school and the home. The St. John Club is formed of letter men—those who have earned the letters of the school by prowess along athletic lines. An orchestra and Glee Club form a pleasing side of the social life at St. John's and are adjuncts to the Dramatic Club which produces plays that draw crowded houses. The Student Council Government prevails successfully in the school, and under its management the canteen, or lunch room, functions in an orderly way. The real purpose of the Catholic school is not lost sight of in its various activities; rather, it is stressed at all times—practically as well as theoretically. The League of the Sacred Heart is established and flourishes. At St. John's, on the First Friday there is a special Mass celebrated by the Reverend Pastor, Father Fitzgerald, which

the boys attend irrespective of parish affiliations, and receive Holy Communion in a body.

From the beginning to the present the Brothers have lived in a house on Temple Street, very near the railroad station, but convenient to the school and the church. The house is a three story brick, and was remodelled interiorly to suit the wants of the Brothers. The first floor contains parlor, dining room and kitchen; the second floor, community room, chapel, and private rooms; the third floor, all private rooms. Though time and again money has been spent to render it habitable, notably by the present Pastor, the house, like people of a certain age and sex, refuses to look young, paint notwithstanding.

During the years of its existence, St. John's has been guided by Brother Robert, 1894-1904; Brother Urban, 1904-1907; Brother Thomas, 1907-1910; Brother Henry, 1910-1918; Brother Pascal, 1918-1921; Brother Gerard, 1921-1925; Brother Aloysius, 1925-1926, and Brother Carl, 1926-1929. At present, it is under the care of Brother Campion.

Worcester in general, St. John's in particular, may well be proud of its Catholic high school. The leading professional men of the city and hundreds of its citizens lovingly call it Alma Mater. Its gift of priests to the diocese numbers twenty, and eight of its sons have chosen the Brotherhood as the divinely appointed means of reaching heaven through doing good on earth to youth.

Scranton, Pennsylvania, 1896-1897

St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pennsylvania, was founded in 1892. A school building was erected by the Right Reverend William O'Hara, first Bishop of Scranton, next to the Cathedral Rectory on Wyoming Avenue. Classes were taught by priests attached to the Cathedral. In 1895 the school was placed under the direction of the Reverend D.

McColdrick. Father McColdrick, eager to enlist the services of a Brotherhood, laid this plan before the Bishop who readily agreed. The Bishop happened to speak of his hopes that a Brotherhood would adopt St. Thomas to the Reverend Edward Tuohy, Passionist, who suggested the Xaverian Brothers with whom he was acquainted. A sincere affection existed in the heart of Father Edward for the Xaverian Brothers, and the Brothers, in turn, were attached to Father Edward. Negotiations were made with Brother Provincial Alexius with the result that in August, 1896, Brothers Angelus, Francis, and Alban went to Scranton. Brother Alban was removed just as school opened and was replaced by Brother Julian.

Though chartered as a college, and termed as such, the high school department had not been completely formed when the Brothers arrived. There were but thirty-two boys in school; fifteen in what might be a first year high, and seventeen in an eighth grade The classrooms, sufficiently large to accommodate more than sixty boys with single desks, presented rather an empty appearance with the few boys in attendance.

What the day school lacked was more than amply supplied by the night school, a new feature. The night school, voluntarily assumed by the Brothers, was opened in October, and closed in April. To the night classes, came all ages of the male sex, from seven to fifty. When the number reached two hundred, an additional teacher, Brother Arsenius, came in November and remained until March.

The pupils of the night school surely elicited pity from two angles. In the first place, the children of seven, eight, nine and ten, little fellows fresh from the mines, coal dust embedded in their hands and under the eyes, called forth the deepest sympathy. Pennsylvania had then no child labor laws, no compulsory education laws, and children of tender age were employed in the mines to pick slate from

the coal. As might be supposed, the little fellows did not know how to read, write, or spell. Often they would fall asleep at their tasks, and who could have the heart to waken them? In the second place, the older pupils were equally pitiable because of their mental condition. They were but children of a larger growth whose lives had been spent in the mines from the age of seven, sometimes younger depending on the physical condition of the child. Like the younger element, they could not read. The third reader in their hands was more than they could master. Poor men! Their thirst for knowledge was admirable! To see them so eager to learn, to behold their perfect attention and assiduity, were lessons in themselves not to be forgotten by the teacher. Individual reading was out of the question. The teacher could not bring himself to humiliate the older before the younger. Concert reading was the order in the hope that they might get a little understanding of what was read which would be helpful to them later.

The sessions were two hours on five nights a week. Reading, penmanship, spelling, sentence building, arithmetic formed the subjects. Arithmetic, necessarily, was of the simplest kind, and was taught by demonstration from the board, and individual help as the teacher passed around to examine the work of each. To expose one, as an ordinary boy at the board, was unthinkable. Elementary work, however, was not the only work of the night school. There was an advanced class in which were taught higher mathematics, and subjects of a commercial nature.

The day school was not prosperous from the standpoint of numbers. This must have caused Brother Provincial Alexius to think that the services of the Brothers were not warranted, for at the beginning of the calendar year he signified his intention to the Bishop of withdrawing the Brothers in June. One year was not a fair trial. Some have thought that the reason of withdrawal was the fact

that Father McGoldrick was the head of the school. If this were the reason, Brother Alexius knew it before he accepted the mission. As a cause it does not lend itself to those who were at the school. If Father McGoldrick was the head of the school, his position was merely nominal, and in justice to the memory of as lovable man as ever existed, a priest, a gentleman, and a scholar, let it be stated that he never interfered, and that not a shadow of misunderstanding occurred between him and the Brothers during the year. So little did he assert his position, that when the hall of the school building was sought by outsiders, he always referred the applicants to the Brothers for permission to use it. In every way, he was a help, and if the position of the Brothers seemed embarrassing, they at least, the only ones concerned, did not feel it.

At this time, Bishop O'Hara was old and feeble, and unable to grasp conditions. He had a coadjutor, the Right Reverend Michael Hoban, who, when he heard the Brothers were going to leave the diocese, called and urged them to reconsider. The Bishop stated that he was going to Rome in the summer, and expected to return vested with full authority. He offered to place the school under the exclusive control of the Brothers, and if that were the determining factor in leaving Scranton, the cause was removed. Brother Angelus, of course, could not act on his own initiative, and could only refer Bishop Hoban to the Provincial. Even after the Brothers had departed, Father McGoldrick paid a special visit to Baltimore to induce Brother Alexius to alter his decision, but evidently the mission failed. The reason for leaving was never made public. It was surmised, however, that a contract previously made with Bishop Donahue of Wheeling for six Brothers to open a school in September weighed most heavily, if not entirely, in the mind of Brother Alexius. That St. Thomas of Scranton had a future is proved to-day. The Christian

Brothers replaced the Xaverians in September, 1897; and, by degrees, St. Thomas rose to a leading rank in the colleges of the state of Pennsylvania.

Wheeling, West Virginia, 1897

Central Catholic High School

The Right Reverend Patrick Donahue, D.D., Bishop of Wheeling, while he was Pastor of the Cathedral of Baltimore and a member of the board of St. Mary's Industrial School, had become acquainted with the Xaverian Brothers, and sought them for the boys of Wheeling. On August 21, 1897, Brother Provincial Alexius, Brothers Angelus, Francis, Constantine, Julian, Reginald, and Ephrem arrived in Wheeling preparatory to the opening of the school. Brother Angelus was Superior of the initial band. At the station, hacks were waiting to conduct the Brothers to the Bishop's residence where they were cordially welcomed by the Pastor, the Reverend John McBride, and his assistants, the Reverends Oscar Moye, Richard Harris, and Henry Altmeyer. The Right Reverend Bishop was at Mount de Chantal, it being the Feast of the Institution, on which day he always pontificated. Before the morning was over, the Bishop arrived to extend his hearty welcome. All that day, Saturday, the Brothers remained with the Bishop and his household. They were eager to go to their future home, but it was not quite ready.

"Great expectations," were the order, and after the evening meal, the Brothers were conducted up Thirteenth Street, a few blocks from the Bishop's house. "Up" is the word, for it was a steep climb. In winter it is sometimes unnecessary to walk down the hill, since the ice assists one to get down a little faster than by the ordinary mode of locomotion. The house proved to have recently been a boys' orphanage, the orphans having been removed to the

country prior to the coming of the Brothers. The removal of the orphans to a site farther out was certainly desirable, but the house had to be used for diocesan purposes or revert to the heirs of the estate according to the terms of the testator from which the diocese had acquired it, and that is how the Brothers came to live away from the scene of activities, though not too far away to cause any great inconvenience. The good ladies who had volunteered to fix the house had extended their work long after union hours. Probably they were still in the house when the Brothers arrived, which was most natural, in order to get a look at the strange individuals known as "Brothers."

Despite the labors of the ladies, nothing had been accomplished so far as readiness for the night was concerned. Beds there were, but no mattresses or blankets. For two nights, the next day being Sunday, the Brothers had to sleep on bare springs. This was not a discomfort but rather a luxury, since the Brothers had come from the mother house where slats were still in style. Being August, the springs, minus mattresses and blankets, were not uncomfortable, but a novelty and a source of merriment. Furniture was scarce, and what there was proved to be no little source of fun. Chairs had to be carried from the community room to the dining room and vice versa. Having been recently painted black, as befitting religious, of course, and highly varnished to give an appealing look, they refused to be detached from the sitter when he essayed to rise. Evidently, if the Brothers had not already become attached to Wheeling, Wheeling was determined to become attached to them. The chairs, too, were of the make that one might see carefully preserved in a museum to allow younger generations to visualize the productive genius of their forefathers.

Innocently, great scandal was given to the Bishop's housekeeper by the Brothers. Hearing that the Brothers

wished more suitable furniture for the house, chairs included, she raised her hands in horror to think that the Brothers did not want the chairs and other odd pieces of furniture which had belonged to a saint, Bishop Whelan, first Bishop of Wheeling (1841). The horror of having given scandal was stricken off the conscience when it was later learned that the good woman's whole concern was the fear that the antiquated pieces of furniture would find their way back to her kitchen and other parts of the household whence they had come after having received their new attachment dress.

The house itself was not very large, considering that it had been used as an orphanage. There were five rooms on the first floor: parlor, community room, recreation room, dining room, kitchen. On the second floor there were the chapel, two small rooms and three larger rooms. The house was heated by natural gas. The rooms had open fireplaces backed by asbestos, which was beautiful to look at as the flames danced upon it and admirably suitable when the air was chilly, but Wheeling can be as cold as twenty-six below, and this affects the flow of gas. In 1912, the Pastor, the Reverend Father Moye, had a third story built on the house, giving more rooms, and also installed a regular steam heating plant.

The school building, with which acquaintance had been made during the day's sojourn with the Bishop, was all that could be desired. It had been built expressly for the boys, and had not yet been occupied. In point of arrangement, it could not have been surpassed. Despite modern improvements, it is doubtful if a better plan could be adopted for a school at present. It consists of eight large classrooms; four on each floor, each having the advantage of corner light. Two broad flights of stairs in the middle of the corridor, and an exit on all four sides make the building ideal. On the third floor is a hall.

The opening of the school was unattended by the troubles incident to openings a generation ago. The boys, three hundred in number, who reported the first day, were docile, gentle, all that could be desired. If anything, they were just a little timid, and came prepared for the worst which never happened. From the start, the most friendly relations were established between teachers and pupils. Any Brother ever stationed in Wheeling will agree that the boys of Wheeling are among the finest in the land. Prior to the coming of the Brothers, the boys were under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and this accounted for their general good conduct. The assignment of classes was just as though the school were a continuance from last June, and the few boys that came from the public schools readily fell in line with the others.

In the beginning, boys of all ages were received, and the first year of high school was started. It may be of interest to note that hitherto Wheeling had not boasted of a public high school. One was started the year that the Cathedral High began. It was opened in a rented house on Market Street. In time, the Cathedral High, as it was then known, reached its maximum standard of four years. The school drew patronage from the Ohio towns on the other side of the river, as well as from the city. As time went on, and facilities of travel grew apace, patronage came from towns outside of Wheeling. With the numbers increased, recitation rooms had to be made from the hall or "armory" as it was called, after the new house of the Bishop was erected on the boys' yard, rendering the yard too small for drilling purposes.

Bishop Donahue was very fond of military training, and at his request, drill became a part of the school curriculum. Brother Hubert, an experienced drillmaster, replaced Brother Reginald as a teacher early in October of the first year. Immediately, Brother Hubert formed companies, ap-

pointed captains, lieutenants, and subordinate officers. A uniform of dark blue and a visor cap, with letters, "C.H.S." were adopted. The boys were obliged to wear the uniform to school. In later years, the uniform was changed to khaki, and the prevailing fashion of uniforms was adopted. In the meantime, Brother Constantine organized a fife and drum corps. So willingly did the Brothers receive the cooperation of the boys that both the regiment and the fife and drum corps were ready for a parade on the Thanksgiving that followed the opening of the school. Military Mass at the cathedral preceded the parade. Bishop Donahue was so pleased with the display that he made the Military Mass at the cathedral an annual affair. The same procedure followed on each St. Patrick's day. The drilling continued during the lifetime of Bishop Donahue. At his death, Brother Antoninus, at that time Director of the school, sought permission from the Right Reverend Bishop Swint, successor to Bishop Donahue, to discontinue the drill on the score that the buying of uniforms was a hardship to many parents. The Right Reverend Bishop readily agreed, and to the disappointment of many of the people, the cadets passed into history.

At this time, the Brothers, never with a superfluous number of members for the various missions, relinquished the lower grades of the school to the Sisters, but retained the seventh, eighth, and high school classes. Bishop Swint changed the name from "Cathedral High" to "Central Catholic High."

During the years, the school was directed by Brother Angelus from 1897-1906; Brother Bonaventure, 1906-1908; Brother Eugene, 1908-1912; Brother Anselm, 1912-1918; Brother Antoninus, 1918-1923, and Brother Adalbert, 1923-1929. At present, Brother Ignatius is in charge.

The school has produced a Catholic manhood of which it can be justly proud. Its graduates are found in all the

leading professions, while those in the no less ordinary walks of life live as the school hoped they would, and to the end for which its founder, Bishop Donahue, had brought it into being, and its supporter, Bishop Swint, keeps it in operation. From it, the diocese and the Capuchin Order have received their quota of priests, and five have chosen to do for others what was done for them by joining the ranks of the Brothers. Two of them, natural Brothers, are now with the saints of God. Brother Rogatus (Edward Jacquay) died young; and his older brother, Brother Antoninus (Samuel Jacquay), gave his Alma Mater the benefit of his wisdom and scholarly attainments as director for five years. He died, lamented by all, as the Superior of the mother house and President of Mt. St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, Maryland.

Old Point Comfort, Virginia, 1898-1923

In October of 1897, Brother Provincial Alexius bought from General Reynolds, retired, a piece of property of thirty-six acres near Buckroe Beach, Virginia. The primary object of gaining the property was to acquire a home for aged and infirm Brothers. The spot is ideal for such a purpose. It is on the water front of an inlet from Hampton Roads. The climate is not severe in winter, and the heat of summer is tempered by the breezes from the bay. On the original property stood General Reynolds' summer home. As the Brothers then had neither aged nor infirm, a school was started, known as Old Point Comfort College, to keep the place from running into decay. Its incorporators were John B. Vander Wee (Brother Alexius), John Griffin (Brother Philip) and James Hahnel (Brother Martin).

On December 18 of the same year, Brothers Paul and Raymond erected a stove and slept in the house, but left next day when Brothers Benedict and Nicholas arrived and remained until the formal opening in February of 1898.

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AIRPLANE VIEW OF SACRED HEART NOVITIATE, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA

Brother Paul returned in January with Brother Donation to remain and form plans for the school—Brother Paul to be its first director. On February 1, 1898, Holy Mass was said in the house by Reverend Father Mercer of Old Point Comfort. The house was blessed, and the Most Blessed Sacrament reserved in a little room temporarily set aside as the chapel. As poor a place as the Cave of Bethlehem was this little chapel, but as the dear Lord did not mind the poor surroundings of His first abiding place, having come to seek hearts, not place, so we are sure He did not mind the poverty of the little "upper room" nor the crudity of the little altar prepared for Him, since there were hearts to welcome Him, and the house was dedicated to His Sacred Heart.

Terry Allen, son of Lieutenant Allen of Fortress Monroe, was the first pupil, as a result of an urgent sermon on Catholic education by Father Mercer in church the preceding Sunday, when he spoke of the arrival of the Brothers and their readiness to conduct a school for the people of the neighborhood. The people were slow to respond. Catholics were few and non-Catholics were ignorant and prejudiced. The place was thoroughly countrified and the largest town in the vicinity, Hampton, wholly non-Catholic. In consequence, day scholars were few. Five reported the first month, and only ten were enrolled by the end of the scholastic year. The only hope of a school lay in building for boarders. The setting of the place was ideal; Old Point Comfort was nation-wide in its popularity as a winter and summer resort—the two hotels, Hygeia and Chamberlain, then being in existence.

To fulfill this hope, plans were drawn for a suitable building. The Spanish-American War and the proximity of the school to Fortress Monroe seemed to weigh with Brother Alexius in the matter of the building, and he determined on a wooden structure. He was confirmed in his decision

by unfounded reports that the ground would not support a large brick or stone structure. The main building, standing to-day, was, therefore, built of wood with a brick foundation. It served the purpose admirably. It is a long building with two stories and a basement. In the basement were kitchen and dining rooms. The first floor was devoted to classrooms and chaplain's rooms. The second floor was one large dormitory with light and air from three sides. The chapel also was on the second floor, but separated from the dormitory by a small corridor. In fact, the chapel forms a wing, the first floor of which was an auditorium; later it was used as a study hall; and later still, it came into its original purpose on the plans as a dining hall, the kitchen being underneath.

The school began to grow in numbers, and reached the maximum of sixty boarders. To accommodate more, the front was brought forward by the erection of a structure three stories high. This gave more dormitory and classroom space. The original dormitory was then divided into rooms for community purposes, and the Brothers, who hitherto had occupied the cottage as a community house, vacated that and moved over to the main building.

In 1908, most of the aspirants for the Brotherhood, boys from the age of fourteen on, who were attending high school preparatory to entering the novitiate, were removed from their original home in Danvers, Massachusetts, to Old Point Comfort. From that time on, they formed the backbone of the high school department, though separated, apart from class, from the other students.

The first summer, 1898, Brothers from Baltimore came, a few at a time, to enjoy an outing. Outing, it surely was. The cottage, with its small rooms, could hold but a few for sleeping. Other conveniences were wanting, but the short time was thoroughly enjoyed. The next summer, the new building was ready. The Brothers could remain longer, and

come in larger groups. Old Point grew in popularity with the Brothers to such an extent that summer institutes were held there for many years. In time, the authorities thought it expedient to advertise for summer boarders. A sort of summer camp without the name, existed since the summer camp of to-day had not yet come into being. This destroyed the privacy of the Brothers, and Old Point, as a summer home for the community, became a thing of the past.

In 1905, drill became the order for the students, and the school developed into a regular military training school. Military discipline remained until 1916, when pressure was brought to discontinue it since many parents objected to the added expense of procuring uniforms for their boys.

During the time Old Point Comfort College existed, it was directed by Brother Paul from 1898-1903; Brother Philip, 1903-1904; Brother Vincent, 1904-1909; Brother Marcellus, 1909-1912; Brother Ignatius, 1912-1914; Brother Antoninus, 1914-1918; Brother Anselm, 1918-1920; Brother Gilbert, 1920-1921, when the boarders were removed to Leonardtown, Maryland.

Though in 1921, it had a bright future ahead, conditions at the novitiate attached to Mt. St. Joseph's were such as to render it necessary to move the novitiate department. Post-war prices rendered the building of a suitable novitiate prohibitive, so it was decided to close Old Point to extern boarders, and move the novices there. The day school continued under Brother Thomas until the removal of the aspirants in 1923 to their new home in Peabody, Massachusetts. As the aspirants formed the body of the school, the day school closed. That same year a parochial school was opened at Phoebus by the Dominican Sisters of Nashville, Tennessee, so the good of the few Catholics of the neighborhood was in no way compromised.

Chapters

All religious orders have from time to time, varying with the particular constitution, chapters, or meetings of delegates chosen from the body in proportion to its numbers. The object of these chapters is to deliberate on matters pertaining to the welfare of the Order, as well as to solidify the work. In the course of time, houses being far apart, there would be a tendency to depart from the original spirit, or to introduce what would be foreign to the aim of the institute. This is obviated by a chapter. Times change also, and the Universal Church, though fixed in her dogmas, is not rigid in purely disciplinary matters. Religious orders, likewise, though held to the approved constitutions, find it necessary sometimes to change matters of custom to conform to the country in which they labor, or again, the times may demand a different handling of age-old problems; hence, the utility of chapters.

We have seen that the First General Chapter of the Xaverian Brothers was held in 1869, convoked by Brother Superior General Vincent, the delegates from America being Brothers Paul, Stephen, Peter, and Hubert. The Second General Chapter was held in 1875. Representing the American Province were Brothers Alexius, Stanislaus, and Joseph. The Third Chapter assembled in 1881 with Brothers Alexius, Paul, and Joseph as delegates. The Fourth convened in 1887 at which Brothers Alexius, Bernardine, and Joseph attended. An Extraordinary General Chapter was held in 1895 to elect a successor to Brother Vincent because age was beginning to lessen his powers. At this chapter Brothers Alexius and Bernardine sat. That there were only two delegates is accounted for by the fact that the Brothers, having made the Vow of Stability, were privileged to vote for a Superior General, the votes being carried sealed by the delegates. At this chapter a change was made. Hither-

to, the Superior General's term had been for life; the chapter of 1895 limited the term to six years, though the incumbent was eligible for re-election. The Fifth Ordinary General Chapter was held in 1899, Brothers Alexius, Bernardine, Paul,[1] and James represented the American Province. It was the first time that American-born were delegates. At this chapter, it was enacted that in future the delegates to general chapters would be limited to three for each Province, and would be chosen by election, rather than by appointment as hitherto.

Provincial Chapters, likewise, were held every six years, at periods corresponding to three years previous to the general chapter and three years later. In 1907, when Brother Isidore became Provincial, Provincial Chapters were held every three years. The first Provincial Chapter was convoked in 1878, Brother Provincial Alexius presiding as delegate of the Superior General. It was held at St. Mary's Industrial School, the headquarters of Brother Alexius at that time. Seven delegates were present. At this chapter, the Roman collar for street dress was prescribed for all the Brothers. The Brothers of Baltimore had been wearing it at the suggestion of Cardinal Gibbons. To distinguish it from the collar of the clergy, a cut halfway in the collar was determined upon. The Chapter also empowered the Provincial to build at Mount Saint Joseph's, and the first of a chain of buildings at the Mount came into being shortly after. The Second Provincial Chapter was held at Mount Saint Joseph's in July of 1884, eight members being present. This chapter authorized the Provincial to build on the property on Edmondson Avenue, a site of forty acres acquired in 1882, with the intention of erecting a building for the College, leaving the Mount solely for the novitiate. Nothing was done to that effect, and the property was disposed of to advantage in 1892. The Third Provincial Chap-

[1] This is the present Brother Paul; pioneer Brother Paul died in 1885.

ter was held at the Mount in July of 1890, eleven being present. Then, were regulated the nature of exercises for the closing of schools in June. As a precedent, it was enacted: that chapters in future be opened with High Mass of the Holy Spirit, rubrics permitting; that a High Mass of Requiem for deceased members of the Congregation be celebrated during the chapter, and that the closing be a High Mass of Thanksgiving. The Fourth Provincial Chapter was held at the Mount in August of 1896, seventeen being present. The removal of the novitiate was urged by some and opposed by others. A compromise was affected by leaving it to the discretion of the Provincial and his councilors. The motion, wise, became imperative later, and was effected in 1921, by its first promoter, Brother Isidore. Likewise was adopted, with approval of the Superior General and his Council (all Provincial Chapter enactments must have such approval) a celluloid collar for the habit in the American Province. Hitherto, the collar had been of linen, but the intense heat of summer rendered several changes a day necessary to preserve a neat appearance. This chapter was the last at which the wise and good Brother Alexius presided, death claiming him in 1900.

During his long provincialate of twenty-four years, the Province grew in leaps and bounds. At the time he became Provincial, the Brothers possessed no property in America. What was eventually acquired resulted from the labors of the Brothers and the sagacious management of Brother Alexius. No help was given by the mother house in Bruges; no assistance came from outside in the way of legacies or benefactions in grants of land to help the cause. At all times the Brothers have been obliged to adhere strictly to the letter of the sentence imposed upon Adam: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." (Gen. 3:19.)

Posterity owes much to Brother Alexius. Not only the Brothers, who are deeply sensible of the fact, and transmit

it to the generation not knowing this wise and good man, but fathers and mothers whose sons are better men by reason of Catholic education; the Church, and the country, owe him a debt of gratitude. To the knowing God, who never forgets, we commend his grand and noble soul.

CHAPTER X

MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my native land"?

SCOTT.

LOVE of native land is a trait inherent in man. As they sat by the waters of Babylon the Jews of old wept and cried: "How can we sing the songs of Sion in a strange land?" The Italian loves his "Italia" and its sunny skies; the German never tires of speaking of the "Vaterland" and its towering castles; the ubiquitous Irishman, loving the land of his adoption none the less, sighs tenderly as he thinks of the green fields of Ireland. To what is due this universal love for the land of birth? Man loves his native land because he loves his home; he loves his home because he loves his mother; he loves his mother because his mother loved him, and God put love in mothers' hearts.

All love is from God. That nations might have men in first having homes, God endowed the hearts of good women with a love incomparable, mother love. Not loving mother less, the religious loves God more. In loving God first and foremost, he keeps alive the love of mother as no other class of men can, or does. In him, the love of mother never grows less, for there is no other love to supplant it; consequently, never does the love of childhood home die in the heart of the religious. Akin to that, he loves with a special, undying love, the spot that witnessed his early struggles along the path to greater things, the cradle of his religious

birth. Mother house, he calls it. If not so termed by the Church, the name would have been called into being by the heart of the religious himself.

The Xaverian Brothers of America, for the most part, excepting those of the past eight years, preserve a tender fondness for the blessed spot in Baltimore called Mount Saint Joseph's, the mother house of the Province. As learned in these pages, it was not the first foundation in America; but it is nevertheless the mother house of the Xaverians in America. Prior to this establishment, the Louisville Foundation and the two Baltimore houses were entirely dependent on Bruges as the mother house.

Away from the heart of Baltimore, at a distance of three miles from the city hall, set in from the road on an avenue of stately trees, nestles Mount Saint Joseph's. Charming it is; more charming it was at the time of its acquisition by the Brothers. Its pristine charm remained for some twenty or more years when modern improvements and subsequent development brought the city to its edges, and the Mount lost its air of quiet. The works of man, useful though they be, spoil the works of God; for Nature, unadorned, is adorned the most. Coming in from the road, one might well wonder whence the name "Mount." Going a little farther in, reaching the campus, looking up, the visitor will see whence the name. Returning to the stretch of buildings, especially if the day be warm, he will ejaculate: "Well has it been termed the 'Mount'!"

The Brothers acquired it through the efforts and prayers of Brother Bernardine. He promised Saint Joseph that it would be named after him, and that his statue would adorn the place. Both promises have been kept. The name assures you of one promise fulfilled. The second promise was fulfilled when a statue of Saint Joseph was placed in a niche of the first building erected. After remodelling this building in 1900 to give the exterior a sense of proportion with

an adjoining new building, the niche was walled, and the statue placed on the grounds. As it was of plaster, it soon succumbed to the elements when exposed. Brother Bernardine, on a visit, noticing no statue of Saint Joseph on the exterior, mentioned the fact of the promise to Brother Isidore, then Provincial, with the result that a stone statue of the Saint now adorns the grounds and greets the homecomer or the visitor as he enters the sacred spot.

The estate was originally known as "The Seven Gates," owing to a marvelous piece of engineering whereby it had seven entrances at different angles. It was owned by a Mrs. Lusby. As her husband had recently died, she did not care to live where sorrowful memories kept alive her sense of loss, and the estate was for sale. This was unknown to Brother Bernardine when he was looking for a suitable place. He simply saw the place from the lower avenue and felt it was *the* one place for the Brothers. He looked no farther that afternoon, but sped home to Brother Alexius, who, imbibing Brother Bernardine's enthusiasm, looked also. Inquiries were made and it was learned that the lady was willing to sell. The price asked, twelve thousand dollars, was more than Brother Alexius was able to give. He learned that the lady was not only a Catholic, but deeply attached to the Reverend Philip Birk, Passionist, of St. Joseph's Monastery nearby. To Father Philip, Brother Alexius spoke. Father Philip interested himself, and secured the property to the Brothers for ten thousand. To Father Philip's kindly offices the Brothers have ever felt grateful, and his name has been recorded in the annals of the Mount as the one to whom it is indebted, with Brother Bernardine, for the site.

The original property was twelve acres. It did not include the two cottages that front the avenue of entrance. These were acquired in 1890. In 1892 the piece of land, now Gibbons Field, on the other side of what is wrongfully

MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH'S, 1886-1900

called "Grau's Lane" and extending to Yale Avenue, was acquired. It was then a deep ravine, useless for any purpose other than privacy, and for such it was bought none too soon. In 1894 this ravine was filled, and entirely leveled in 1924 for a campus. In 1894, the property on the other side of the Frederick Road was acquired, but disposed of to the car line for a terminus in 1925. The latest acquisition to the Mount was the purchase, in 1926, of part of Schlenz property bordering the Mount on the west. It is a matter of regret that the whole Schlenz estate was not acquired, as much of the view that lent a charm to the Mount has been destroyed. Privacy has been lost by the partition of the estate and apartment houses now greet the eye in place of the superb view of Beechfield, the name given to the adjoining territory.

When the Brothers acquired the original Mount, there was but one frame house on the ground. It was used for general purposes connected with the school and novitiate for the first two years, and then as a house for the Brothers only. Until 1900, it preserved the memories of pioneer days to pioneers, when advancement decreed its demolishment. Adjoining this house at right angles, was erected in 1878 the present brick structure, which, most likely, will retain its designation as the "old novitiate building" for generations to come.

On November 1, 1875, Brother Dominic, the first Superior, arrived from Louisville with three novices to start the novitiate and to open the school to boarders. On Thanksgiving Day, November 30, 1876, the formal opening occurred. Let the annalist, Brother Joseph, describe the scene:

> This was a grand and memorable day for the Xaverian Brothers of the United States of America. It was their first formally constituted novitiate in this coun-

try since the division of the Congregation into three Provinces on August 15, 1875, when America was acknowledged as one of the Provinces.

The dedication and blessing of the building destined for the preparing and education of the recruits of the Xaverian Brotherhood was very impressive and solemn.

Most of the Catholic Societies of the city of Baltimore were present in full regalia under the leadership of Marshall Donnelly. The choristers of Saint Patrick's Church, Baltimore, and Saint Mary's Boys' Choir accompanied by a band under the direction of Brother Boniface added greatly to the success of the occasion.

Shortly after 2 P.M., trains began to arrive at the Frederick Road and Saint Agnes Stations with members of the various societies, choristers, musicians, etc., who started for Saint Mary's Industrial School to form the procession.

At 2:15, the societies were called to order, the procession was formed, headed by the band, then followed the boys of Saint Mary's Industrial School in their natty uniforms, and at 2:30 the march commenced from the institution through a lane to the Frederick Road, to Mount Saint Joseph's College, the new novitiate. Opposite the Passionist Monastery, the Reverend Passionists joined, their Reverend Rector being one of them.

At 3 P.M., the ceremonies of blessing began by the Very Reverend Dubreul, President of Saint Mary's Seminary and Vicar General of the Archdiocese as the representative of the Archbishop, assisted by three Passionist Fathers. The blessing finished, the Reverend D. L. Chapelle, D.D., Pastor of Saint Joseph's Church, Baltimore, from the porch of the second story addressed

the large assembly. He spoke very eulogistically of the Brothers and their aim. The address ended, the *Te Deum* and the *Star Spangled Banner* were sung. Thus ended the imposing ceremony of the day. A regular Maryland lunch was served to the clergy, while the public strolled over the park-like grounds. The societies formed again and to liveliest tunes of the band marched off.

Well may we be grateful to our dear Lord for the favors bestowed upon us this day, which will long be remembered by all who were eye-witnesses.

The Mount threw open its doors, or rather door at this time, to students on February 1, 1877. One student, Douglas Walton, reported. Tradition has it that the one student was more trouble than a dozen. When numbers began to increase so that regular classes could be formed, Brother Angelus was appointed Prefect of Studies, and retained that position until 1885.

The school was small, and remained so for a few years, the one student increasing to twelve, then to twenty. This was due to various causes. In the first place, the frame house, with its seven rooms and attic, could not accommodate many. It housed professed, novices, and students. The register gives the number of novices at this time as sixteen, but it is very doubtful if all were at the novitiate at the same time. Even if they were not, room would still have been at a premium. The front porch of the house was boarded, and used as a dormitory. It was a very pleasant place for sleeping in summer, but in winter it must have been uncomfortable, heating systems being unknown. Perhaps it does not appear so hard to us of the twentieth century who have advanced in the science of the fresh-air cure of which our forefathers were ignorant. Hardship, also, is largely a matter of judgment. What has to be is hard, rather

than what may be. In the second place, the school was not known, and the medium of advertising was not then an art. In the third place, the Mount was at that time a wilderness, though only three miles from the city. The only facility for transportation was the horse-car, and with many transfers, it took considerable time to reach the Mount from the city. No doubt, the principal cause for lack of students was the want of school appearance to the building, though the seminaries for young ladies of the time seemed to have been able to function anywhere. In 1878, when the school-like brick structure was built adjoining the frame house, students began to appear. Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia were the sources from which they came, and the counties of Maryland as well. For some years, the number remained around the forty mark.

In 1883, Brother Dominic was replaced by Brother Joseph who guided the Mount faithfully, anxiously, devotedly, until death crowned his holy life in 1904. During the administration of Brother Joseph, considering the length of time, naturally the school grew. Its best advertisement, the only advertisement worth while, was the character of the students it sent home for vacations, such advertising having been paid in pounds of flesh by its devoted teachers.

Novices and students increasing side by side called for more room. In 1885, a new building was erected south of the frame house, and separated from it by a distance of several yards. Plainer, it could not have been, but we are writing of simple times, when utility was the first consideration. It is a narrow structure, still in use, only as wide as a classroom, and bordered by a long porch from which entrance to the classrooms is effected. Though it possessed no beauty from an architectural standpoint, it was hidden from view on entering the grounds. Its plainness is lost sight of to-day, as it no longer stands in issolation, but

MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH'S OLD CHAPEL

forms a part of the network of buildings since erected. It appears as though it always had formed a part of the whole, though its builders never dreamed of the massiveness of the present Mount. Even in its plainer days, one would forget the factory-like building, as he stood upon the porch and gazed at the scene Nature placed before him. Here is a view unsurpassed for beauty and charm; tree-covered hills, exhilarating in spring, for spring is nowhere as beautiful as at the Mount; soothing in summer; gorgeous in autumn; relieving in winter with their intermixed pines, cedars and firs, which, when capped by snow, present a scene to inspire the eye of one who has the heart, if not the hand, of an artist.

This building has had many a change in the interior arrangement during the years, at least of three of its floors. Because of the Mount, from the north side it has a basement, which is the ground floor on the south side. The ground floor, or basement, if you will, was a play hall in winter, a gymnasium when the Mount wished to think it had something, an auditorium as the Mount grew ambitious, and developed the histrionic art in its budding geniuses; a commencement hall, the bareness lost in its dress of purple and cream, the colors of the Mount, and flanked with the many tubbed plants of Brother Meinrad. One time, it was a study hall as classroom space became urgent upstairs; again, a gymnasium, boasting of ceiling ropes and horses, and finally, a biological laboratory and lecture hall. The second floor always remained a classroom floor, its portable partitions readily accommodating to size as space demanded. The third floor became in turn, music rooms, a small hall for private monthly entertainments, lectures, and sodality meetings, then a temporary chapel while the old chapel was being renovated, and finally, a dormitory. The top floor, always a dormitory with light and air from four sides, is unsurpassed for health and comfort. This was gen-

erally the determining factor in inducing parents to place their boys at the Mount.

In 1885, Brother Isidore made his appearance at the Mount from Louisville where he had been teaching for eighteen years. From that date, he and its history are inseparable. Brother Isidore became Prefect of Studies and Master of Boarders. Never did a disciplinarian wield a gentler sway; and never did one in any institution take more to heart the welfare of the boys, to whom he was both father and mother, than he. For twenty years, until he became Superior of the Mount, he was practically with the boys twenty-four hours each day of the three hundred school days in the year. The boys being few, never more than ninety for the first twenty years, the Mount was like a large family. Brother Isidore was the indulgent father to whom the boys knew they would never apply in vain in any boyish trouble, real or imaginary. Amusements were few, but he was a creative genius, and time never dragged. Baseball, the only sport then extant in schools, was of course, limited to a very short season, beginning in April and ending in June. Though weather warrants it in September, somehow the fever for baseball is never apparent after the vacation. Nowadays, football practice is the order from the start in September. It was not so in the past. Other amusements had to be planned to occupy the free time. School hours were then from eight-thirty to eleven-thirty, from one-thirty to four, with study hall at five, and there was not too much free time on school days. School was in session on Saturday mornings; Wednesday afternoon was free. This custom lasted until 1908, when the increasing number of day scholars rendered the change necessary in order to save them the carfare on Saturday, and to allow those who found it necessary to work in stores on Saturday to do so without prejudice to school hours.

Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, in fall and winter,

weather permitting, were given to cross-country walks. Going to "town" was almost unheard of, so much so, that the permission was rarely sought and granted for only the most urgent reasons. What the reasons might be can hardly be conjectured, as Brother Joseph bought the clothes for the boys, and a dentist, those days, needed a side occupation. If a boy went to the city, he could put it down in his diary as an event worth recording. Irvington, that section of Baltimore now at the heels of the Mount, did not then exist even in the imagination. As late as 1894, there was only one house between the Mount and the monastery, a quarter of a mile away. Further on, there was no sign of habitation until you came to "Skull Town," so named because of the city of the dead in its midst, and Skull Town was as harmless as a breeze in summer. With Brother Isidore, as guide and companion, the half-holidays were spent in taking hikes, and they never grew tiresome. Invariably, on a half-holiday, the morning greeting would be: "Oh! Bra Is'dore! walk this afternoon?" Always "Yes!" was the answer which would be telegraphed immediately as if it were a thing of joy, and unusual. Wet weather, when there was nothing to do, would find Brother Isidore telling a story which would last all afternoon. Simple times, simple ways, yet they are all the more memorable because of the lack of distracting diversions. The goodness of the heart of the man who sacrificed self for their enjoyment, is only recognized after the days have flown, and we trust that thoughtless boys, as thoughtful men, will prove worthy of the wealth of affection that was then theirs, and is now.

Gas was introduced to the Mount in 1886. Hitherto, lamps were the mode of artificial illumination. These were kept clean, trimmed, and filled by faithful Brother Polycarp, of happy memory, a labor the present generation, without experience, can hardly appreciate.

Among the old-time memories of the Mount, not to be

forgotten, is the Grotto of our Lady of Lourdes. In 1887, by dint of labor, Brother Isidore and Brother Thomas, now with God, gathered rocks and built a grotto in front of the school building. It stood until 1900, when it had to give way to the new building. This grotto is the foundation of the May devotions still existing in part at the Mount. Headed by four boys carrying a statue of our Lady of Lourdes, on the night preceding the first of May, a procession of boys, novices, and professed would form and wend its way through the avenue of entrance, out on the road to the other avenue, down the lane, up the hill to the grotto, the air resounding meanwhile with the singing of the Litany of Loretto. At the grotto, the statue was installed amidst a blaze of candles; a sermon was delivered by a Passionist Father; and the exercises concluded with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in chapel. After study-hall period each evening during the month of May, the boys would assemble around the grotto; the litany of our Blessed Mother would be recited; an instruction, illustrated by some true story relative to our Blessed Mother's power, would be given by a Brother, and a hymn sung to Mary. Now, as the grotto is no more, these exercises are held in chapel, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament is bestowed every night.

A pleasing memory of Mount Saint Joseph's is the swimming pool—not the present one, fixed as it is, but the many pools that preceded it. These were transient in the strictest sense of the term, sometimes even to the length of a day. Bear in mind that the Mount was primitive then; it was never ahead of the times and seldom abreast. There is a saying that the tailor should measure the garment by the size of his cloth. Abiding by such wisdom, the governing board of the Mount measured its wants by its purse, and never had anything for superfluities, but encouraged them when they cost nothing. Brother Isidore was a dreamer.

ENTRANCE TO MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH'S

Where another would see nothing, he saw possibilities. Often he was laughed at for his visions. When they required only permission, he was allowed to try to bring them in to the realm of the real.

Bordering on the old campus, is a stream, a stream, and nothing more. He visioned there a swimming pool, though the width is so narrow it can be spanned by not-too-big a jump. "If it could be dammed," was his dream, "the water would rise." To take the boys for a swim (and take them he did, so he knew) meant a walk of several miles, with the effects of the plunge gone long before they reached home. Nothing daunted, he started to dam the stream. To buy material was out of the question. By gathering logs, fallen trees, and stones he succeeded. Nature was always generous in giving material, and ungenerous in destroying the effect of what it freely gave. Each year, one end of the stream was boarded; the openings were plugged with everything that would plug; and gradually the water rose. Eager were the faces on the bank looking on. Sometimes the boys helped, but boys were boys then, as they are now, and work in free time did not always appeal. Often, more often than not, a storm in the night would demolish the work of weeks. Sometimes only one swim would be the result of the labor. That did not matter. Brother Isidore would begin again and continue while school was in session. Do the boys, now men, appreciate Brother Isidore? Those in heaven do. He did not work for appreciation. He can well afford to await the thought of the Master who sent the storms, who made the work bristle with difficulties, to prepare his soul for further trials, trials that would daunt the strongest, but found him equal to the occasion.

On June 5, 1889, was celebrated at the Mount, the Golden Jubilee of the founding of the Congregation. Through the courtesy of the Passionist Fathers, the religious part of the celebration was held at their Saint Joseph Monastery

Church. Solemn High Mass was celebrated; His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons presided. Forty of the reverend clergy of the Archdiocese were present. The Reverend Lawrence Bax of Louisville, Kentucky, preached on the occasion. Father Bax was well qualified to preach as he had seen the early struggles of the Brothers in Louisville, and was largely instrumental in holding the two lone Brothers in exile. After the services at the church, the Cardinal and clergy repaired to the Mount where they were entertained at dinner. The day concluded with solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament given by His Eminence.

For this occasion, statues of the Sacred Heart, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Saint Joseph, and Saint Francis Xavier had been ordered from Europe, but they did not arrive until the twelfth of the month. In 1924, the chapel was lengthened so as to join the new building. New altars were donated by Mr. Monmonier in memory of his daughter. These necessitated new statues to correspond with the material; so to-day only the statues of the Sacred Heart and Saint Francis Xavier greet the old-timer as mementos of the former chapel of fond recollections.

On July 12 of the Golden Jubilee Year Brother Superior General Vincent and Brother Peter, Provincial of England, arrived. They had been invited for the Golden Jubilee event in America, but could not leave their homes at that time as the Jubilee was general. The Superior General had not visited America since 1871. This was his third visit as Superior General; it was also his last. On July 18, the Feast of Saint Vincent, a dinner was tendered to him, at which an address of welcome was delivered, to which Brother Peter responded. Fathers Charles and Edward of the Passionists were present, and Father Edward took occasion to assure the Superior General of the good work the Brothers were doing in America.

The Mount continued in its even history through the

eighties and the nineties, blessed in its ignorance of the outside. Time, with its advancement through electricity, brought the city to its doors. An increase of day scholars and boarders as well followed. Room, more room, was needed. The northern wing was added to the school building in 1892, giving more classrooms, dormitory space, and a more commodious bathroom. In 1900, a wing was added on the southern extremity which gave modern lavatories on the dormitory floors, a series of showers on the second floor, and indoor modern conveniences on the ground floor.

At this period, there disappeared what was "an eyesore," though never realized as such until demolishment took place. It seems that some one in the past must have had a fancy for picket fences. Every lawn and lane, even the old grotto, was flanked with picket fences, duly whitewashed every spring by Brother Meinrad. Brother Dominic, Provincial in 1900, ordered them all down. The effect was pleasing in the apparently increased size of the grounds, and it made one wonder why this had not been done before, as well as why the fences had ever been built. Disappearing at this time also was another anomalous thing, which was a nuisance as well, as prefects of the time will agree. There was a shed sheltering the pump in front of the house. Why it was there is one of the mysteries that time will never solve. It might well have been termed the "Smoke House," and not the kind generally seen around cattle premises. Strangely enough, with the demolishing of the pump shed, the use of the pump at recess no longer became necessary, as a well was sunk in the recess yard. This new well, though distant from the old by a hundred feet, must be supplied by the same underground spring, for when the blasting occurred in the yard to pave the way for the new well, the old well remained dry for some days. This would seem as if the blasting had driven the water away, though

many maintain there is a difference in the water, and that the water from one well possesses more iron.

But the crowning of the Mount came in the spring of 1900 when Brother Provincial Dominic decreed that the frame house was out of keeping with the growing popularity of the Mount, and that it must give place to something modern and attractive. It had lived its life and lived it well. It had witnessed struggles, sacrifices, labors untiring; but it had to go. It was worn out in service. There was a feeling of regret that it had to be destroyed and the half-torn structure presented a sad sight. When only the spot remained, and the ruins no more recalled the days gone by, all were glad. Plans were drawn for the erection of the present imposing building which one sees towering in the distance as the car leaves Irvington. This building was intended for faculty purposes only. The first floor has a suite of parlors in the front. Across the corridor was intended to be the professed refectory, community room, study, and library. The second floor has private rooms. On the third floor is an auditorium, unsurpassed in beauty for its stained glass windows, on one side depicting Archbishops Carroll and Spalding, Cardinal Gibbons, alternating with the crest of each; and on the other, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Roger Brooke Taney, and Washington, alternating likewise with scrolls representing literature, poetry, justice and patriotism. No sooner was the new building finished than it was evident that it could not be used entirely for its original purpose. The large refectory, destined for the increased number of Brothers in the summer, had to be divided, and only a part was used by the Brothers of the Faculty. The wall of the Brothers' old refectory had been removed to extend that of the boys'. The refectory in the new building was of short duration, as more space was needed for classrooms, and the entire first floor on the west side was eventually used for school purposes only.

MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH'S, 1901

The new building joins the novitiate building at right angles. This made the latter too prominent by way of a contrast not pleasing. Its gabled ends were destroyed, and a fourth story added to make its joining complete on the roof. This fourth story made a novices' dormitory. Their former dormitory leading to the chapel became their community room; their old-time community room was converted into the professed library; and their recreation room on the same floor became the professed dining room. The change was beneficial to the novices as it placed them entirely upstairs, giving them more privacy by secluding them entirely from the rest of the house.

The finishing of the new building tallied with the Silver Jubilee of the Mount, which was celebrated on December 3, 1901, by the blessing of the house, Cardinal Gibbons, ever a warm friend of the Brothers, whom he frequently called "My Brothers," officiating.

In the fall of 1900, in front of what is known as the scullery, was built a long, plain, wooden building, the lower floor of which served as rooms for the hired help, and the upper as temporary infirmary. Brother Leonard was the sole designer and builder. The building of the house caused no little good-natured chaff. A Brother would ask: "Brother Leonard, when is your house going to be finished?"

"Sure, I have no house," Brother Leonard would reply.

"I mean the house you are building."

"I am building no house."

"Who is?"

"God." And thereafter the house was called "God's House." As the Mount advanced to the automobile stage "God's House" was torn down, and a garage occupied its place. The garage was removed in 1925 to its present place in what Brother Basil termed "Immaculate Conception Court."

At the beginning of 1904 the Mount mourned the loss of

its devoted Brother Joseph. Upon the shoulders of Brother Isidore fell the burdens from which death had released good Brother Joseph. With the scope the position gave him, Brother Isidore set about to put into execution many of his pet schemes for the good of the Mount. Science laboratories were erected in the recess yard, the teaching force was increased, and the course of studies extended. Mount Saint Joseph's, though chartered as a college with full power to confer the usual collegiate degrees, had not regularly functioned as such. True, in 1894, the bachelor's degree in arts had been conferred on one student, and similar degrees had been granted to classes of small numbers at various times since, but the degree had no recognized value until Johns Hopkins, on the merit of certain students from the Mount who passed very creditably the matriculating examinations, freely granted recognition to the degrees of the Mount. This led the seeking and obtaining of state recognition, as well as that of the Regents of New York, and from 1910 until the war, the Mount was a college of recognized standing in the collegiate world.

Soon after Brother Isidore assumed the responsibilities of the Mount, his career as a builder of swimming pools ended. Not that the labor was incompatible with his dignity, but the Mount had reached the state when primitiveness was not in keeping with the majesty of its buildings and the scope of its influence. With the approval of Brother Provincial Dominic, Brother Isidore laid plans for the construction of an outdoor pool. The assistance of an architect was called in, and after many arguments a concrete pool was decided upon. The architect and the builders did not agree as to the advisability of concrete, Brother Provincial Dominic sided with the architect, while Brother Isidore held out for concrete. Finally, concrete was decided upon; for after all, Brother Isidore was to be the loser in case it failed. Fail it did not. It stands to-day, and is a source of pleasure, not

only to the students, who use it but a comparatively short time, but likewise to the Brothers congregated at the Mount in the summer for summer institute work, whether at home or in the city at the university.

The pool is a hundred feet by forty, eight feet deep at one end tapering to three and a half feet at the other. How to fill it was another problem. First an attempt was made to find an artesian well. After much digging and blasting, a rock was struck one hundred and ten feet below. The engineer said that it might be forty or eighty feet thick, and it would be a useless expense to go any farther. Brother Provincial Dominic suggested that a pole be inserted bearing a pennant labelled, "Brother Isidore's Folly." The idea of a well was abandoned, and the only solution left was city water. Years have proven the experiment to be wisdom rather than folly, and the Mount now has every facility that any first-class school possesses.

In 1907, Brother Norbert succeeded Brother Isidore as President of the Faculty of the Mount. Brother Norbert, having been associated at the Mount as one of the teachers for six years, was in every way acquainted with its needs and understood its problems. To the work he gave unstintingly the benefit of his experience, wisdom, and executive ability. The scholastic end received his first thought. In the college world he kept the Mount abreast, and found time to advance it in other respects. Previous to his time, the athletic field had been changed from the lower end of the campus to the spot at the end of the declivity to the road. This change was beneficial. The old campus was in a hollow. It could not be used readily after a rain, while the dampness of a late fall rendered it uncomfortable and unhealthful. Brother Norbert had his eye on the old barn. It was rather unsightly, greeting the visitor as he would be taken down the hill on the way to the athletic field. This barn was unique in its way. It was of wood, and had been

constructed without a nail. The barn was removed, and a neat fence of pipe graces its one-time site. This railing was frequently used as a grandstand from which to witness games if one was not inclined to go to the grandstand proper farther down. A new barn, modern in every respect, an ornament to the place, was erected at the end of the property toward Yale Avenue. This removed every vestige of the farm from the grounds assigned for school use. Near the barn was erected a neat home of brick for the hired help. At the end of the recess yard, Brother Norbert caused to be erected a regular gymnasium. From the yard, owing to the Mount's slope, the gymnasium is a basement; but from the campus, it is a two-story building. The first floor is the gymnasium proper. On the second floor is a first-class bowling alley, which likewise serves as a spectators' gallery for games in the gymnasium. Separated from the gymnasium are a series of showers, recreation rooms, reading rooms, and library.

For ten years, the Mount was guided by Brother Norbert in his own quiet way. During his period of office, the war broke out. As the collegians were of age, they volunteered for service, and the classes of the college department were discontinued. In 1917, Brother James came on the scene as President, ripe with experience in scholastic work as he had been twenty-nine years at Saint Xavier's, Louisville, fourteen as Prefect of Studies, and the last fifteen as President of the Faculty. At the close of the war, owing to a regular avalanche of students coming to the Mount, room space was at a premium and it was not thought advisable to reopen the college classes. Thus the Mount has since functioned as a high school and college preparatory.

The influenza of 1918 did not spare the Brothers or the students of the Mount. Whom did it spare? The Mount was struck shortly after school opened in September, and the school suspended operation until the first of November.

Forty-two of the boarders, twelve of the novices, and five of the professed were ill at one time. Though many of the cases were serious, only one death occurred at the Mount. A small boy, named Flanagan, went home to meet his mother whom God had called some years ago. A Cuban boy named Kelly died at a hospital. He insisted on going to the hospital, but hospitals were struck even more heavily than homes and institutions. Doctors, nurses, and Sisters were patients themselves, and at that time, attention could not be given in a hospital as well as at home. His body was embalmed, and sent to Cuba. His stricken parents, grateful for what had been done for him, sent a large colored crayon portrait of him which adorns the walls of the corridor at the Mount. The Brothers who were well attended to the sick. For two weeks, the novices had not a moment to themselves. By the time the breakfast to the sick was served, dishes collected and washed, it was time to prepare for dinner. After dinner, when the dishes were cleared away, it was time to prepare the evening meal for the sick. When that was served and cleared away, it was time for supper and after the supper dishes were washed, it was time for night prayers. The professed Brothers, likewise, shared in the work.

One in particular, Brother Louis, day after day, performed voluntarily the most menial offices for the sick boys, and finally fell a victim to his zeal. After his recovery, he tried to take his place in the class, but this was more than he could endure. Tubercular-influenza developed and affected his heart. Protracted stays at a sanatorium gave only partial relief. Finally he had to give up altogether. For the past ten years he has been an invalid, and for the past five has been confined to his bed. He is an inspiration of patience and cheerfulness to all who visit him. From his sick bed he has, undoubtedly, done more good for the cause than he would have done in health. Many a little trouble is poured

into his sympathetic ears, and many a heart has been buoyed from Superiors down. Truly, he is a martyr to duty. Those for whom he was stricken have long since gone about their way, and possibly never knew that he was laid low that they might live; but God knows, and God only counts.

In 1920, the number of boarders reached the maximum capacity. For want of room, applicants had to be refused. The dining hall could hold no more; the chapel was taxed uncomfortably; in fact, the novices could no longer hear Holy Mass from the body of the chapel, but had to remain in their community room with the door open. This condition led the authorities in 1921 to consider the removal of the novitiate from the Mount, which was effected in July. Not to any great extent, however, did this relieve the congestion. The novices' community room was then divided by a corridor, one side of which was made for infirmaries; the other, private rooms. Their dormitory was used by junior students; their refectory, likewise; but the chapel space still remained inadequate.

In 1923, Brother James died. His was a loss indeed, for he was an inspiration to all that knew him, and his real worth was appreciated only after his death. Brother Antoninus succeeded Brother James. With visions of a greater Mount, he secured the necessary approval to build in order to secure more chapel and study hall space. From the sanctuary, the chapel was extended thirty feet to meet the new building. This building, modern in every respect, contains study halls, classrooms, and on the two upper floors, private rooms for students.

By this time, Mount Saint Joseph's was within the city limits. A city ordinance was passed forbidding the keeping of cows, hens, and hogs within the city limits, and thus the barn of the Mount, its hennery and sty had to pass into history. As far as objectionable features were concerned, they were removed from the scene of scholastic activities,

PRESENT CHAPEL, MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH'S

and really formed no nuisance. However, this move caused Brother Antoninus to utilize the brick barn, perfect in structure and presenting a neat exterior, for another purpose. He conceived the idea of leveling the field hitherto used for ensilage and making it an athletic field, thus grouping the various forms of outside activities. The fact that the Mount is justly named is readily seen, when one realizes that the leveling of the field raised it to such an extent that the lane hitherto presenting a view of the main road is now hidden by an embankment of twenty-seven feet. On this campus are a series of sixteen tennis courts, and an athletic field of ample proportions for baseball and football. To form a club house adjacent, the one-time barn has been remodelled for rest rooms between periods of football and showers at the end of the game. Brother Antoninus did not live long enough to see the plans carried out, as he died in January of 1925. The introduction into this country, first to the Mount, of the Sisters of the Divine Redeemer to take charge of the household work was the only one of his many plans that he saw fulfilled. These Sisters came from Wurzburg, Bavaria, Germany.

Such is not the work of their foundation by any means, as they are all cultured ladies, being engaged in school and hospital work at home. After the war they were driven to seek work outside, as conditions at home had impoverished them. Their plight may be judged from the following incident: The Mother Visitor of the Community came to America with the first Sisters to see the arrangement that had been made for them. On returning, she took with her ten pounds of coffee in order to give the Sisters at home a treat on her Silver Jubilee, as they had not tasted coffee for ten years. To accommodate the Sisters, the cottage greeting one on entering the college grounds, formerly occupied by Mr. Andrew Linhard, Professor of Music at the Mount, was extended and made into a convent home.

Brother Antoninus was succeeded by Brother Dunstan who to-day guides the Mount with Brother Thomas as Prefect of Studies. At the close of Brother Dunstan's first year, the Mount was fifty years old. A suitable celebration took place at the old historic spot. The alumni gathered in large numbers for a reunion at the old place. A game of baseball between the alumni and students was the feature of the afternoon. It was played on the new athletic grounds, called Gibbons Field after the illustrious Cardinal. Fittingly, though of course, unintentionally, the alumni won the first game on the new ground, holding the Mount boys to a no-hit, no-run game. The evening was devoted to a banquet in the old dining hall. On Sunday morning was held the religious celebration. Solemn Mass was sung by the Reverend Father Matthew, C.P., Chaplain; Reverend Ambrose Stembler, C.P., a one-time devoted chaplain of the Mount, Deacon; and the Reverend Charles Delevigne, Dominican, an alumnus, Subdeacon. Sunday kept more of the alumni priests away. Father Delevigne, likewise, preached on the occasion. The sermon came from his heart as the Mount had been to him both mother and father from his earliest childhood, God having taken both parents to Himself. Monday was Commencement Day. His Grace, Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, waived his custom of not attending high school commencements in favor of the Mount owing to its jubilee year, and presided on the occasion. Prior to the commencement exercises, a procession of students and Brothers with the Archbishop, headed by St. Mary's Industrial School band, wended its way to the athletic field where His Grace blessed a flag. As it was hoisted the throng sang "The Star Spangled Banner." At the commencement, the Archbishop gave an address in his usual style of having something to say. His Grace confined his remarks to the boys, and gave them sound advice, ex-

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AIRPLANE VIEW, MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH'S

horting them to cultivate assiduously the old-fashioned devotion to "the fifty-two Sundays."

Boarding schools in the past have never been famed for vocations to any great extent. It is readily conceded that vocations come from the ranks of the poor, the Apostles being the first. However, the Mount has not a few priests on her roster of alumni, and has five among the living. Eight joined the Brothers; five are still living, and Brothers Matthew, Patricius and Rudolph are among the Xaverians in heaven. Other alumni are found in the first ranks of the medical and legal professions, while a great number are a credit to her in the business walks of life.

She starts now her new era, beginning to function as a Junior College and affiliated as such to the Catholic University. She is rich in traditions that have built her; firm in her trust in God; and in the coming years, with God's help, she will continue to be what her founders hoped she would: a home of learning for the boys, a sanctuary for the welfare of souls for God's Church and the loved United States.

CHAPTER XI

BROTHER ALEXIUS

He was a laborer in the Vineyard and he died laboring. Others will reap what he has sown.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL, *Appreciation of Bishop Delany*

WITH the works of Brother Alexius as Provincial, the reader is acquainted. They but partially reveal the man. Historians are prone to dilate on exploits, thereby obscuring issues and misleading one to the conclusion that greatness lies in achievement, whereas it lies in the man. Deeds are because of men. Columbus, to mention only one celebrity in the world politic, would have been the same great man had he never discovered America, only the world would not have been aware of it. Among the saints, Saint Francis Xavier is great, not because he was the vanguard of modern times to India and Japan, but because of the soul he bore. Saint Terese of the Child Jesus, the world's famed saint of the present, had it not pleased God to reveal her sanctity to the world, would be just the same sweet singer of God's love. Heaven has countless souls of genuine greatness, shining for God's good pleasure alone. Were we acquainted with each and every truly great soul, we would cease to marvel, and the good intended by God in revealing what appears to be exceptional sanctity would be lost. So with Brother Alexius: his works reflect his greatness. Had we not his works to contemplate, he still would have been the same whole-souled, loving Brother Alexius. Had he been less, he would have accomplished less. For what he was, rather than for what he did, his grateful Brethren revere

BROTHER ALEXIUS, FIRST PROVINCIAL, 1875-1900

his memory and praise God that he lived and died in the American Province of the Xaverian Brothers.

Born in Antwerp, Belgium, on February 20, 1824, he lived as John Baptist Vander Wee until the age of twenty-one, when God gave him as a gift to the infant Xaverian Brotherhood. His elder brother became a priest, and labored in the priesthood beyond the golden span of ordination. The year that his brother was ordained, Brother Alexius left his earthly home to cast his lot with Brother Francis Xavier of Bruges, and arrived at the mother house on the third of August, 1845. His good mother strongly opposed his going. As mothers are wont who look only at the glamorous side of vocation, and not to God's designs on the soul, she wanted him to be a priest like his brother. She called his attention to the hardships of an infant Congregation; its instability; the many who had tried and failed; his own delicate constitution, taking it as a foregone conclusion that he would never be able to stand it; and so on through the category of reasons against following God's will. To maternal pleadings, he remained adamant. He went, saw, and experienced. Had he listened to human considerations, his life as a Xaverian Brother of heavenly renown would never have been written. True, God would have raised another; He is not dependent on man as man; but we are glad, knowing Brother Alexius, that it was he, and not another.

When Brother Alexius arrived at the mother house, there were but seventeen in the Community. On December 3, 1845, he was invested in the holy habit, making his holy Profession on October 3, 1847. A year later, he was selected as one of the pioneers to open the mission at Bury, England. After two years at Bury, to escape actual starvation the Brothers moved their seat of activities to St. Augustine's, Manchester, England.

Possibly this is not known outside of the annals of the Xaverian Brothers. While at Manchester, Brother Alexius

performed a work that has a special significance in the scheme of things Divine, that of inaugurating, or rather, re-establishing, devotion to our Blessed Mother in England, "Mary's Dower." Catholics at that time, 1850, were still laboring under some of the hardships imposed by Henry the Eighth, and his no less faithful imitator, Elizabeth. While the religion of the Catholic was free from persecution on the part of the realm, it was not held in good repute, and Catholics were timid about publicly manifesting their religion. In the hearts of the Brothers glowed the love for Mary Immaculate. It pained them to see how little she was known and honored. What could they do? They wished to do something. Wishes never accomplish anything so long as they remain in the wishing stage, so the Brothers began to act.

As Saint Francis Xavier began with the children, tinkling a little bell as he walked the streets, gathering thereby a goodly number, instructing them in the sublime truths of Faith by means of hymns which they carried back to their homes, so the Brothers in Protestant England began with the children. In preparation for the month of May, Brother Alexius had Brother Stanislaus teach the children hymns to our Blessed Mother. When May came, with due permission of the Pastor, who looked upon the plan with doubt, and held aloof at first, Brother Alexius in the evenings gathered the children in church. He read an article on Mary and amplified it by an example showing Mary's goodness and power. At its conclusion, the children sang, with Brother Stanislaus at the organ. It was not long before the grown-ups attended the service in large numbers. The seed was sown. Nor was this all. After a suspension of three hundred years, a May procession was held in England, due to the zeal of Brother Alexius, who also reintroduced the Scapular of Mount Carmel.

Brother Alexius was strong of heart, but thin and weak in

body. After four years, his health failed, and he was recalled to Belgium. The physician prescribed complete rest; but against his orders, Brother Alexius continued to teach. The school at the mother house was in a languishing state. It seems the Founder was no more a school man than a financier. As we have noted, he lacked ability in practical affairs. It would seem that the Almighty used him as an inspiration in matters purely spiritual, and denied him success in outer works. Brother Alexius was placed in charge of the school. With his wonderful power of organization, he soon had public confidence restored.

Brother Alexius was always astute, and he took an ingenuous method to lift the fallen school on a plane higher than any other in Bruges, which place it retains to-day. Despite his weakened state of health, he organized evening classes in English for grown-ups. His own perfect English, combined with a knowledge of French and Flemish, made him ripe for the task of imparting the grammar of a foreign tongue to those whom he could direct in the tongue of their country. To these classes came army officers and the cultured elderly of Bruges. All were eager to learn the language of a country so close to them, and with which they had business relations. It was not long before they began to realize the advantages they were deriving. Their advanced age made them keen to perceive the unique methods of their instructor as well as his erudition. They concluded that the day classes could not but be on a par with the evening, since both were directed by the same man. From this time, Saint Francis Xavier's of Bruges took on new life. Because of the vigor he imparted to the school, it became famous. Its fame went beyond Bruges, and the sons of many of the prominent families of England were sent to continue their education at a place that would give them the broadened culture of the mother tongue with the languages of the continent.

During all this time, bear in mind, Brother Alexius' case was considered hopeless by the doctor who frowned upon his labors. The cold water cure was prescribed for him in the last stages. The bath was outside, and supplied from a pump. Snow, ice, and rain did not deter Brother Alexius from being faithful to this rather drastic prescription. Drastic it was, considering that at the time heat was the usual method of curing ills. But it did invigorate him, and he became an ardent advocate of the cold water cure the rest of his life. It is very doubtful if he made many converts to the cure, though he was a living proof of its efficacy. His contemporaries assert that he was at that time but a mere skeleton, whereas in later life he was above the average weight.

After nine years of labor as Director of the school in Bruges, he was again sent to England in 1863 to assume charge of the Catholic Collegiate Institute at Manchester. This school had been given up as hopeless by one religious society. The secular clergy abandoned it later, and likewise it failed under lay-management. The Bishop finally asked the Brothers at St. Augustine's, Manchester, to take charge of it. Diffidently, the Brothers went to the Institute, then on Grosvenor Square. With his previous experience in England, united with his nine years in Bruges, Brother Alexius succeeded in putting the Institute on a firm footing. Since that period, the Brothers have maintained the place. Eventually they moved from Grosvenor Square to Victoria Park, a select portion of Manchester. The property was acquired by the Congregation. Year by year, the school has grown in reputation for its thoroughness. It is recognized by the Educational Board of Manchester as a first-class school, and His Lordship, Bishop Hensley of Southwark, is authority for the statement that no finer school exists in Manchester than the Xaverian College of Victoria Park.

For some unaccountable reason, after six years in Manchester, Brother Alexius was recalled to Bruges. While there, he broke a leg which forced him to be inactive for four months. On his recovery, he was again sent to England to take charge of Holy Trinity Orphanage at Mayfield. That institution was founded by the Duchess of Leeds, an American lady, formerly Miss Caton of the famous Caton family whence Catonsville, Maryland, derives its name. This orphanage was under the management of a board, and presented, beforehand, just the trials to which Brother Alexius was to be the victim at St. Mary's Industrial School. If anything, the trials may have been a trifle more in the way of enduring beyond endurance by reason of the fact that a titled lady was the cause and at the head. Fortunately, the Brothers maintained patience, as to-day the superb property of Mayfield belongs to the Community, having been purchased in 1920. Under the name of the Xaverian College of Mayfield, Sussex, England, a high-class boarding school is maintained.

We have already learned that when the American Province of the Xaverian Brothers was established in 1875, Brother Alexius, in America since 1872, became its Provincial. Truly, Divine Providence inured him well in the trials of the Old World before he was sent to endure those of the New. When appointed Provincial, a big sounding title, he had nothing upon which to begin. A man in the world may have ground upon which he can build, but the Brothers had not a foot of ground they could call their own. Ground may be had for the buying, true; but the Brothers had neither capital nor credit. They had then but three houses in America: Saint Mary's Industrial School, Saint Patrick's Parochial School, Baltimore, and the Louisville Community. The two former may be considered negligible in supplying capital at that date. To the Louisville house, alone, Brother Alexius could look to supply him with a hope, at least, and very little

beyond a hope, for in Louisville there were but twenty-one Brothers. Nothing daunted, he began; and with wise economy, succeeded. At his death, the Congregation in America owned Mount Saint Joseph's, Baltimore; Saint Xavier's, Louisville; Saint John's, Danvers; Old Point Comfort, Virginia, and the land at Newport News. In the short period of twenty-five years all were acquired. These holdings he bequeathed to the Province with not a cent of debt. At his accession, there were but three houses; at his death, there were sixteen, all in existence to-day except two. Never did he ascribe any credit to himself. At one Provincial Chapter he said in part:

> As long as we adhere to the spirit of the Institute—that beautiful spirit of faith, simplicity, charity, zeal, and union with our Venerable Head, our worthy Superior General, through his representative in this Province, our Brother Provincial, we will always speak of victories. I have only words of praise for the Brothers Director and their worthy associates for the generosity of their coöperation, without which, nothing could have been done.

In accepting missions, Brother Alexius was prudence itself. He always made it a point to visit the proposed field in person, and see the school, which generally satisfied him. Not so easily satisfied was he with the house of residence. This had to be free from rent, the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament assured, and other opportunities guaranteed for the fullfillment of the obligations of the Rule. To these various missions he paid frequent visits, looking well into religious observance, the lack of which was the one thing that would bring from him a well-merited rebuke. He made it a point to keep an account of his travels, and the records show that in his period as Provincial, he traveled a total of 257,595 miles. Never did he take a Pullman. Neither did

he eat in the diner, but always carried a lunch with him when the journey would take over twenty-four hours. He was a firm believer in the saving of "pennies," as he called them. The property he acquired for the Community, together with the substantial balance he left to his successor, shows that his spirit of poverty in little things amounted to great things in the end. His attention to trifles may also be illustrated by the account he kept of his travels, recording even short distances as "East Boston to Somerville and return, eight miles."

His affability was such that he was approachable. Though the Brothers had a wholesome fear of him, it was the fear of a son for a father, rather than a servant for a master.

Two things stand out in the unique character of Brother Alexius; charity and justice. Scold he might, and scold he did, in no uncertain terms; but it was behind closed doors. The next moment he was as if nothing had happened, and never did the Brother hear of the matter again. Brother Alexius could keep his own counsel. If a difference occurred between him and another and it ever leaked out, the knowledge came from the other, not from Brother Alexius. To harbor a grudge was as foreign to his nature as snow on the Fourth of July in the state of Massachusetts. He was kind, but not soft; firm, but not rigid; stern, but not harsh; easy, but not lax. In the happy blending of these qualities necessary for government, he ruled wisely and well. His subjects realized that the general good lay next to his heart, and that if they but tried to give their best to the cause, they could expect help and sympathy from him, or charitable consideration for failings incident to the best of intentions.

In 1895, Brother Alexius rounded out fifty years of service in the Congregation. The event received due recognition, for it was readily seen what he had accomplished dur-

ing those fifty years. We must distinguish, in the religious particularly, the inner from the outer man. One who has persevered through fifty years in religion, it is safe to assert, has attended to the primal purpose of his entrance, self-sanctification, or he would never have reached the golden stage. But it is not given to all to manifest a corresponding degree of outer-works. Though the outer-works lend a glamour to life, still the light must proceed from within. The spectacular is the result of opportunity used. The vast majority of mankind, though consigned to mediocrity, can rise to heights sublime, and do, perhaps, for the very reason that opportunities to shine are not theirs. Mediocrity is not to be scorned. The real work lies within. Man rises or falls in God's sight in proportion as he has been true to himself and the opportunities given to him for just that purpose. Brother Alexius was a man of opportunity. This, of itself, is not to his credit, for God creates the opportunities. That Brother Alexius made good use of them, giving them his time, his thought, his energies, his health, *is* to his credit, and therein lies his glory, and the reason why his Brethren of later generations owe him a grateful thought.

During the summer of 1895, the celebration of his Jubilee was observed at all centers. In June the students of Mount Saint Joseph's rendered a literary and musical entertainment in his honor, at which were present a delegation of Christian Brothers from Rock Hill College, Ellicott City, Maryland, the Brothers and novices of the household, and parents and friends of the students. On July 18, Feast of Saint Alexius, the formal celebration occurred at Mount Saint Joseph's with Solemn High Mass, the Reverend Edward Tuohy, C.P., Celebrant; Reverend Basil Malone, Deacon; Reverend Hugh Barr, Subdeacon; Brother Michael, C.F.X., Master of Ceremonies. The novices rendered a Mass composed for the occasion by Brother Cuthbert of the

English Province, a one-time pupil of Brother Alexius. Present were two clerical friends of Brother Alexius, the Reverend Fathers Vander Bogard and O'Connell from Somerville, New Jersey. The celebration, otherwise, was strictly of a community nature.

From 1895, Brother Alexius continued, with his usual vigor, to make foundations, visiting those already existing, and above all, keeping alive the spirit of religion in the communities. To the end of his long career, he showed no signs of failing either mentally or physically. But the time had come when he was to suffer the penalty that more often than not comes to men of large hearts, that of having confidence betrayed. "*Et tu Brute,*" said Cæsar, ceasing resistance as he saw the son of his heart amongst the conspirators. One greater than Cæsar looked sadly into the traitorous eyes of Judas. The trustful man must expect the pain that comes of trust misplaced. Brother Alexius reposed the utmost confidence in the men he appointed to the office of Superior. He was most cautious and wise in his appointments. Rarely did he take a man from office unless the man pleaded to be removed. The last year of his life, for the first time in his twenty-five years as Provincial, his confidence was betrayed in the departure, the notorious defection, of two of his trusted, though long-tried, men in office. This disheartened him. Feeling he had lost his grip on affairs, he wrote to the Superior General and tendered his resignation. He suggested that a younger man be placed at the helm, and that he be permitted to return to Belgium to die. Thank God! it was not to be! The Province he had founded and guided was to claim him to the last. He died Provincial. True, faith tells us it matters not where the body lies; still it is with a feeling of gratitude to God that those who knew the man can point to a little mound in Bonnie Brae, Baltimore, and say to Brothers of another generation, bidding them pass it on to future gen-

erations: "There lies Brother Alexius, our first Provincial in America, a man of broad vision, and a loving heart."

On his seventy-sixth birthday, February 20, 1900, Brother Alexius sat at dinner with the Brothers for the last time. The next morning he was stricken in chapel, and was assisted to his room. That night he had fever, and breathed with difficulty. The doctor was called. He gave him something to relieve him, and he slept well. The next morning the doctor called again. The fever was all but gone. His pulse was strong, and the doctor expressed hopes for a quick recovery. On the twenty-fourth Brother Alexius rose, dressed, but did not leave his room. He received visitors from the household, was cheerful and talkative. He described his symptoms, was fully alert to current topics, and all were cheered with the knowledge that he was himself once more. That morning at eleven o'clock, Brother Ambrose, Master of Novices, paid him a visit. Brother Ambrose noted that his head was inclined to one side and that his flesh was cold. Later Brother Alexius went to bed; lost consciousness, and died shortly after noon. The death certificate gave the cause as pneumonia, but he surely died of a broken heart. It was a heart that loved, and in loving, trusted. The wantonness of man played upon its strings until they snapped for God to heal.

Saturday was the day he died. The funeral was held on Tuesday to permit the various Superiors to assemble to pay their last respects to their leader. Brother Joseph, who had charge of the funeral arrangements, would permit no public funeral or eulogy. Neither would he allow other than the plainest of wooden coffins, such as the very poor have. Solemn Mass of Requiem was held in the Novitiate Chapel, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, presiding. The Reverend Rector of the Passionist Monastery, Father Joseph, C.P., was the Celebrant, Fathers Florian and Gilbert, C.P., Deacon and Subdeacon. The Cardinal was attended by the

Very Reverend John Morgan, S.J., President of Loyola College, and the Reverend John Boland, Pastor of Saint Vincent's Church, Baltimore. Many of the clergy, Christian Brothers, Brothers of Mary, Sisters of Charity, were present, and with the sorrowing Brothers followed the remains to the grave where they await the resurrection morn. His beautiful selfless spirit, we feel, still guides and directs the American Province of the Xaverian Brothers, for which he labored to the end, and loves beyond.

CHAPTER XII

BROTHER PAUL

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.
BISHOP SPALDING

AMERICA owes much to Europe. Resources we have, developed and undeveloped. Though we have long outgrown swaddling clothes, are well able to manage our own affairs and to help the world at the same time, still the fact remains that the intellectual impetus, the birth of all development in the natural order, is due to the influx in times gone by of European culture to our shores. In stating this, we are not ignoring our own enterprising men of genius, past and present, but are merely citing the necessary foundation. Our debt to European institutions must necessarily be, when we contemplate in imagination the tractless wastes that once formed the camping grounds of savages, and see now the indirect result of the intrepidity of our forefathers. But Europe owes its intellectual feats to the Catholic Church. The "Dark Ages," so-called to hide posterity's debt to the Church, were in reality ages of light, hidden light, it is true, nevertheless, light. How account for the hidden treasures of the lore of the ancients, the Bible included, having been saved from the ravages of war during those ages when all that was worth while was sacrificed to the warlike passions of men? That institution of the Middle Ages known as the "right of sanctuary" answers the question. Monasteries, abodes of peace, were immune from

confiscation during war. While slaughter of human kind was the avocation of Europe's men, the monks transcribed the ancient classics, preserved the works of Aristotle, copied the Bible, and studied and preserved the then known sciences. In a word, they saved all the learning the world then held. Without the labor of these monks, under the patronage of the Church so much maligned and misunderstood, all knowledge would have been lost. If by any chance, for God is wonderful, some of it might have been regained, this world would have been set back centuries in its career of scientific development.

From the day when Catholic Columbus set his foot on American shores to the present, the Catholic Church has done more for America than any other agency, or all other outside agencies combined, Pilgrim Fathers included. "As westward, the course of empire takes its sway," missionaries tamed the savages, and paved the way for the whites.

Another predominating factor that helped more than is realized to develop our country is immigration, beginning in the forties and increasing in the seventies. Irish and German were forced to leave their native lands to escape persecution, Catholic persecution, and to seek a refuge at the none too friendly American shore. By common labor, they did much to upbuild America. More, far more, did they for the country by the infusion and transmission of virile blood, blood from noble, simple, upright, God-loving people. With them and from them the country received real men in time of peace, and ardent defenders of the flag in time of war—service flags attest to this fact.

A nation is as its people, and character is the determining force. Of what use are wealth and prosperity without men? Rome had wealth, Greece had culture but not men. The nation to stand must build itself on education. Education is but right character evolved, and character is trained will. Who will deny, then, the work of the Catholic Church in

this country as a builder, an upholder of the nation, as he views her work in education, real education, the education of the heart with the mind?

From Europe came the subject of this sketch with whom you have already been made acquainted, Brother Paul, the great, the good, the wise, the gentle. He came here in the hope of doing a little good. His "little" has grown and, please God, will grow until the end of time. Brother Paul was born on April 25, 1819, in Gemert, North Brabant, Holland, and known to the world as Martin Van Gerwen. Beyond that, we know nothing. He was very quiet by nature, and never spoke of himself or of his early days. It is only as Brother Paul that the early members of his Brotherhood in this country knew him, and without a discordant voice, the opinion of time is:

> No one knew him but to love him;
> None named him but to praise.

At the age of twenty-five, Martin Van Gerwen met Brother Ignatius, the first disciple of the Founder, as Brother Ignatius was wending his way through Holland in quest of suitable subjects for the then hardly formed Congregation. A veritable gift of God, Martin Van Gerwen proved to the infant Congregation. Casting his lot with Theodore Ryken May 15, 1844, he was invested in the Holy Habit on October 21, 1845, emitting temporary vows, October 22, 1846, sealing the compact for life, October 3, 1847. After profession, the Founder sent him to the normal school at St. Trond, Belgium, where he distinguished himself in virtue as well as knowledge. After finishing the course, he returned to the mother house, and his soul was well tried for the future mission Providence had in store for him, by submitting patiently, heroically, to the privations incident to a Congregation whose only asset was poverty.

BROTHER PAUL, PIONEER SUPERIOR

As noted in Chapter II, the all absorbing talk at recreations was the coming American Mission. It seems then, as now, "slates,"[1] unofficial slates, were made and—broken. Brother Paul was "slated" to lead the mission band. When the time came that "slate" had a foundation in truth and Brother Paul, though but eight years professed, was selected by the Founder as the Superior of the American Mission. With his early struggles, subsequent failure, owing to the small salary agreed upon, his return at the voice of obedience, and meeting with pronounced success, we are acquainted. This sketch will deal with the man.

Brother Paul was quiet by nature, but from his quietude came his strength of soul. The Omnipotent God created the universe by a simple thought resolving itself into words: "Let there be light." The most stupendous miracles of our Blessed Lord were wrought in one word, "Arise!" and the dead lived. Cannons boom; thousands are slaughtered; homes are wrecked; want stalks where prosperity once reigned; nations are unmade; but how pitifully weak are men's achievements, or despoliation of achievements, beside the works of quiet men who labor unheralded, unshouted, unnoted by the "maddening crowd"! Who can measure the untold greater good in the souls of others accomplished by such unassuming men as Brother Paul? The Church of God of all ages teems with them and eternity alone will reveal the glory of the hidden saints, who, like the great Saint Joseph, toiled alone, apart, for God.

Out of Brother Paul's strength came his courage. Did he not quail as he was sent a second time to confront the difficulties he had laid aside two years previously? Ask if he was not human? Here is where men of God are differentiated from the common lot. They are not less hu-

[1] "The slate" is the term, jokingly used by the Brothers to designate the official bulletin of assignments issued by the Provincial each year on August 15.

man than their fellow men; but by a Divine alchemy, the baser elements in man's make-up, are changed until the Divine predominate. With the human supernaturalized, mortal man dares and does for God with a power not his own, and yet his own, by reason of a coöperative will. Thus, Brother Paul, animated by courage, came with faith, saw with hope, and conquered by love.

Gentle, kind, timid to the point of seeming passivity, Brother Paul seemed ill-fitted to accomplish the work expected of him. Others saw him clearer than he saw himself, and never did he disappoint the hopes placed in him. Time proved the wisdom of the Founder's selection, and Archbishop Spalding sanctioned it by asking that he be appointed to establish St. Mary's Industrial School. Brother Vincent knew him, and retained him in Europe to keep the Manchester School upon its feet. When, in the German trouble of Louisville, it was necessary to pour oil on troubled waters, Brother Paul was the one man to do it, and he came from Europe for that purpose. Brother Paul, least fitted by nature, was called to do great things. He did nothing startling, nothing that brought to him the limelight of publicity; he left no written word by which he might be remembered; yet in the light of all that has happened since his passing, one cannot help but be impressed with a feeling of reverence for his memory and say: "He was a providential man."

The worth of Brother Paul was recognized by all who knew him, and by none, apart from his immediate associates, more than by the Bishop and clergy of the Diocese of Louisville. The precarious state of the Congregation at Bruges in the early days was no secret to the priests of the Diocese of Louisville. They feared that the failure of the Brugean mother house would cause the disbanding of the Brothers in Louisville. Actuated by no other motive than

good, priests time and again approached Brother Paul, urged him to break off from Bruges, and to start an independent Congregation whose seat would be in America. Loretto and Nazareth were pointed out to him as successful ventures of American Sisterhoods founded in America. The Vicar General, Father Bouchet, went so far as to induce Brother Paul to go with him to Nazareth that he might see for himself. Plans were laid before him, and St. Mary's College at Lebanon, Kentucky, was offered to him as a mother house and novitiate. Had Brother Paul been in the least ambitious or self-seeking, had he been other than a man of God, he would have succumbed to this alluring temptation, not bad in itself, considering the condition of affairs abroad, and the all but certain prospect of disbandment. No; he was loyal to his Mother, the Congregation. He was seeking her interest, not his own glory. He might have been known to posterity as the founder of an American Congregation, called possibly by a different name, "Brothers of St. Paul," for instance. To-day he has an even more glorious title: "Savior of the Congregation." It was his efforts, his savings, the Brothers' privations, cheerfully undergone because of love for him, that enabled Brother Vincent to wipe out in six years the debt threatening the existence of the mother house.

The religious is seen in Brother Paul, when, without a murmur, he acquiesced in obedience and remained in Europe, leaving his beloved America, the fairly-grown child of his trials and privations. Six years he remained in England, just time enough to see his work on a firm footing. He may well have looked contentedly upon it and thought of settling himself down to comparative ease in directing an already well-equipped school. But no; overnight came the call from Belgium to proceed at once to America. This time, he had to face a difficulty worse than foundation days

ever presented, that of establishing peace within the fold. He arrived too late, as was seen, to stem entirely the tide of evil. The unfortunates had gone too far to recede; but he accomplished his mission. What seemed an inevitable wreck was staved off by the mere presence of this kindly man, who at once established courage in the faint-hearted, confidence in the distressed, and strength in all.

As a community man, he excelled. He loved community life and was always present for the various exercises; the first to report and the last to leave. As a Superior, he claimed no exemption for self, and ruled by gentleness. He loved to see the Brothers happy; and contrived means to make them so, such as promising a treat and extra recreation when a certain number of students should be enrolled. The Brothers relate how some would coax boys to bring their little brothers to school just for a day to make the required number. If Brother Paul ever became aware of this, no difference would have been made, and he would be the first to enjoy the hoax at his expense.

We may well ponder as we look back and see what he accomplished. Brother Paul, divinely appointed for a great work, was not, however, an apostle sent forth to evangelize. He had not the glamour about him attending the cry: "Go forth, teach all nations"; he had no feeling of exultation that comes to one when, amidst an admiring, if saddened, crowd, a farewell in the name of the Church is given; he had no thrill of doing anything spectacularly heroic to spur him on; he had naught to cheer him that was human; but supernatural obedience he did have, and it is written "the obedient man shall speak of victories."

To have his greatness revealed, he had to die. During the winter of 1885, he complained of a pain in his arm, the doctor pronounced it neuralgia. It was the first time that he was known to have any ailment. Some days the pain

would be acute; other days he would be free from it altogether. In June of that year, it went to the heart. The doctor pronounced the case critical. From then on, he was never left alone, Brothers Stephen and Lawrence alternating in attendance upon him. On a Wednesday, June 25, he felt well enough to sign the diplomas, and also sat at lunch with the Brothers. On Thursday and Friday of the same week he walked about his room, and hopes were entertained for his recovery. Saturday night, Brother Lawrence was with him, and at eleven o'clock the pain became so acute that he notified the doctor across the street. The doctor prescribed for him, and this relieved the patient to such an extent that at two o'clock he thoughtfully made Brother Lawrence lie down. At three o'clock the pain returned in all its intensity. Brother Lawrence was roused, went across the street for the doctor, and was not gone more than three minutes. When he returned, Brother Paul was seated at his desk, his head was bent, and his beautiful soul had gone home.

Alumni and friends came in great numbers to pay their respects to the dead. The funeral took place on the thirtieth. Over three hundred boys, representatives of the Institute and the schools, preceded the cortège to the Cathedral where Solemn Mass was celebrated by the Reverend Lawrence Bax, Fathers Brandt and Whelan acting as Deacon and Subdeacon. A fitting eulogy was preached by the Vicar General, Monsignor Bouchet. The boys were afterwards conveyed in buses to the cemetery where services at the grave were conducted by the devoted friend, Father Bax, who spoke words of comfort to the sorrowing Brothers, and exhorted the boys to be true to the life teachings of good Brother Paul.

Brother Paul measured up to Bishop Hedley's ideal of a teacher:

> A teacher of young boys must not only be a good man, but a man trained in goodness. He should be a man who is not only desirous of leading his pupils to God, as far as lies in his way, but one who has had some sort of a "novitiate," is more or less matured in self-restraint, in patience, and in humility . . . thoroughly conscious of the respect which is due to innocence, and of the peculiar heniousness of scandal to little ones . . . If the teacher is worldly, or if he is only callow in Christian philosophy and ignorant in spiritual discipline, mischief will make its appearance even in a lesson of Virgil, and moral harm will be done even in the rarefied atmosphere of mathematics.

Thus, Brother Paul was an ideal teacher because he was an ideal man. His actual teaching career was not long. Once the Brothers were established, the labors of the class were his only in the directing force, yet in reality he taught until the day of his death, and he teaches still. Real teaching does not lie in the actual imparting of facts. We may yet live to see the day, if it be not here already, when knowledge, not education, however, will be imparted over the air. The student complacently sitting at home in his study may absorb through the ear, but real education is absorbing through the eye. Books impart knowledge, men teach. Students learn from both; but education, true education, comes from a living man. The real teacher is alive in the true sense, alive with the life that comes from God. His is a life of righteousness, and he teaches by living aright. Brother Paul taught all his life. Boys felt his power directly and indirectly. Their teachers taught well because he taught them how to teach by teaching them how to live, and education is life or nothing.

To this day, the older alumni of St. Xavier's refer to Brother Paul as "good Brother Paul" or "that grand old

man, Brother Paul" They speak of him to their children's children, and thus he still teaches. The large classes of St. Xavier's to-day may be traced to Brother Paul's undying influence, and the great saint of Carmel, "Little Flower," though the first to express it, is not the only one of God's servants spending "heaven on earth doing good."

CHAPTER XIII

BROTHER HUBERT

Rest not till the golden portal
Thou has reached—there enter in—
And what thou hast procured as mortal,
These, immortal life shall win.
SCHILLER'S MEDITATION, *The Pilgrim*

BROTHER Hubert came to America with the second band of pioneer Xaverians in 1860. There were eight in the band. Only four of the eight remained faithful. The others, save one, left the community at the time of the upheaval in 1872.

Brother Hubert was born in Essen, Rhenish Prussia, on August 17, 1827. Of his early life we know a little more than that of the other pioneers, as his nephew, Mr. Frank Boehmer, lived in Baltimore, and became acquainted, through Brother Hubert, with many of the Brothers. The family was in comfortable circumstances. The father owned and operated a reputable business in Germany, but one that is illegal now, in America—a brewery. The mother was a very devout woman. Sacred prints and holy images adorned the home. Regular morning and night prayers formed the rule of the house. Grace before and after meals was said with all the regularity of the conventual life. The family consisted of three boys: the oldest was Brother Hubert; Henry, the next, became a Jesuit in Germany, but was driven thence by the laws of the *Kulturkampf* in 1872, and came to America where he labored as a renowned missionary until his death; Frank entered the matrimonial

BROTHER HUBERT, PIONEER

state, and his son, mentioned above, eventually made his home in America.

The vocations of the children were marked in early life. Henry used to play at being a priest at the altar; while Hubert (which was his baptismal name) was fond of conducting make-believe school with the children of the neighborhood as pupils. Their early days were days of piety, for their parents, God-fearing people, brought them every Saturday to a shrine dedicated to Our Mother of Sorrows, a little distance from their home. There, Mass was celebrated, at which Hubert served from the time he was old enough to assist until he grew beyond the age of attending, not that age prevented attendance, but the time came when his avocation did not permit his carrying out in full the pious exercise of earlier days. His education was not neglected, and the best of the times and the place was his. Passing through the elementary school with distinction, and then attending what is known as the "Real School," established in his native city, he received a solid foundation for his future work. The sports of the day were not like ours. The militaristic spirit of Germany was developed in the young by means of toy cannon, soldiers, and the like. Older boys turned to shooting galleries, singing societies, and clubs, and the famous Turner Society was the resultant.

At the required age, Hubert Boehmer served his time in army with no detriment to his faith or morals. His early training in the path of rectitude strengthened a sturdy character and saved him from the pitfall that comes to many. After his term, he was honorably discharged. Taking up once more the thread of life in the bosom of his family, he mixed largely in the social life of the city and was very fond of dancing. One evening, after a ball, he dropped into one of the adjoining rooms of the club, picked up a paper from the table, and casually glanced over its contents. One little article in particular struck his eye.

He read it; tossed the paper back; and went home to bed, but not to sleep. The article in question was a short account of the recently founded Xaverian Brotherhood. A call was issued to young men of missionary enterprise to enlist their services in the cause. Hubert Boehmer could not rid himself of the impression the reading had caused, and sleep was banished for that night. The poet Schiller always had an attraction for him, *The Pilgrim* particularly. Try as he would to banish the thought that night, the lines kept running in his mind.

Childish hopes and youthful pleasure,
Freely I renounced them all;
Went in quest of nobler treasure,
Trusting to a higher call.

For me a voice had spoken,
And a spirit seemed to say;
Wander forth, the path is broken;
Yonder, westward, lies the way.

For Hubert Boehmer, to think was to act. Next morning he announced to the astounded family that he intended to break all worldly ties and join a teaching Brotherhood in Bruges, Belgium. They were astounded, as they had received no intimation of his plans. How could they, since he himself had not known the day before? Far from placing any obstacle in his way, his parents gladly consented. They were sensible people, and knew that soon the time would come, he was then twenty-three, when he would break away from the family circle. In giving him to God, they realized that they would not be losing him in as real a sense as if he founded a home of his own next door to theirs. Filled with such noble sentiments, they gave him their blessing, and he departed for Bruges, arriving there on October 17, 1850.

As might be expected his natural tendency to abruptness

followed him to religion. Saint Francis de Sales is credited with having said that he would be satisfied to reach perfection two minutes before he died. Though the religious state is a state of perfection, one is not perfect as he enters. To acquire perfection is the object of entering, and attaining the object is really the work of a lifetime. From a comparison of dates, one would glean that the Founder must have doubted the advisability of retaining the impetuous young man, who must have chafed under the restraint of those days. Investitures, then, generally occurred shortly after entrance, especially in the case of one possessing education. Hubert Boehmer was not invested for four months, receiving the Habit on February 2, 1851. His period of noviceship was lengthened over seven years, the profession occurring September 8, 1858.

One incident, in the early religious life of Brother Hubert, confirms the opinion that his hasty temper stood in the way. On hearing it, we marvel that the Founder, who was quick to send away one he thought unsuitable or untractable, did not summarily dismiss him. It happened that Brother Hubert was carrying some dishes on a tray; the tray tilted; all fell off, except one. Angry at the dire misfortune, with force, he threw that one down to join the others. At the time of his accusation at table of having broken dishes, he was questioned minutely; on disclosing his own part in the affair, he received a severe reprimand. He was made to understand that the reprimand was not given for the dishes he broke accidentally, but for the one that he broke purposely. We may be sure that this was but one isolated case of his temper, as nature is more easily deformed than reformed. Sterling qualities he possessed, and these must have made an appeal to the Founder. Even this impetuosity appealed, for he had to be impetuous to accomplish anything—the full-blooded, spirited horse, alone, is out on the track. Brother Hubert just had to be

Brother Hubert in order to do the work of Brother Hubert. If God puts up with man, why should not man put up with man?

We little dream of the conflict fought in each human soul,
And earth known naught of the heroes upon God's honor roll.

The fact that he formed one of the band of pioneers in 1860, gives evidence that Brother Hubert had been trying and was worthy of the trust. In midsummer of that year, when the new schools were opened in America, he was assigned to Saint Boniface. In 1864 he became the head-teacher of the school, and remained there until his change to Baltimore in 1869. Nowadays, the teacher requires, or rather is required to have, many tools at his command in the matter of equipment. Efficiency is rated more on buildings and paraphernalia than on mental and moral endowments. Holding to the old-fashioned principle that the teacher makes the class, and regarding education in its true light to be but the evolution of character built on the truths of religion, who shall say that the present teacher excels the teacher of past days when the schools had naught to recommend them but the men and women at the desk? Does the present outdo the past in the real function of education? Hardly! But with the present super-advantages, united with the age-old principles of right conduct, what good should not be effected? Not better—what better than the Sermon on the Mount, the only equipment of the past? —but it would be a shame, indeed if the past were to excel.

Brother Hubert, and his co-laborers, had no equipment, so-called. They had souls, and they put their souls in the work. Brother Hubert, impetuous Brother Hubert, was the soul of enthusiasm. No pupil could fail to be impressed with his zeal. Before school, he was in the classroom, writing exercises on the board—remember, books (equipment) were scarce in those days. Inkwells were replenished be-

fore school, and everything was in readiness to begin. "He greeted his pupils for the day with a smile," states the chronicler. We are inclined to think—since this is stated—that smiles were rare from teachers in those days, especially with the old-time European methods of Spartan-like training in vogue. Brother Hubert was a happy exception. This exception drew to him the hearts of his pupils, and no Brother of the earlier days exceeded him in the developing of vocations.

Brother Isidore relates that he was a pupil of Brother Hubert at Saint Boniface. On first seeing the man, he felt a lump rise in his throat, because he saw at once the man of his dreams. When a child in Germany, Brother Isidore received a picture as a testimonial that he belonged to the Propagation of the Faith. In the picture were Sisters of Charity, who, with a black-robed priest, were rescuing babes from wild animals. The future Brother Isidore then determined to be a missionary. How to go about it, he did not know until he met Brother Hubert, who was, to his childish mind, the identical man of the picture. This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between the Brothers Hubert and Isidore, the latter following his ideal and adopting the black robe. If Brother Hubert had done no more in his life than to give Brother Isidore to the Community, that, in itself, would have been sufficient for posterity to give him the tribute of grateful recognition.

Brother Hubert's zeal was part of himself. The zeal he even brought to bed. There he continued the work of the day. One night, it is related, his talking prevented others from sleeping. One confrère got up, and sprinkled water in his face, hoping to arouse him, so the others could get to sleep. To throw light on the incident, let it be repeated that in those days, classes were resumed in midsummer. Frequently, on warm days, recitations were held in the school yard. Brother Hubert, on feeling the water,

merely said: "Come on inside, boys, it's raining," and the teaching went on.

For nine years, Brother Hubert remained at Saint Boniface, conducting classes and sodalities, equipping libraries, and training servers. No school in Louisville surpassed, if any equalled, that of Saint Boniface. In 1869, he attended the First General Chapter at Bruges. At its close, he was assigned to Baltimore as Superintendent of Saint Mary's Industrial School in place of Brother Paul.

Successful as a teacher and a director, Brother Hubert did not succeed at St. Mary's. The peculiar difficulties there, as noted in the chapter on St. Mary's, were sufficient to daunt the most undaunted. His mettle, however, was shown during the typhus epidemic, when he knew neither sleep nor rest for days. Likewise, we have followed him in his dealings with the board. These two factors, either of which was sufficient to undermine him, dampened his courage, and in this state of mind he weakened in his vocation. Possibly, he felt that he did not receive sufficient backing from his Superior who removed him at the height of the trouble with the board and placed Brother Alexius in charge. At best, or worst, perhaps, the times were unsettled. The Congregation was not on a firm footing in America, and defections were rife. Bruges was the mother house. America was not a Province, and appeals to Bruges were not only slow in being heard, but unsatisfactory, as letters tell but half, and can easily be misconstrued on both sides. At all events, Brother Hubert was German, and being impetuous, he was intensely German. Though he was not in Louisville at the time of the trouble brewing over the Franco-Prussian War, still its echoes reached him. Louisville was the only place he could go after being removed from Saint Mary's, and he did not consider it the place for a man of his disposition, and it was not at the time. In this state of mind, he determined to cast his lot with the embryonic,

but futile, Franciscan Teaching Brotherhood, and joined them in Cincinnati. He was out of the Community only a few months. The loyal Brother Stephen hearing of his defection, went to Cincinnati to reclaim him. Brother Hubert was too honest not to see that he was wrong, and he returned with Brother Stephen. That gentle apostle of charity, Brother Paul, received him with open arms. Few of the Community then knew that Brother Hubert had gone. On seeing him, most thought that he was merely transferred from Baltimore. All rejoiced to have him in their midst, and none was happier than he to be back in the home of his heart.

Brother Hubert was then forty-five. The trial seemed to have dampened him considerably. He was not less zealous for the good of the cause, but his old-time spirit, noticeable in community where he had ever been the joy and the life at recreation, was no more. Asthma, too, was incipient, and this might account in a great measure for the lack of his one-time buoyant spirits. In the class, however, he remained the same indefatigable worker, and for eight years continued to teach at Eighth Street with the zeal and success that characterized his earlier efforts.

In 1880, the disease had gone through his system to such an extent that he could no longer remain a full day in class, so he was removed to Baltimore and placed in charge of Saint James' Home. There, his kindly disposition made him a father to the homeless boys, and he kept before him his twofold duty of looking out for their spiritual and temporal welfare. At night, he imparted religious instruction and taught other branches. During the day, he sought employment for the unemployed of the household. For six years, he kept up this good work until the asthma made such inroads that he was forced to give up all responsibility. As he begged for some employment, he was sent to Saint Patrick's, Baltimore, where he labeled and repaired library

books, substituted in case of sickness, or assisted younger Brothers to acquire the art of teaching in which he excelled. In less than a year, however, he fell a victim to his trouble, and on January 24, 1887, God called him where tempests are unknown.

CHAPTER XIV

GOD'S OWN ALWAYS OF THE FIRST PROVINCIALATE

> Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth; where the rust, and moth consume, and where thieves break in and steal. But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.
>
> MATT. 7:19-20.

To write anything more than the ordinary obituary notice of the early Brothers of the Province is not possible. No record of any Brother is ever kept except the place and date of birth, dates of entrance, clothing, profession, and demise. The good Brothers on the Honor Roll come under the heading of certain graves marked in the neatly kept soldier plots of Belgium where the name is unknown: "Known to God."

The first death recorded after the formation of the American Province is that of Brother Linus (John Leonard) who died at Saint Mary's Industrial School, November 19, 1881, at the age of thirty-seven, having spent fifteen years in religion. Brother Linus was born in County Monaghan, Ireland, June 24, 1844. He entered the Community in England, and came to America in 1872. His life in America was spent at Saint Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore.

Brother Celestine (Robert Gates) died December 6, 1883, at the age of twenty-one, after three years in religion. Brother Celestine was born at Samuels, Nelson County, Kentucky. He was one of the students that came under the influence of Father McGrane of Gethsemani, of whom

mention will be found in the chapter dealing with the novitiate. It will be noted that not a few of these brave young souls died of consumption. The cause may be traceable to the fact that the life proved too confining to those who entered from the heart of Kentucky where they had been accustomed to life in the open, or it may be due to the fact that modern science had not yet taught them how to live. Though their years were few, in the designs of God, they attained life's fullness, and received the blessed crown of perseverance.

Brother Sylvester (John Price) departed this life on March 23, 1884. He was then twenty-two years of age, and had spent three years in religion. Brother Sylvester was born in New Haven, Kentucky, October 15, 1861. He, also, fell a victim to the dread disease. In the Mind of God, it served to give to his young life the reward of early virtue and a place among the white-robed army of virgins.

Brother Daniel (Thomas O'Connor) died November 19, 1884, at the tender age of seventeen. He was in religion only twenty-one months. Born in the City of Cork, Ireland, he came to this country and followed the steps of his brother, good, old Brother Leonard, who is known to many of the present generation. Brother Daniel died a novice, but we may be sure his espousal took place at Judgment.

Brother Ignatius (William Gates) was born in Samuels, Nelson County, Kentucky, October 17, 1859. He entered religion at the age of twenty-one; died at the age of twenty-five, January 3, 1885, in his fourth year in religion. He was one of the disciples of Father McGrane, and attained the growth of years in a short time.

The death of Pioneer Brother Paul, June 28, 1885, has been duly noted in the short sketch of his valued life.

The tragic death of Brother Bonaventure was noted in the history of the Lowell Mission. William Guthrie, his

civilian name, though born in Holly Springs, Mississippi, entered the Community from New Haven, Kentucky. He was then eighteen years of age. With six years of religious life to his eternal credit, according to man's reckoning, he suddenly went to meet his Maker. The following accounts from the Lowell papers have been preserved:

From a Lowell Daily Editorial

The sad accident at Nabnasset Pond, which resulted in the drowning of Brother Bonaventure, of Saint Patrick's Parochial School, adds another gloomy chapter to the story of summer casualties. But it carries with it a striking lesson of noble self-sacrifice. That a young man, just entering on a life of usefulness, abandoning the world with all its alluring temptations, and consecrating his talents to the noble cause of Christianity, should be so deprived of life, is sad enough. But when it is considered that the faithful Brother, true to his Master's teachings, sacrificed himself in his efforts to save his weaker companions, the sorrow at his loss becomes more profound, and admiration for such heroic qualities will be felt by all.

From the Lowell Weekly Sun

About five o'clock last Monday afternoon the sad news was carried to St. Patrick's Parochial School that one of the Brothers was drowned by the capsizing of a boat on Nabnasset Pond, about half a mile from the village of West Chelmsford.

Brother Dominic, superior of the Xaverian Brothers in Lowell, being solicitous about the welfare of the members under his charge, conceived the idea of giving them a few weeks' recreation in some healthy locality outside the city, and accordingly arrangements were made with James McGlinchey, a thrifty farmer of Westford, for suitable apartments for the Brothers during their stay in the country.

The Brothers took every advantage that this opportunity afforded for the recuperation of their shattered health and heartily enjoyed themselves. On Monday morning last the Brothers who had been staying there were agreeably surprised upon the arrival of two of their companions from the city, Brothers Amandus and Bonaventure, the latter the victim of the drowning accident. They enjoyed themselves in various ways during the morning and after dinner it was arranged to take a boat ride on the pond. The happy party at once set out, accompanied by the two sons of Mr. McGlinchey, John and Michael, the former a young man and the latter a boy of eighteen years, and John H. O'Connor, a graduate of Saint Patrick's School. Arrived at the pond they at once engaged a boat, all the Brothers entering with the exception of Brother Amandus who remained on shore. Although a few dark spots on the sky betokened a storm, yet the placid waters of the lake assured the occupants of the boat that there was no immediate danger. Everything went well for a time, but the sad moment soon arrived when the shouts of mirth were changed into sorrowful wailing.

The rowers of the boat having become weary, two others stood up to take their places; in doing so some of the party shifted their seats and unconsciously all moved toward one side of the boat. Before they could recover the boat capsized, and all the occupants were thrown over into the water, which at that place was between thirty and forty feet deep. Four of the party could swim; Brother Bonaventure, O'Connor and the two McGlinchey boys, and all but Brother Bonaventure struck out for shore. He swam around, assisting the Brothers who could not swim to obtain a firm grip on the bottom of the boat, and after satisfying himself that they were all right he started for the shore.

John McGlinchey, one of the sons, had started to swim

for the land early in the accident, but hearing calls from the boat he turned back to help Brother Bonaventure settle the Brothers who could not swim, until help could arrive from the shore. Brother Mark was under the upturned boat and in attempting to get him out McGlinchey shook Brothers Eugene and Clement from their positions on the boat. Brother Mark was lifted to a position outside and then McGlinchey turned just in time to seize Brother Eugene who was about to sink for the third time. This Brother, who was nearly overcome and half unconscious, grasped McGlinchey around the neck. A brief struggle followed and the Brother was made to understand what he was doing, and released his hold on his rescuer and held on to the boat.

All this had occupied but a brief space of time. Brother Bonaventure had been assisting the Brothers to secure good positions at the sides of the boat and then he and McGlinchey started to swim to the land which was about one hundred yards off. Brother Bonaventure was a faster swimmer than McGlinchey and was in a short time about fifteen or twenty feet ahead when the fatal result of the accident occurred. McGlinchey heard an agonized cry from the doomed Brother and as he looked in his direction he saw the pale face of Brother Bonaventure turn heavenward for a moment and then disappear below the surface of the water, a gurgling cry being all the sound he made, and he never rose again in life. The accident was noticed from the shore by Brother Amandus who had heard the outcry made by the party when the boat was capsized. He at once procured a boat and with the assistance of John Taylor, the caretaker of the grove, he started to the rescue. Seeing that no aid could be given to Brother Bonaventure they made for the upturned boat and after hard work succeeded in getting the three Brothers who were clinging to it into their boat and at once made for the land. The Brothers were nearly exhausted and had the relief been a few minutes later

they would have been obliged to release their hold on the boat. The suffering Brothers were removed to a farmhouse and all that could be, was done to make them comfortable. O'Connor and the two McGlinchey boys reached the shore after a hard swim. The search was at once commenced for the body of the drowned Brother Bonaventure.

Brother Dominic the superior of the Order in Lowell and the Reverend Wm. M. O'Brien and the Reverend John J. Shaw of St. Patrick's Church at once drove to the scene in the teeth of a hard rain storm. The people of the place, Catholic and Protestant alike, lingered about and did all the service they could in assisting in the search or in making the rescued ones comfortable. The following gentlemen went from Lowell to assist: Patrick Keyes, Sr., Martin J. Courtney and Edward McGuire. Undertaker O'Donnell also went to care for the body. The rain fell remorselessly on the searchers and the watchers during the whole of the night, and though cold and drenched, they did not give up. At six o'clock in the morning their patient search was ended by the body being found where the unfortunate Brother had sunk the evening before. The body was found by John McGlinchey, Thomas Carroll and Brother Bernard.

The body was conveyed to Lowell by Undertaker O'Donnell about nine o'clock and it lay in state all day in the school building. Between twelve and fifteen thousand persons visited the remains and many left the place with wet eyes. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning from Saint Patrick's Church and was attended by many thousand people. The bearers were Brothers Clement, Angelus, Amandus, Bernard, James J. Welch and John J. Johnson. Numerous floral offerings were sent to the school by the scholars and friends. A choir composed of the former pupils of the dead Brother sang the *De Profundis* as the body was borne from the school to the hearse. The body was then taken to the church, a large procession following.

As the body was taken into the church from the hearse the choir of boys chanted the *Miserere*. Solemn High Mass was held, the celebrant being Reverend Wm. O'Brien of St. Patrick's Church, assisted by Father Shaw as Deacon and Father Gleason of Newton as Subdeacon. Father James W. Hickey was master of ceremonies. Other priests present were Fathers Lavoie, Gigault, Ronan, Fitzpatrick and Gilday. The choir sang the plain Gregorian Mass and at the offertory Miss J. J. Finn sang the *Pie Jesu* with touching effect. At the close of the Mass, Reverend Father McDonnell, of Iona, Wisconsin, spoke a few words of eulogy of the Brother. The order of the procession to the grave in the Catholic cemetery was as follows: Priests, the St. Xavier Lyceum, bearers, hearse, Holy Name Sodality, Brothers of the Order, carriages with Sisters of Charity and Notre Dame, Sacred Heart Sodality. The boys chanted the *Benedictus* and services were performed at the grave. The funeral procession was very long and some of the people were forced to remain quite a distance from the grave during the burial services, so great was the crowd.

The funeral services were conducted by Reverend William O'Brien and during the lowering of the body into the grave sobs of heartfelt sorrow issued from the gathering. The singing at the grave and while the body was being carried in and out of the church was under the direction of Brother Majella.

Brother Bonaventure, whose name in the world was William Guthrie, was born in Kentucky in 1860. He was the descendant of an old Virginian family that emigrated to Nelson County, Kentucky, in company with a number of persons from Maryland many years ago. In his youth he was docile and obedient and ever ready to help his companions in any of their troubles. After graduating from college, he entered the novitiate of the Xaverian Brothers in 1879. Brother Bonaventure, after making a novitiate of

two years, during which he won the good will and esteem of all with whom he came in contact, made his profession of chastity, poverty and obedience in the year 1881, after which he taught school at St. Patrick's in Baltimore.

In 1882 when the Brothers came to Lowell to take charge of St. Patrick's School, Brother Bonaventure was among their number. His spirit of gentleness, combined with Christian zeal, endeared him to the Brothers and his pupils, many of whom might be seen with tear-stained faces after visiting his remains. His age was twenty-six years, seven of which he had faithfully spent in the instruction of the children committed to his care. Many of the people of St. Patrick's parish to whom he endeared himself by his gentleness and his solicitude for the children placed under him, will miss his kindly face and will murmur a fervent prayer for the departed soul of Brother Bonaventure.

Brother Cyril (Thomas Hogan) was born in Troy, New York, July 4, 1864. He joined the Brothers at the age of nineteen, and died October 2, 1886, after three years in religion. Brother Cyril died as the result of a cold contracted by going down in summer time into a deep well for the purpose of cleansing it. At his holy death, he greatly edified the Community assembled by pronouncing, in his unconscious moments, the formula in use for the devotional renovation of vows at the close of the annual and monthly retreats. As the Brothers are frequently exhorted to make this renovation privately each day at Holy Mass, it but proves that the good, young Brother was faithful to the exhortations, as frequent repetition is necessary to impress the words of the lengthy formula upon the mind.

Brother Hubert (Hubert Boehmer) died January 24, 1887. His death has been recorded in the chapter on his life.

Brother Gregory (John Riney) died on January 14, 1888,

being then twenty-eight, with eight years of religion as the earthly record. Brother Gregory was born at Samuels, Nelson County, Kentucky, December 10, 1860, and entered religion at the age of twenty. During his short career, he labored as a teacher in Louisville, and his remains repose in Saint Louis Cemetery next to the pioneers.

Brother Luke (Denis Callahan) was born in County Clare, Ireland, on February 4, 1863. He entered religion at the age of twenty, and after five years yielded his soul to God in Louisville, February 12, 1888.

On April 23, 1888, Brother Leo (Thomas Gallagher) died at Mount Saint Joseph's. He was then twenty-three years old and three years of his young life were given wholly to God. He was born in Allentown, Pennsylvania, on July 26, 1865.

Brother Adrian (Donald McLeod) was born in Broad Cove Pond, Cape Breton Island, in 1860. He joined the Brothers at the age of twenty, died on July 27, 1888, after eight years of faithful service.

Brother Joachim (George Greenwell) was born in New Haven, Kentucky, on October 7, 1858. Entering religion at the age of twenty-two, he died in Louisville on June 16, 1889. In the service of God nine years, Brother Joachim was an excellent teacher, a good religious as well. During the latter years of his career, he had charge of the finishing class of St. Xavier's, Louisville. In a marked degree, he succeeded in impressing his religious character on the boys finishing St. Xavier's. As most of them went from Brother Joachim directly to work, his labors in their regard were, indeed, most important. By his kindly, gentle ways, he endeared himself to the Community. His loss was deeply felt, as the Community could ill afford to lose a member of such promise. God knows best, and the real work of the Community is done from above where its saints still guide.

Brother Jerome (Terence McIver) was born in Tyrone,

Ireland, September 12, 1856. He entered the Brotherhood at the age of twenty-three; died at Mount Saint Joseph's, November 19, 1889, with ten years of service to his credit, apart from the desires that we know animate the religious heart. Brother Jerome was a powerfully built man, six feet, six inches tall. A bed had to be made to order for him, which formed a necessary part of his luggage when he was changed. In the decrees of God, there were but two changes, from the Novitiate to Saint Mary's, and from Saint Mary's back to the Mount where he died.

In July of 1890, the Community suffered a distinct loss in the death of one of its living saints, Brother Anselm. Brother Anselm was of the European stock. Though not a pioneer, he was one in theory, for he left his country for the good of souls in a foreign land. Brother Anselm was known to the world as Bernard Hagemann. He was born in Kerchellen, Germany, October 24, 1839. At the age of seventeen he entered the Community in Bruges, and came to America in 1870. He had a brother in the Community, Brother Matthias, who lived to a ripe old age and died in 1902 a member of the English Province. Brother Anselm was noted for exactitude in trifles. The lower classes were always confided to him, yet the impression he made upon his pupils remained with them through life. As grown men they remembered him as a saint, and never forgot, in particular, his manner of conducting prayers. His was a quiet, unobtrusive piety, his very presence seeming to exhale the atmosphere of God. One who lived with him for many years said that he watched him closely on purpose to see if he could detect a fault, but failed to do so. This is the testimony of the late Brother James, and those who knew Brother James, realize that he was critical and could note faults. Brother Anselm seems to have had a premonition of his death, for he asked permission in the summer of 1890 to make a private retreat at the Trappists. He was then

apparently in good health, and the permission was granted. His confessor at the retreat bade him go home and prepare for death. Shortly after his return, he fell sick, and died from an internal hemorrhage. To the Community he bequeathed the memory of thirty-four years of devoted service, and a reputation for "spreading the sweet odor of Christ."

On June 25, 1891, Brother Alexander (Hugh Anger) died at the age of thirty-one, having spent thirteen useful years in the cause. Brother Alexander was born in Putnam, Connecticut, May 27, 1860. At the age of eighteen he entered religion. Apart from his having been a faithful religious, Brother Alexander was an excellent teacher, being noted especially for his skill as a pen artist.

A young religious, eager to live and to serve, was Brother Fidelis (Denis Mahoney). Born in Lynn, Massachusetts, July 4, 1872, Brother Fidelis entered at the age of sixteen, and died July 23, 1891, after only three years for God on earth. Of a weak constitution, he fell a prey to tuberculosis. Though struggling bravely against it, hiding his suffering, and performing his duties without complaint, he was at last compelled to give up and rest. His parents on learning his condition requested that he be allowed to spend some time at home. As he was still a novice, the request was granted. While at home, God took him. Though no member of the Community was present to receive his vows, his own soul was espoused to Christ in affection since the day of his entrance, and with God, the outward form of expression is not necessary. He was interred in the habit he loved, honored, and wore unspotted to transform it into the white robe of the virgins that follow the Lamb in the courts of heaven.

Brother Amandus, one of the later arrivals from Bruges, died at Norfolk, November 16, 1891. He was not a member of the Norfolk Community, which school had been opened the previous September, but was sent to Saint Vincent Hos-

pital to be treated for cancer of the throat. Brother Amandus was born in Cluyzen near Ghent, Belgium, December 6, 1835. At the age of twenty-six, he entered the Community at Bruges, and was sent to America in 1881. After thirty years of service in the Congregation, he died.

Brother Alfred (Francis Aulbach) entered the Congregation at the age of eighteen. He was born in Fryburg, Pennsylvania, September 12, 1859, and died at the age of thirty-three, having spent fifteen years in religion. His death occurred while visiting home, July 15, 1892.

A death, keenly felt by the Community because of his worth as a religious and an educator, was that of Brother Thomas (Thomas Moran) who died June 24, 1893. Brother Thomas was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, February 8, 1863. At the age of twenty-two, he joined the Brothers and died at the age of thirty, after eight years of fruitful service. Brother Thomas was one of a trio entering at the same time, Brother Superior General Paul, and the late, lamented Brother James, being the other two. They were friends from boyhood, and as young men gave their time and services to the teaching of the Sunday School at Saint Patrick's Parish, Lowell. When the Brothers arrived, they still continued the good work under the supervision of the Brothers. In this way, they became acquainted. Acquaintance led to admiration; from admiration came a desire to follow the life in all its details. Brother Thomas had received a high school education, and was preparing for the medical profession. Success would have been his in any career, but he hearkened to the still, small voice urging him to forsake all.

He was of a very determined character. This determination showed itself at his arrival at Baltimore. Hiring a hack at the depot to take them to the Mount, he generously gave the driver much more than the stipulated fare, saying that he was through with money. Before ringing the bell at the door of the Mount, he turned to his companions, and said:

"Well, Fellows, we are here! What are you going to do? Are you going to stick?"

The date of his entrance was July 8, 1885; that of his profession July 2, 1887. After profession he was sent to Louisville to teach at the Institute. His health failing, he returned to the Mount where he labored with the labor that counted. Simply because he had fixed principles, and corresponded to the grace given to religious teachers, he was a power for good among the students, and exerted a lasting influence. Particularly, was he ardent in propagating temperance, and a Saint Matthew Society was the result of his zeal. Though young, his Superiors had great confidence in him, and for years after his death Brother Joseph would frequently refer to him. For Brother Joseph to praise any man meant merited praise indeed.

Brother Thomas was stronger in zeal than in body. Tuberculosis was the cause of his early death. A model, he was to the end. It is said that as long as he was able to be on his feet, he rose every morning at four-thirty, climbed the stairs to chapel, and paused at every step for breath. It took him the whole time of office and meditation to reach the chapel. This effort, and consequent suffering he considered naught compared with the privilege of hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion, if one of the days prescribed. (Previous to the blessed time of Pius X, the Pope of the Eucharist, Holy Communion, by Rule was restricted to four times a week for the professed, twice for novices, and once for postulants.) When at last, Brother Thomas was forced to bed, he was placed in the infirmary on the chapel floor. He knew he would never leave that room alive, but he was cheerful to the end, as the following story will show. From his bed, he could hear the singing in the chapel. The Brothers, knowing that his end was near, in spare time practiced the requiem. On their next visit to him, he would compliment them, and assure them he would be obliging and

wait until they knew it thoroughly. The end came all too soon. At the close of the school year, as the boys were going home, their devoted Brother Thomas, went home also, but to the home he had so urgently pointed out to them by word and deed as *the* home awaiting the earthly pilgrim keeping on the right road.

Less than two months after the death of Brother Thomas, the Community suffered another loss in the person of Brother Gregory (James Turner) if death can be called loss. Brother Gregory was born in Saint Raphael's, Davies County, Kentucky, August 14, 1865. At the age of twenty-two, he entered religion. He died at the age of twenty-eight with six years of earnest work as a religious to plead for him before God. He was introduced to the Brothers by his uncle, Father Turner, a Dominican, who said to the Superior: "If he does not show the makings of a good religious, put him out," with strong emphasis on the "out." No doubt the good uncle assumed severity to impress the young man as to the seriousness of the step he was taking. The admonition was unnecessary, for Brother Gregory proved himself from the start an earnest religious, exemplary in every way. His first and only mission was at Louisville, where he taught at Saint Xavier's, and gave promise of many years of successful work, being strong of body, talented of mind, and spiritual of heart. Though Louisville was the only scene of his activity, he was, however, assigned to be one of the pioneers of the Somerville Community, to start that September. Late in August, just before his intended departure, he felt unwell, "tired" he said. Typhoid developed, and he died in Louisville, September 12, 1893. During his illness, he showed the manner of man he had been when in health. In his unconscious moments, he showed signs of uneasiness whenever the crucifix slipped from his hands which were too weak to hold it long. When a Brother would pick it up, press it to his lips, and then

replace it in his hands, he would be quiet again. Strange, too, no other crucifix would satisfy him but the one that had been his companion since its reception. One time, it could not be found, and to quiet him, a Brother gave him another. He ran his fingers up and down, and would not have it; but when his own was found, he was content. On September 12, 1893, that crucifix rested upon his lifeless breast, and the good Lord rewarded his selfless life by giving him the fruit of the Crucifix.

Brother John, "good Brother John," Brother Dominic always said in referring to him, was the next to depart from this world on April 11, 1895. At the age of fifty, he joined the Brothers, and spent the eleven years of his religious life at Saint Mary's Industrial School, where as a white-haired, kindly man, he cared for the little ones with a gentleness that was all his own. He died on Wednesday of Holy Week, and was buried on Good Friday.

The next to die was one in the prime of life, amidst a period of usefulness, and the least likely to be spared, Brother Aloysius. Brother Aloysius (Thomas Yates) was born in Litchfield, Kentucky, September 15, 1867. He entered the Congregation at the age of twenty-three, and died at the age of twenty-eight. Brother Aloysius was a powerfully built man, and just as strong of soul. For a short time, he taught at Saint Patrick's, Baltimore; later, at Lawrence, Massachusetts; but his notably successful career was in East Boston. As an organizer and worker, he was noted. It was at this time that the A.P.A. was troublesome, and the parochial school was a target for attack not only around Boston, but in all other parts of the country. It was necessary to keep the parochial schools before the minds of weak-kneed Catholics, drills, bands, parades, serving the purpose admirably. To this work, Brother Aloysius gave his whole heart and soul, and few were as successful as he. Work of this nature was but a side issue for Brother

Aloysius, and he did not neglect the teaching end, his real work. In this he was eminently successful. Without being severe or harsh, he was a perfect disciplinarian, gaining the love and esteem of the boys at the same time. Boys are quick to measure a man, and their judgment was unerring in the case of Brother Aloysius. In turn, he taught both at the Assumption and Fitton Schools, being assigned in charge of the latter, September, 1894. In the late winter of that school year, he developed typhoid. While the disease was running its course, pneumonia set in, and his strong frame, already weakened, could not resist its inroads, so his zealous soul gave up the fight at Carney Hospital, South Boston, on April 26, 1895.

For the next five years, no Brother of the American Province was summoned to the other world. This long lapse was broken by the death of Brother Benedict, January 17, 1900. Brother Benedict (Thomas Porter) died at the age of thirty-two, having been fifteen years in religion. He was born in Loretto, Kentucky, February 24, 1868, and joined the Brothers at the age of seventeen. His elder brother is now the Reverend Francis Porter, S.J. of the Missouri Province, and a Sister became a Lorettine, or Sister of Loretto. Brother Benedict was never used as a teacher, but labored just as effectively for the good of the Community on the farms of Mount Saint Joseph's and Old Point Comfort. In both places, fidelity and his name were synonymous. Despite his life in the open, tuberculosis developed, and he was obliged to give up active labor, but not for long, as he kept on his feet while he could. Inactive in bed, he had hopes of getting well, and it was pathetic to hear him request that his shoes be sent to the cobbler as he would need them "next week." The inevitable "next week" found Brother Benedict in eternity, realizing to the full the meaning of his name.

We little thought as we saw Brother Alexius, escorting the

remains of Brother Benedict, that in little more than a month, he would be the next. He went to be greeted by those who, under his inspiration, had already attained eternal life. His long and useful life has been recorded.

CHAPTER XV

PROVINCIALATE OF BROTHER DOMINIC

> Christ has gone before, Christ has given us an example that we might follow His steps. Now it is our turn, and all ministering spirits keep silence and look on. Oh, let not your foot slip or your eyes be false, or your ear dull or your attention flagging! Be not dispirited; be not afraid; keep a good heart; be bold; draw not back; you will be carried through.
>
> CARDINAL NEWMAN

THE death of Brother Alexius brought to a close the term of the first Provincialate. At the General Chapters, the Superior General, in conjunction with his councilors, appointed the Provincials and they were eligible for reappointment. This procedure lasted until the General Chapter of 1925, when the constitutions were revised, and the Provincial appointed is now limited to two successive terms of three years each. We have learned that shortly before his death, Brother Alexius tendered his resignation to the Superior General, and requested to be allowed to return to Europe to die. At the receipt of this communication, the Superior General, Brother Chrysostom, with Brother Gabriel, Provincial of the English Province, left Europe with the intention of granting the request of Brother Alexius. Brother Gabriel was to return immediately with Brother Alexius; the Superior General, to remain some time longer. In the meantime, Brother Bernardine had been acting as Provincial in the capacity of First Councilor. Brother Joseph went to New York to receive the Superior General, and greeted him with the sad news of the

death of Brother Alexius. Brother Gabriel was surprised, but not the Superior General, as on the night of the twenty-third, while asleep, he heard distinctly the voice of Brother Alexius saying in Flemish: "I'm dying." This might not seem extraordinary, but the fact is that Brother Alexius, though sick on that day, and dead on the twenty-fourth, at that time had not realized his low condition, and there was no sign of death to those who watched him within an hour of the demise. To have heard Brother Alexius say he was dying, when the sick man himself was not conscious of it is extraordinary. The Superior General imparted his fears to Brother Gabriel in the morning, who naturally treated the affair lightly. Neither gave any more thought to it until Brother Joseph greeted them with the news of the actual state of affairs.

The Superior General immediately made a visitation of the houses in America to gather votes from the Brothers who had emitted the Vow of Stability as a matter of guidance for him in appointing a successor to Brother Alexius. The choice fell upon Brother Dominic of Saint Mary's Industrial School. On March 25, 1900, he was duly installed as Provincial with Brothers Joseph, Isidore, Paul, and Norbert as his councilors. At the request of Cardinal Gibbons, Brother Dominic retained the office of Superintendent of Saint Mary's. Though this was a deserved compliment to the man from his Eminence, it was not a wise move as the dual office proved too much and hastened the end of Brother Dominic.

If history gives to Brother Alexius the title of Founder of the American Province, it must give to Brother Dominic the title of Builder. By wise economy and prudent investments, the first Provincial had accumulated a neat sum which Brother Dominic immediately spent on buildings, spending wisely and needfully. His Provincialate represents both building and expansion.

St. Xavier's, Louisville, 1900

The building of the main structure of Mount Saint Joseph's was the first act of Brother Dominic, and simultaneously the present school building of Saint Xavier, Louisville, was erected. At this time, it was thought by many that the building at two places at one time was a little too much of a drain upon the resources. A building at Mount St. Joseph's was a necessity, and would serve as a Silver Jubilee gift, while that of Louisville was really a compulsion. Bishop McCloskey of Louisville made it a rule that no school, parochial or private, could hold its closing exercises in any hall, other than its own, without his special permission. In the year 1900, when Brother James, Prefect of Studies at Saint Xavier's, went to the Bishop for the required sanction, the Bishop granted it for that year only. He further remarked that in future he had determined to forbid the holding of commencements in a public theatre, and that next year the Brothers must have their own auditorium. Commencements then were a feature and an absolute necessity. They consisted of a drama, oratorical contest, distribution of medals, premiums, and the like. Not to have them would have been considered a calamity. They always drew crowds, and proved the best advertisement of the school. There was no other course but to build, and build immediately.

Brother Provincial Dominic was notified. As he was not averse to building, Brother Bernardine was sent the following September to Louisville to act as Superior to the Community, and to superintend the new building. Previous to this, Brother Lawrence had been the Superior, succeeding Brother Stanislaus who had become incapacitated by reason of age. The first plan was to buy the adjoining property used as an Episcopalian orphanage, conducted by a Sisterhood of that Church, and erect a school building

there, leaving the front of the Brothers' residence intact. This, the Bishop would not sanction, stating that Saint Xavier's had ample property already; and that he always wanted to see a building erected on the lawn. This is the reason why Saint Xavier's massive building fronts the Brothers' residence on Broadway, Louisville.

Unfortunately, Brother Bernardine had his own ideas as to what constitutes a school building. Had he left the plans entirely to the architect, a better building, both as to interior and exterior, would have been the result. Brother Bernardine had been at a parochial school in Massachusetts. It was the first one of any claim to be a school building he had ever seen, and he modeled the interior of Saint Xavier's after that. The school in question was comparatively new—but nine years old. In that time, many improvements in buildings can take place. In adhering to that plan, the arrangement of stairways and adjacent coat rooms is anything but satisfactory. The recitation rooms, however, are large, full of light, and airy. Sentiment caused the exterior arrangement. It was thought advisable to preserve intact the exterior appearance of the old Newcomb mansion. This necessitated an extra outlay of money to move from the front of the residence the massive stones and Ionic pillars supporting the balcony over the front door, while the front of the residence torn out had to be bricked. This accounts for the windows of the first floor reaching from ceiling to floor, only serving to increase the distractions the street affords to the pupils while at their desks. With a stone front extending a few feet out, and the remainder finished in buff brick, the building has the appearance of two wings, rather than a composite whole. Often the question is asked, when the sides were added. The building, however, is a credit to Broadway and to Catholic education as well. But had Brother Bernardine seen other schools, Wheeling for example, we are sure a more service-

able building, if not a better one architecturally, would have been the result.

The building originally contained sixteen recitation rooms, eight on each floor, and a large auditorium, seating twelve hundred, on the third floor. Later the space of the auditorium was curtailed by reason of recitation rooms having been made from it, and to-day its seating capacity is limited to the student body. The basement contained on the Broadway side a gymnasium, which was fitted with all the necessary apparatus, and classes were conducted by an outside professor. The rear side of the basement had a swimming pool which afforded much pleasure to the students. Each day after school, and on Saturday afternoons, it was open. In summer, it was open every afternoon to all boys irrespective of school affiliation. In time, the pool was taken out, and the space it occupied is now used as a cafeteria. The one time gymnasium was divided into science laboratories when the gymnasium was built on Jacob Street in 1916.

In 1901 the new building was ready for occupancy. Brother Bernardine was removed from Louisville, and succeeded by Brother Philip. From the very start, the new building proved a boon to Saint Xavier's. By 1902, the student body went over the three hundred mark, a goodly number at that time when education had not reached the favored stage that it has reached to-day.

In 1903 Brother Philip was removed. Brother James, Prefect of Studies at Saint Xavier's since 1888, was made Superior of the Community and combined both offices. The number of students increased year by year until they went over five hundred. These numbers included all grades from the primary up. The number of graduates from the high school was fifteen in 1903, seventeen in 1904, and kept on increasing until it reached forty-two in 1917, the last year of Brother James' administration at Saint Xavier's.

(*Above*) SAINT XAVIER'S, LOUISVILLE, 1891 (FORMER NEWCOMB RESIDENCE)
(*Below*) SAINT XAVIER'S, 1901

Up to 1909, athletics played no part in the curriculum of Saint Xavier's. A schoolman in the extreme sense of the word was Brother James, and he feared anything that might have a tendency to interfere in the least with the real work of the school. Athletic feats for a day school he contended were not necessary as boys could, and did, receive sufficient exercise outside of school. Time and again, he was urged to start athletics, but he remained adamant. To the usual plea of advertising the school, he pointed to the numbers already in school without athletics. Finally, to the surprise of all, and the delight of many, he decided that baseball would represent Saint Xavier's. A team was organized and placed in charge of an outside coach. As the school had no park, one was hired for the scholastic season at Twenty-sixth and Broadway known as "Dusty Rhoades." As might be expected, the team was a failure the first year. Defeat after defeat, inglorious defeats, reaching laughable scores, resulted that first year, and the second year was no better. There was, however, one sixteen inning game played against Male High and called on account of darkness, neither side being able to score the deciding run. The third year Brother Pascal took charge of the team; a park at "Butcher Town" was engaged. From that time, athletics took definite shape at Saint Xavier's. Though the climb was slow, it was upward, and Male High went down in defeat at its own park the third year. Football was started, and basketball followed.

By this time, Brother James had become an enthusiast, so much so, that the want of a proper place to practice and play basketball led him to build a gymnasium on the Jacob Street side of the property in 1916. The old school building, supposed barn, was completely demolished, and the gymnasium erected on the site. It was then the finest and most complete gymnasium in the city. In the athletic world, Saint Xavier's kept soaring and soaring. From being an

insignificant rival, if rival at all, it rose to be feared, winning city and state championship in every line of scholastic sport. In 1926, under the coaching of Brother Constant, it won the national basketball championship of Catholic teams in the tournament of Chicago. Louisville went wild with joy over the honor that came to it through the team of Saint Xavier's. On their return, the victors were met at the station by a throng, the Right Reverend Bishop Floersch being among the number. Banquet after banquet followed, given by the leading newspapers and business men of the city. The fame of the team brought thousands to witness its games. The gymnasium was all too small to hold them, so games are now held in the Knights of Columbus Gymnasium on Fourth Avenue.

After twenty-nine years of solid educational work in Louisville, Brother James, in 1917, was removed and succeeded by Brother Benjamin. Brother Benjamin brought many beneficent changes to Saint Xavier's. The course that Saint Xavier's offered was a combined course of English, scientific, and commercial subjects. Brother James was a conservative among conservatives. He was slow to change, and in consequence failed to see that what was once suitable to the needs of the day, was so no longer. Brother Benjamin, alive to the needs of the times, immediately made Latin, which was hitherto optional, compulsory, and thus established Saint Xavier's as a strictly classical high school.

A commercial course was offered to students who wished to go to work on being graduated, but they could not enter the course until completing two years of high school at least. Likewise Brother Benjamin decreed that in future the school would function for high school students only, and he dropped the grades year by year. Though this move seemed drastic at the time, the present has proved its wisdom. By it, the Brothers gained the good will of the Pastors. In

some cases this good will was wanting, as parents of means would send their children to Saint Xavier's rather than to the parochial school. In the matter of accepting children for the grades Brother James was not wrong. That he drop the lower grades was often suggested to him. He argued that if the Brothers did not take the children, the parochial schools would not benefit, as many parents would send their sons to the public schools. In his time, there were few parochial schools in Louisville that were presentable; whereas, for the last few years, Louisville has made wonderful strides in that direction. There never was question of efficient teaching in the parochial schools, but people then, as now, looked more to the exterior. The parochial school buildings of Louisville, to-day, outclass the public schools in appearance, and the move of Brother Benjamin, in this respect, though ahead of the times, would have been a necessity to-day.

Moreover, Brother Benjamin came to Louisville at an opportune time. The war popularized education, and the means of parents increased. The dropping of the lower grades was good in every respect. The tone of the school was raised; the number of high school students had increased to such an extent that an annex had to be erected. There are to-day, at Saint Xavier's, six Freshman classes, five Sophomore, five Junior, and four Senior.

Brother Benjamin's stay at Louisville was one of unceasing activity. Saint Xavier's, hitherto, had had to hire its park for football and baseball. This was becoming more of a problem each year. "Dusty Rhoades" had been cut up into building lots; "Butcher Town" being within the flood area depended upon the Ohio River as to whether it could be used or not; the third available spot, a park on Hancock and Kentucky Streets, might not always be in condition, or might be leased to others. All things considered, Brother Benjamin decided that Saint Xavier's should have its own

park, and other accessories needed for effective work along athletic lines. With this in mind, he secured the park on Kentucky Street, and called it "Alumni Field." Brother Benjamin inaugurated a parochial school league of basketball, allowing the use of the gymnasium on Saturdays to the boys of the various parochial schools. In this way, the boys became acquainted with the school and the Brothers, and on Brother Benjamin's annual visit to the parochial schools in June to solicit attendance at Saint Xavier's the following September, he was already well known. To this method is due, in no little way, the growth of the high school.

Abreast of the times, Brother Benjamin started a cafeteria in the basement. This was indeed a forward stride, an excellent thing to do, as it serves to the students a hot lunch at noon. Prior to this, the students were obliged to bring lunch, or to buy it at a stand in the yard. Eating outside in cold weather, though not considered a hardship in times gone by, became undesirable, as cafeterias in schools grew in demand. Another beneficial institution inaugurated at this time was the introduction of retreats for the student body.

In 1923, Brother Benjamin's term of office expired, and he was succeeded by Brother Placidus, a man ripe in scholarship, devoted to the work, and fully alive to educational problems. Under Brother Placidus the school increased in numbers. In June, 1924, was issued the first Year Book of Saint Xavier's, called *The Tiger*, edited by the students under the direction of Brother Xavier. It is tastefully bound in the traditional colors of the school—green and gold. The title "Tiger" arises from the name given to the varsity teams, obviating the frequent use of the name Saint Xavier in athletics. The term "St. X" originated with a referee. The Junior teams are called *Cubs* and *Kittens*. To return: *The Tiger*, with its wealth of pictures and ma-

terial showing scholastic attainments, was a credit to the school. No apology was needed to crave indulgence for the first issue, as it could not have been better. The standard set by the first issue has been maintained by its successors. Twice it has been awarded the prize for being the best in the state, and this past year it was awarded first prize for being the finest in the country. Each class being graduated has a mine of treasure to have and to hold, to keep green the memories of school days, and golden the lessons learned for the sake of manhood and God.

In September, 1925, Saint Xavier's opened auspiciously as usual, but the hand of God struck it heavily, laying low its principal, Brother Placidus, with typhoid. Bravely, he fought the disease that was working its deadly way through his system. Though he was not fit to cope with the thousand and one difficulties attending the opening of school, still he kept on. Repeatedly was he urged by the Brothers to rest, but no; he stood at his post until he literally fell. He was taken to Saint Anthony's Hospital, but too late. On September twenty-fifth he died. Bitterly, the good Sisters complained that he did not arrive in time for anything to be done; but Brother Placidus failed to do for himself what he would gladly have done for another in his place.

On the twenty-fourth of September, Brother Isidore was sent by the new Provincial, Brother Paul, to Louisville to relieve the situation for the time being. While he was on the way, Brother Placidius died, and Brother Isidore was appointed to fill out the unexpired term. Brother Anselm was named Prefect of Studies to help Brother Isidore in the greater part of the burden, though he was perfectly willing to share it all, and he is just as willing to-day, despite his years, to undertake any work assigned him.

In 1926, Brother Aloysius, an alumnus of the school, was appointed its Principal. Brother Aloysius was intimately acquainted with Saint Xavier's from every point of view.

He had been a student there; had returned as a Brother; and had taught practically every class from the lowest to the highest. Under him, the scholastic end received the benefit of his varied training. Debates were always in vogue at Saint Xavier's, but were held as inter-class affairs. Saint Xavier's has now emerged into the open. As in athletics, so in debates, she is no mean rival, and has carried off the honors from Male High, Manual Training High, and the Girls' High, debating both sides of the same question, winning in every case. A monthly folder known as *The Xavier News* was issued at the beginning of 1928, and is a source of impetus to the literary efforts of the students, as well as of interest to the alumni. The number of graduates runs into the hundred mark, while the student body has gone as high as six hundred and twenty-five, which is more than Saint Xavier's had in the days when students of all grades, including the primary, were on its roster.

The Diamond Year of the Brothers in America, 1929, is also the Diamond Year of Saint Xavier's, the nucleus having been formed in the attic of Saint Patrick's on Thirteenth Street. The event received due notice at Saint Xavier's at the close of the scholastic year. Grateful to a bountiful God for the blessings of the past, as evinced by the prosperous condition of the school, and to emphasize, also, the reason of its existence, the jubilee exercises began with a retreat for the students conducted by the Reverend Vincent Burnell, O.P. The exercises of the retreat were held in the school auditorium, but the closing took place at St. John's Church, selected because St. John's School is the sole remnant of Xaverian pioneer days in Louisville. The officers of the Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving were all one-time pupils of the Brothers. The Celebrant, Pastor of St. John's as well, was the Right Reverend Monsignor George Schuhmann, D.D.,; Deacon, the Reverend Francis O'Connor; Subdeacon, the Reverend John Glenn; Master of Cere-

SAINT XAVIER'S GYMNASIUM

monies, the Reverend Daniel Driscoll. It was an inspiring sight to see the student body approaching the Holy Table in thanksgiving to God for the blessing that had come into their lives through the growth of the mustard seed planted seventy-five years ago.

On June 5, the ninetieth anniversary of the foundation of the Congregation, the seventy-fifth of the American foundation, was continued at the Cathedral where the Right Reverend John A. Floersch, Bishop of Louisville, pontificated in recognition of his appreciation of the Brothers. The other officers of the Mass, all one-time pupils of the Brothers, were the Right Reverend Monsignor Schuhmann, Assistant Priest; the Reverends Charles Raffo and George Weiss, Deacons of Honor; the Reverends John Hill and R. C. Ruff, Deacons of the Mass; the Reverends Daniel Driscoll and Francis Martin, Masters of Ceremonies. The Mass of the Angels was creditably rendered by the senior students of Saint Xavier's. Monsignor Schuhmann preached on the occasion, tracing the humble beginning, and mentioning the debt the Church of Louisville owes to the Brothers. Reverently he spoke of the pioneers, the Godly men, some of whom had been the teachers of his youth. Present for the occasion were the Superior General, Brother Paul, the Provincial, Brother Osmund, other visiting Brothers, and Brothers Aidan and Killian, representatives of the Brothers of the Holy Cross. Forty of the reverend clergy were in the sanctuary, and at the conclusion of the Mass were served a luncheon at *the Tyler*. In every way the celebration was worthy of the event. It was planned and executed by the indefatigable Brother Aloysius, and was a fitting climax to the close of his term of office.

Saint Xavier's now enters upon a new era endowed with the zeal of twenty-three Brothers under the direction of Brother Edmund. The passer-by on Broadway sees a building, massive in its height, lengthy in its lines. A glance at

the statue shows that it is dedicated to religion; its name reveals that it has been erected to the arts and sciences. Little does the stranger realize that it is the fruit—and but one of many such that dot the country from Kentucky to the eastern shores of Maryland, up through New York to New England, and down to southern Virginia—of two humble men, Brothers Francis and Stephen, who stood like valiant soldiers under the fire of poverty and difficulties, and in standing had naught but trust in God; but having that, had all for future generations to praise and bless.

Mount Saint Joseph's Industrial School
Millbury, Massachusetts
1900-1915

Monsignor Griffin, Pastor of Saint John's, Worcester, Massachusetts, where the Brothers teach, conceived the idea of establishing an industrial school on the plan of Saint Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore. To put this plan into execution, he bought a piece of property at Millbury, paying but five thousand dollars for it. The Monsignor's ideal was high. As he admired greatly the setting of our Mount Saint Joseph's, he bestowed the same name on his new venture. On August 15, 1900, Brother Sylvester was sent to open the school. As was stated, the Monsignor had in mind a replica of Saint Mary's, Baltimore, but he did not take into consideration that Saint Mary's was not the work of a year; that it takes money to build, and more money to keep a plant of gigantic size in operation; that Saint Mary's receives city and state aid, without which, it would close its doors. The Millbury School was kept going somehow while the Monsignor lived. After his death in 1910, it had a rather precarious sort of existence, the Brothers trying to get along on the meager tuition of eight dollars per month exacted from the boys, and the produce on the farm. By dint of labor on the part of the Brothers, for which they received

no credit, the property rose in value from five to thirty thousand dollars. The Monsignor made the mistake of starting the work without the Bishop's sanction or knowledge. In consequence, at the death of the Monsignor, Bishop Beaven would not aid the school from the diocesan funds as he did not recognize it as a diocesan institution. Seeing no future, receiving no sympathy or help, the Provincial withdrew the Brothers in 1918.

During the time of its existence the school was managed by Brother Sylvester from 1900-1908; Brother Denis, 1908-1909; Brother Christopher, 1909-1914; Brothers Oswin and Benedict for a short period, and finally by Brother Malachy.

St. Patrick's Parochial School, Richmond, Virginia
1900-1923

In September, 1900, the Brothers assumed charge of Saint Patrick's School, Richmond, with Brothers Basil and Arthur as the teachers. Since only two Brothers were necessary, they formed a part of the Community at Saint Peter's. In 1901, Brother Basil was replaced by Brother Andrew. As the distance from Saint Peter's was considerable, the Brothers were obliged to make use of the street car to and from school. In 1915, another Brother was added to the school, and a Community was formed with Brothers Chrysostom, Paulinus and Aloysus. In 1917, Brother Prosper was placed in charge. The year 1922 Brother Eustasius assumed charge until the school ceased to be taught by the Brothers in 1923.

Newport News, Virginia
1902-1929

We have noted that Brother Alexius acquired for the Community a piece of land in Newport News. Whether he intended to build or bought the land as an investment is problematical. However, Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan, a

benefactress of the Diocese of Richmond, approached Bishop Van de Vyver and stated that she would build a school for girls and a convent for Sisters in Newport News, if he would build a school for boys. Knowing the Brothers had land in Newport News, the Bishop got in touch with Brother Provincial Dominic and induced him to build a school for boys. A good substantial building of brick, with classrooms on the first floor and community quarters on the second, was erected. On February 2, 1903, it was dedicated by Bishop Van de Vyver to Saint Vincent, the patron of the parish church. A year later the school for girls and a convent for Sisters were built by Mrs. Ryan, the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth assuming charge.

The boys' school at Newport News, though not a parochial school, has served as such without aid from the parish. The Bishop did promise that the parish would pay for boys not able to pay. As this promise was only verbal, it was never kept. Relying solely on tuition rates from those who could, or would, pay, the school has only been self-supporting from time to time—more often not—and has never paid even the interest on its investment. The reason why the school at Newport News has been a burden to the Community is due to the fact that the population of Newport News is fluctuating. The only industry is shipbuilding, and in times of slackness at the yards, families move away. In later times, when the industry rises, the workers come, leaving their families behind.

Brother Pius opened the school, assisted by Brothers Alfred, Aquimas, and Gilbert. At various times, for short terms, it was directed by Brothers Mark, Angelus, Ildephonse, John, Ernest, and Fabian. Brother Angelus came a second time and remained in charge from 1913-1918; Brother Virgil directed the school from 1918-1923; Brother Marcus, for a short while, then Brother Andrew assumed office until the school was closed June, 1929.

Though the Brothers were forced to suspend operations at Newport News this present year, as the Community could no longer afford to support it, the good done to souls in the past is incalculable, the fruit of the labors being evidenced in the number of grown men who approach the Holy Sacrament of the Altar regularly the first Friday of the month.

Sacred Heart Industrial School, Arlington, N. J. 1902-1905

In 1902, an Industrial School at Arlington, New Jersey, was accepted. The institution had been under lay-management with a Father Moran in charge. Its object was to care for homeless and delinquent boys. Brother Dominic seems to have been very quick in accepting such places without looking deeply into details to secure permanency of the work and guarantees safeguarding the authority of the Brothers. To labor unhampered, absolute authority is necessary, particularly with boys of that class, who are shrewd, and quick to notice whom they may, and whom they must, obey. For this very reason Arlington proved a failure.

Brother Raymond was sent to open the place, Brothers Cyril, Edwin, Nilus, and Hyacinth forming the other initial members. In 1903, Brother Raymond was removed, and was succeeded by Brother Raphael. Father Moran retained the position of Superintendent. Though heartily welcoming the Brothers, feeling relieved at the removal of unstable and often objectionable secular help, and noting the change for the better all around, yet he continued to interfere unduly. He even went so far as to reprimand the Brothers publicly in the presence of the boys. When this procedure came to the notice of the Superior General, Brother Chrysostom, he gave orders for the Brothers to be taken away immediately, and no one regretted this more than Father Moran.

St. Joseph's Agricultural School
Rutherford, Napa County, California
1903-1907

In Rutherford, Napa County, California, is a ranch of some eleven hundred acres acquired by the Reverend D. O. Crowley, for the purpose of establishing an agricultural school for poor and homeless boys. Father Crowley had charge of the Youth's Directory, an institution in San Francisco for the housing of unprotected boys. As the boys reached working age, it was his intention to provide a place to protect them from the baneful influences of city life. Hoping they would become enamored of the country, and thus earn an honest livelihood from the soil, he purchased the ranch. Wishing to place it under religious, Father Crowley came East to interview Brother Dominic. Brother Superior General Chrysostom, who was in the country at the time, with Brother Provincial Dominic and Brother Raymond went west. They saw the place, were pleased, and Brother Raymond remained. Brother Paul, present Superior General, and Brother Valentine soon followed to help in the establishing of the school. The next year, Brother Raymond was recalled, Brother Damian went West, and Brother Paul was placed in charge of the mission.

The Brothers were enamored of the place. They worked industriously, stocked the ranch with cattle, cultivated pasturage, orchards, vineyards and raised all that a farm can raise. Classes in agriculture were established. Both Brother and boys were happy in their work. Father Crowley was the inspiration of the place, and the most perfect harmony existed between him and the Brothers. All was going well, when the Provincial in 1907, badly in need of Brothers, and seeing no prospect of increasing further in California, recalled the Brothers, placing Brother Paul at

Saint Mary's with the intention of initiating him in the office of Superintendent. It is hard to state who regretted leaving the more, Father Crowley or the Brothers, but on the part of the Brothers there was naught else to do. They left the plant in a first class condition, though they had found nothing but a wilderness when they arrived. Their going did not stop the good work, for the Brothers of Mary, already established on the Pacific Coast, continued it.

Saint John's Industrial School, Deep River, Connecticut, 1904-1919

At the invitation of the Right Reverend Michael Tierney, Bishop of Hartford, the Brothers went in 1904 to Hartford to open an industrial school. Brother Raymond was placed in charge, assisted by Brothers Aquinas, Athanasius, and Francis. For a time the school functioned at Hamilton Heights, a place belonging to the Sisters of Mercy. The Brothers remained there while waiting for the completion of the building destined for the industrial school at Deep River. The school never came up to expectations, the only industry was printing, for the simple reason that it is erroneously thought that buildings, men, and boys constitute an industrial school. Equipment, tradesmen to teach, and money to supply all, are often not taken into consideration when the plan is conceived.

While the school was under the care of the Brothers, it was successively directed by Brothers Raymond, Urban, Hugh, Claver, Adolph, Ephrem, Sylvester, Flavian, and Jerome. As the boys' orphanage was overcrowded, Bishop Nilan, successor to Bishop Tierney, decided in 1919 to close the industrial school and use the building as an orphanage.

Saint Joseph's Home for Boys, Detroit, Michigan 1904

Saint Joseph's Home for Working Boys was opened by

Brother Pius in 1904, assisted by Brothers Oswald and Francis. Its object is to provide a home for boys working in the city in order to safeguard their morals. The first home was a double house converted into one. In 1910, a house suitable for the purpose was erected on Burroughs Avenue. At first the home was under the patronage of a board of Catholic men. In 1918, Bishop Foley adopted it as a diocesan institution, thereby placing it on a firmer basis by enabling it to receive a share in the funds of the diocese for charitable purposes.

In these days such homes do not appeal to the young man whose wages render him independent. To fulfill the object of the home, of necessity there must be rules and regulations regarding suitable hours at night. As amusements are now varied and cheap, anything that savors of the curtailing of so-called liberty is not appealing to the thoughtless boy, who looks no further than the present hour of enjoyment. A sensible boy, and there are a few such, by living at such a home, pays only a nominal sum for his board. After allowing sufficient pocket money for incidentals, the remainder of his wages is put in the bank for him, which gives him a start in life when he arrives at the age of twenty-one. Despite this advantage, there are not many to take advantage of the kindness of the Church in providing such a place for those who are homeless or come as strangers to the city for work. Thus, Saint Joseph's has but few working boys to-day; but the Home houses orphans of school age who attend a neighboring parochial school.

Brother Pius directed the Home from 1904-1908; Brother Reginald, 1908-1912; Brother Macarius, 1912-1917; Brother Justin, 1917-1921; Brother Simeon, 1921-1927, and at present, the boys are under the fatherly care of Brother Faustinus.

Saint Francis Xavier's Manual Training School
Elm Grove, West Virginia, 1904

Bishop Donahue of Wheeling was eager for a school in his diocese similar in scope to that of Saint Mary's Industrial School of Baltimore, and arrangements were made with Brother Provincial Dominic to open such a school. By this time, owing to many such schools having been accepted, the Brotherhood began to fear that industrial schools only were to be the scope of activity; whereas, the work of the Brotherhood is teaching in parochial, high schools, and colleges. Industrial schools come within the scope only in so far as the actual teaching of religion and profane subjects is concerned in connection with the trades.

Elm Grove is a town outside of Wheeling. In September of 1904, Brothers Cajetan, Felix, and Alexius went there to open the school. Brother Cajetan remained but a few months, being succeeded by Brother Lawrence in the December following. Things were not quite in readiness at the place, so the opening was delayed until the nineteenth of the month. Meanwhile, the Reverend Edward Weber, now Monsignor, spared nothing in the way of getting it into shape, bringing to the wilderness all the conveniences of the city. Through the kindness of the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Saint Vincent's Orphanage, the Brothers were supplied with meals until such time as they could secure a cook and necessary equipment.

On the third of December, patronal feast of the Brothers, the place was blessed and dedicated to Saint Francis Xavier. Holy Mass was offered for the first time by the Reverend E. Fahy, S.M., the Marists being charged with the chaplaincy of the place. A printing shop went into operation at one end of the barn. This was the first of the many trade shops then in contemplation, and the only one that materialized. Later, a long wooden building was erected, and printing

paraphernalia installed. The plant was to be financed by the Bishop through a legacy left to him by a Mrs. Tracey.

Wheeling was formerly surrounded by vineyards on the brow of the hills. One of these vineyards was owned by the Church. To store the fruit, a large brick building, called "The Fruit House" was erected opposite the cathedral. This venture had proved a failure many years before, and the building had been let out to tenants, the upper floor of one section being used as the parochial school for girls. This building was torn down, modern flats were erected, the rents of which were to be devoted to the maintenance of Saint Xavier's Manual Training School.

The Manual Training School at Elm Grove never came up to expectations for reasons similar to those for the failure of other industrial schools at this period. With Saint Mary's of Baltimore in mind as the ideal, it was forgotten, or not taken into consideration, that such a school could never have come into its present state of prosperity without means. The editor of the English edition of the life of Saint Terese of the Child Jesus, states that two things are necessary for canonization: money and miracles. In the same sense, more than good intentions are necessary to establish and keep running a trade school. First, you must have buildings; secondly, machinery, and good machinery to turn out salable work; thirdly, you must employ first-class tradesmen as teachers of the crafts. By vocation the Brothers are not tradesmen. They are religious and teachers. At industrial schools they never attempt more than the disciplinary end while the boys are at work in the shop. Apart from prefecting in the shops or factories, they attend to the religious, moral, and other instruction of the boys in class, and supervise the recreations as well. Beyond these activities, filling in a good day's work at that, they do not pretend to go. Without money to equip shops with machinery, and men to teach the various trades, no indus-

trial school can ever be maintained. Elm Grove Industrial School remains at a standstill with no industry other than printing. In 1906 a brick structure, one-third of the intended building, was erected for housing purposes only.

Brother Gerard succeeded Brother Lawrence in 1908. Seeing no prospect of the place advancing toward its original end, while the setting of the place, nestling among the hills, gives to the spot a charm all its own, Brother Gerard proposed to the Bishop the establishing of a boarding school. The income from the students would help to maintain the orphans, who would still remain and be given the advantages of education. To this, Bishop Donahue readily assented. A prospectus containing views, the aim of the school, and its curriculum, was printed. When about to be issued, the Bishop changed his mind as to the advisability of a boarding school. This was due no doubt to the fact that he already had a boarding school for boys at Huntington, directed by priests of the diocese, and he feared that the one would interfere with the other, so the boarding school at Elm Grove was a project only.

On the night of February 24, 1922, fire broke out in the main building. Owing to its isolated condition, and the headway the fire gained before anyone was aroused, nothing could be done. Despite the heroic efforts of the Wheeling Fire Department, the entire building became a wreck. Brother Bennet, then in charge, became prostrated and was never the same afterwards. For days following the fire, the distracted man would count the boys every little while to assure himself that none was lost. Mother Dominic of the Sisters of Saint Joseph kindly came to the rescue, and offered the summer house of the Sisters as temporary quarters. As it was a summer house, there was no heating plant in the building. Brothers and boys had to remain outside in the sun all day long to keep warm, though it was February, until such time as the old farmhouse on

the property at the Manual Training could be put into service. The kindness of the good Sisters in giving their house met with a very poor recompense, as the sequel will show.

For some time the origin of the fire at Elm Grove remained a mystery. Two weeks later, burning paper discovered in the drawer of a cupboard in the Sisters' summer house, led to a strong suspicion that both fires were of incendiary origin. Brother Antoninus, Principal of the Cathedral High School at the time, while at the Catholic University, had made retarded intellects a specialty, and he started to unravel the mystery. By questioning each of the boys separately, and eliminating accordingly, he got down to one boy, whom he questioned more closely. This boy, a semi-imbecile, finally admitted that he had set fire to both places in order to see a blaze. From him it was learned that Elm Grove School had been burning in the kitchen since eight o'clock that night, and it was two o'clock in the morning before it was discovered.

Since the fire, no attempt has been made to rebuild, and thus Elm Grove is at a standstill. The frame house, originally on the property, is used for housing and class purposes. Since the foundation of the school, it has been directed by Brothers Lawrence, Gerard, Hugh, Leopold, Bennet, Borgia, and at present by Brother Marcian.

Saint Agnes Institute, Manchester, New Hampshire 1905-1923

In 1905, a parochial school was opened in Manchester, New Hampshire, Brother Alphone in charge with Brothers Casimir and Donation as assistants. Though the school was named Saint Agnes Institute, it was in reality the parochial school attached to Saint Anne's Parish, the Reverend John Lyons being the Pastor. Father Lyons wished the Brothers to form a high school for the boys of his

parish. One was started, but continued only for a few years. No necessity for a high school existed, since there was one attached to the Cathedral under the care of the Christian Brothers and Saint Anne's Parish was too small to conduct properly a standard high school. After a few years, the Brothers managed to bring Father Lyons to their way of thinking, and the school continued as a grammar school only, with the Brothers in charge of the upper grades, the Sisters of Mercy caring for the smaller boys. In 1923, post-war living made it impossible for the Brothers to continue on the salary agreed upon in the beginning. As the parish could not afford to maintain them on an increase of salary, they were withdrawn to the regret of the priests, the people, and themselves.

The school was blessed with vocations, many of its students going to the diocese and the Oblates, while five elected the Brotherhood. During the time the school was under the care of the Brothers, it was directed by Brother Alphonse from 1905-1908; Brother Gerald, 1908-1912; Brother Ephrem, 1912-1913 (death cutting short Brother Ephrem's career); Brother Borgia, 1913-1918; Brother Bennet, 1918-1921; Brother Jerome, 1921-1923.

Chapters

The Seventh General Chapter was convoked by Brother Superior General Chrysostom, and held at Bruges in August, 1905. Brothers Provincial Dominic, Philip, and Isidore were the delegates from America. This was the first time in the history of the Congregation that delegates were elected, the Brothers with the Vow of Stability having the right to vote. As affairs of the Congregation were in a flourishing state, nothing noteworthy was effected by this General Chapter save the reëlection of Brother Chrysostom as Superior General.

Only one Provincial Chapter, the fifth, was held during

the administration of Brother Dominic. The sittings were at Mount Saint Joseph's, twenty-one members being present. As the Province had been well established, and the work was being satisfactorily carried on, nothing of importance is noted in this Chapter. Progress can be seen in the larger number of delegates.

At this period of the history of the Congregation in America, the American Brothers had the pleasure and privilege of welcoming Brothers from Europe. Hitherto, the Superior General only had come to America, bringing with him on two occasions, Brother Gabriel, Provincial of England. Their visits, though pleasurable to the Brothers, were purely official. In 1902, Brothers Theophile and Edmond of the Belgian Province visited America; in 1903, Brothers Joseph and Francis of Belgium; in 1904, Brothers Ferdinand and Adolph of Belgium; in 1905, Brothers Theophile and Jerome of Belgium; in 1910, Brother Edmund of the English Province; in 1912, Brother Philip, also of England; in 1923, Brother Gerard of Belgium; and in 1929, Brothers Gabriel and Clement of Belgium honored the Province with a visit. All came to see, to admire, and to strengthen the bond of union between the Brothers of America and those of the European Provinces.

August of 1904 ushered in the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Brothers in America. This was fittingly celebrated at the Mount with Solemn High Mass, the Reverend Father Charles, C.P., Celebrant; Father James, Deacon; Father Vincent, Subdeacon; and Father Cajetan, Master of Ceremonies. At dinner, addresses were made by various Brothers, Brother Ferdinand of Bruges giving one in perfect English. Similar celebrations were held at Saint Mary's Industrial School, Saint Xavier's, Louisville, and Saint John's, Danvers, Massachusetts.

Brother Dominic's term of office came to an abrupt end when he died suddenly, September 14, 1907. During his term of office, the Community increased from one hundred and thirty-nine to two hundred and thirty-two.

CHAPTER XVI

BROTHER DOMINIC

> . . . Certainly there is something splendid and heroic in the sudden taking-off of a valiant soldier with his armor on, in the midst of the fight. And when the fight is for God and when the soldier dies on the field, what laurel wreath is green and beautiful enough to lay upon his bier?
>
> CARDINAL O'CONNELL

ON February 8, 1839, by coincidence the year of the founding of the Xaverian Brothers, there was born a child in Kanturk, Cork, Ireland. In the ordinary course of events this was not remarkable. In Baptism, he received the name of Patrick, the family name being O'Connell. Though the parents were poor—and when were the children of Saint Patrick rich?—they gave him more than ordinary advantages in education. He did not belie their hopes and sacrifices, but applied himself diligently to his studies, and brought home the honors of his class. Modest and retiring, he neither sought to shine nor to lord his ability over others; consequently, he was a favorite among his fellow students. Upon arriving at the age to choose a career, he elected that of teaching. Finishing normal school, he proceeded to England, where he obtained a position. The desire to be of service to others, if not definitely worded in his mind, was, nevertheless, his predominant trait through life.

After teaching in England for some years, he caught the American fever; came across, and went directly to Louisville, Kentucky, where he had relatives. In that city, he secured a position as a teacher in one of the many private schools then in existence in the South. Finally came a de-

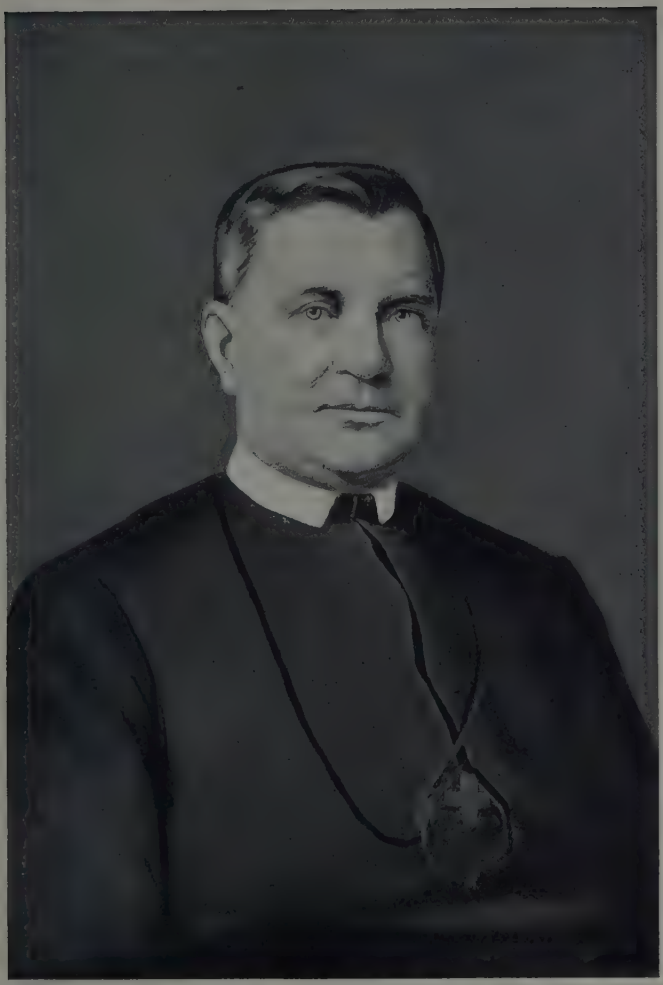
ciding day, a day that comes to the "chosen few." Generally it comes while in the quiet of the Sacramental Presence. Sometimes it comes amidst the rush of life in scenes little suited to Divine whisperings. Again, it may come in the sleepless hours, as man asks himself: "What is life for?" But it came to Patrick O'Connell as he was teaching his class. Patrick O'Connell was teaching. "Why? Why not do the same work with another motive? Why not make the work count? To what will all this toil amount at the end? Why not teach for God?" Was it not but a paraphrase of that thought which brought sanctity to Saint Francis Xavier, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" For Patrick O'Connell, to think was to act; and thus he made up his mind that he was spending his last term as a secular teacher. He would devote his time, his efforts, his talents where they would redound to his own benefit at the end of life when naught but good done for God will count. Thousands have felt the benefit of his resolution, and profited by his services for others. And he, himself, now in eternity, benefits more, far more, than those he essayed to benefit. The spiritual law of compensation exacts no toll other than self. It gives as it receives, and gives more than it receives in an ever increasing series: "He that loses his life shall find it." (Matt. 10:39) and: "I have come that they might have life and have it more abundantly." (John 10:10.)

It has been said by Christ, our Lord, "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." True! Yet it remains for man not only to hearken but to heed. The human will gives the assent, which in the Divine plan redounds to the good of the individual, who, in laboring for God's greater glory on earth, really labors for his own greater good in eternity. God has no need of men, but gives some, by reason of their purity of life, an opportunity to receive from Him His love of benevolence. The Divine call is open to

all: "Come follow Me" (Matt. 9:10) is an invitation extended to the world. If but few heed, it is because few have the will. The coöperative will is just as necessary in the particular glory of vocation as it is in the general glory of salvation.

Grace spoke to the heart of Patrick O'Connell. He hearkened and heeded because his heart was right. Where would he go? Calls are not only particular as regards persons, but likewise as regards place. Little Terese became a saint in Carmel, though she might have missed her sweet sanctity among the Poor Clares, contemplatives though they be. Amidst the Benedictines, the instructors of her youth, conducive to sanctity though their lives surely are, she might not have attained the union with God which she did attain. So the important thing for Mr. O'Connell was not only the inclination to serve, but likewise to find out where the Almighty wished him to serve. After much thought, he elected the Xaverian Brothers. It may have been that he had seen the Brothers of Fourth Street as he was passing one of their schools at the time of assembly or dismissal, or he may have dropped into some church to pray for light while the Brothers and boys were there. We do not know just what led to his election, but we do know that he applied and was accepted as a postulant August 13, 1868, being then twenty-nine years of age.

Bear in mind conditions in the year 1868! One who has read this record so far will realize that it was but four years since the Brothers had moved from Green Street to Fourth; that the Community was still in its infancy; that poverty abounded, poverty amounting to penury; that the personnel of the Community was largely foreign, its governing powers wholly foreign, even the few novices and postulants were of foreign extraction, and some of them were not able to speak English. Bear all this in mind, and the reader will have something to admire in the step taken by Patrick



BROTHER DOMINIC, PROVINCIAL, 1900-1907

O'Connell. True, he himself was a foreigner in the strict sense of the word, but where are the Irish anything but theoretical foreigners? Considering Patrick O'Connell as a mature man, thrust suddenly in the midst of surroundings that by nature could never make an appeal, and you have an instance of the power of God's sustaining grace and man's good will. Both are necessary. The one is always constant; the other, variable, but admirable when united with the Divine.

When God has in view for a man great work, He tests that man to the point of human endurance before He assigns the work. As man comes up to God's expectations, the greatness of the work increases as the soul expands under the influence of grace. As Patrick O'Connell entered the Community, to those about him there was no sign of his future greatness. He was but an ordinary man. Had he left the Community it would have excited no surprise, as the surprise those days was that one remained. On God's part, however, there was a great future for him, greater than those of his companions, with one exception, if we may judge of greatness by exterior works. In order to accomplish greater works, it is necessary that greater soul powers be developed. The elect soul must be tested in such a way as to leave no vestige of self. The real test of a building lies in the foundation rather than the walls, though both foundation and walls must be such as can support the roof. Patrick O'Connell went through the ordeal. He lived to prove that the choice on God's part was one of predilection and a blessing to the Congregation his life adorned for thirty-nine years.

On the third of October, following his entrance in August, he was invested in the holy habit, and received the name of Dominic. On December 31, 1870, he emitted the vows. Being a teacher already formed, he lacked only the religious training for effective work as a Xaverian. This he soon ab-

sorbed for his soul was thirsty after righteousness, and he was of an age to appreciate the seriousness of the religious life. His experience in the world made him see the uselessness of a life in which God has no part, and he set about to place God wholly in his life. His first and only assignment in Louisville was at the Institute. There he made his first impression, and a lasting one it was. To-day, his former pupils, now old men and but few remaining, speak of him as "good Brother Dominic."

Brother Dominic was a quiet man. His very quietude would serve to impress others. Each man has his own individual traits, and this variance counts in the work on souls. Quiet men will do good work; energetic men will do work no less good. Were the quiet to force themselves to be energetic, they would be doing violence to nature, and spoil the work by creating chaos. If the energetic were to subdue themselves to a state of quiesence, they would, likewise, spoil the work by inertia. After all, it but proves that works of the spiritual order are God's. The real work He does, making use of men as instruments, taking them as He finds them, utilizing traits of nature, His gifts, for His own ends. Thus Brother Dominic, by nature reserved, had a charm all his own. In his quiet, unostentatious way, his influence was brought to bear upon a goodly number of souls, who loved him because they saw the man of God in him. When he spoke, his words took effect. It was his very manner of speaking that made the appeal, and to-day, men will tell you how they still remember the way in which he prayed, and that his words of instruction remained with them through life. Let one of the many tributes that came from his former pupils, on hearing of his death, suffice—a tribute from one of his Louisville boys, the Reverend Francis Cassilly, S.J., one who by reason of being a renowned educator can best appreciate the worth of a teacher:

It was a shock to me to hear of Brother Dominic's death. He certainly was a good man and an able man, and what he accomplished for the Church and the good of souls will never be fully known or appreciated. I had the great good fortune of being his pupil in the old Xaverian Institute of Louisville for three years, from 1871-1874. And I must say that I conceived an attachment and affection for him that lasted all my life. A boy never forgets a good teacher, and Brother Dominic certainly had all the qualifications of the classroom. What he taught us was taught well and thoroughly, and I have profited by it ever since. He was thoroughly absorbed in the progress of us boys; his waking and sleeping thought was how to advance us and make us become good men. And his efforts certainly succeeded in developing all that was good in us. He did not seem to know how to punish, and for that matter his influence over us was so great that he inspired us by his own enthusiasm with ambition and a desire to excel. The classroom, while he was in it, was never irksome; his pupils were happy to be with him, and study became a pleasure. And not only was he devoted to his work, and successful in training the mind and heart of his pupils, but he was also a man of solid Christian piety and rare prudence and discernment. It was not a surprise that he was soon removed from the classroom and placed in a field of wider achievement, for his talent and ability were too great to be confined to a few only. . . . But good men cannot live always, and Brother Dominic had to go when his time came. But the life he led and the work he did will be a spur and an encouragement to those who come after him, and especially to the Order of which he was the head. Personally, I shall always feel grateful to God, that in His merciful designs, He gave me in my boyhood days one who was

at once a capable teacher, a kind friend and a prudent adviser, to whom I owe more than I can ever repay.

When Mount Saint Joseph's was opened as a novitiate and school in 1876, Brother Dominic was appointed its first Superior and Master of Novices. To the great regret of Brothers and students, he left Louisville on October 31, and with three novices started the work. There he labored with his whole heart and soul for seven years, laying the foundation of the Mount firm and strong. During his time, the Mount became overcrowded with students, necessitating the building of a permanent school building, and proving it be no mere venture. Combined with his task as head of the school, he instructed the novices as well. Of his departure from the Mount the chronicler states:

> Brother Dominic left here for Lowell, his future home. He it was, who took hold of the new novitiate and school seven years ago, and by his untiring zeal and persevering industry brought it to the elevated position it now holds as a successful educational institution, and trained for the Congregation a noble band of young religious who are to-day among the best of our Brothers.

To Lowell, Massachusetts, Brother Dominic went in 1883, taking the place of Brother Joseph as Superior. In Lowell, he brought to bear his wonderful influence and subdued the wild boys to a state of perfect discipline. Not long was Brother Dominic in Lowell before he had an opportunity of proving the worth of self-discipline, his means of disciplining others. Whole-souled Brother Dominic! How often a man's heart rather than his head gets him into trouble. To good, kind Brother Dominic was to come the crucial test that sometimes enters the life of a man of God—the trial of being misunderstood. It was while at Lowell, as the history of the Lowell School has informed you, that he

procured for the Brothers a week's outing at Nabnasset Pond, at which time occurred the tragic drowning of Brother Bonaventure. It seems that Brother Dominic was held blameworthy for this accident. Strained relations began to exist between him and the Provincial, culminating in his removal from Lowell and the office of Superior. Not immediately after the accident was he removed, but suddenly, right in the middle of the following school year. Brother Dominic was called to Baltimore, and assigned to Saint Mary's Industrial School as one of the teachers and prefects. To a man of upright intentions, and Brother Dominic was the soul of honesty, this was a severe test of virtue. The being removed from office in itself was not a test, for no sensible man regrets that. But the manner and the time of the removal, the fact that the reason was unknown, the seeming injustice; these are hard to bear, unbearable to a man whose virtue is not deep-seated. In a Christ-like man, as Brother Dominic, they are permitted by God for reasons unknown at the time. Such a man rises above the present; he keeps in mind the Master, whose ways he had often implored during times of retreat to be elected to follow in a way not given to all but only to the strong. Brother Dominic, retiring by nature, never sought honors; they sought him. The very strength of will with which he dominated office now called forth all his reserve strength, and he stood, proving himself a man of character for whom greater things were in store.

To Saint Mary's Industrial School, he was sent in February, 1887. There he began to teach and to prefect, the cloud hanging over him the while. This did not prevent his working whole-heartedly. A man of his caliber has no time to indulge in idle repining, or to think himself a much afflicted martyr. His was too great a heart to shirk duty because of real or fancied wrongs; still, he would not have been human if he had not felt the humiliation to which he was subjected so suddenly and so unaccountably. What reasons Brother

Provincial Alexius had for removing him, we do not know. If he erred, the error was one of judgment, for no man had less malice in his heart than Brother Alexius, and he was incapable of rank injustice. In the designs of Providence, Superiors, in fact all men, are but instruments in effecting His will and the removal of Brother Dominic from Lowell was for a greater good. Great works are accomplished only through means of soul purification. Fire is the purifying element in the supernatural, as well as in the natural order. Ruskin says: "No great work for spiritual ends has ever succeeded in this world unless it has taken its first view of the world from the heights of Calvary, the light from the lamp of sacrifice shining upon it."

At Saint Mary's, Brother Dominic came under the notice of Cardinal Gibbons. Bear in mind that Brother Dominic was but one of the teachers at the school. He had no connection, directly or indirectly, with the board, and he was not one to force himself upon the recognition of anyone. It happened that one day the Cardinal was at the school, possibly for Confirmation. As he was sitting in the community room, Brother Dominic entered. The Cardinal saw him, and said to a member of the board: "That is the man who should be at the head of this institution." Not long after that, Brother Alexius named Brother Dominic the Superintendent of Saint Mary's, and strife, board strife, was over.

For twenty years, Brother Dominic remained at Saint Mary's giving to it unstintedly the love of his great heart, and receiving in return the love and admiration of Brothers and boys, the respect and esteem of the board. His kindly nature, as we have seen from the history of Saint Mary's, caused him to remove, as far as possible, all outward marks of its being a penal institution. His ready, sympathetic ear —and no man was ever more easy of approach—listened patiently to every boyish trouble. The boys, knowing they

had a friend in him, often imposed upon his good nature. What cared he? This did not lessen his kindness. He followed the principle of Saint Francis de Sales who preferred to err by being overlenient than to err by being overstrict. No tale of woe but found him ready and willing to relieve the trouble. Many a little tear-stained face of a boy went to the office to come out with rainbow eyes, a cookie or a stick of candy in his hand. Though cookies or candy were sometimes held in fake hands, this Brother Dominic never questioned. He was of the blood of John Boyle O'Reilly, who, on being asked what made him happy, replied that he was never so happy as when he made others happy. Kind Brother Dominic now feels the force of the same poet-patriot's sentiment:

> A kindly act is a kernel sown,
> That will grow to a goodly tree;
> Shedding its fruit when time has flown
> Down to the Gulf of Eternity.

Brother Dominic went through life fairly bubbling over with human kindness. The inmates of Saint Mary's were not alone in sharing the goodness of his heart. No appeal to charity was ever made to him but what he responded. Not only did he respond so far as he could, but further, paradoxical though it may seem. Often he was caught returning from the city in his stocking feet—winter or summer, it mattered not. What did this imply but that he had met some poor man in need of shoes, and that he took off his own to give to the poor wayfarer? How far he walked in that condition was his own secret. The same with hat or coat; what he had to give, he gave when he saw that the giving would relieve a pressing want. If the good Lord rewarded Saint Martin for giving half his cloak, surely Brother Dominic is now being amply compensated, for he gave all of his.

His outlook for the welfare of the Brothers under him was likewise a marked trait. He realized the work at Saint Mary's is a labor from which there is little respite during the twenty-four hours of the day. All he could do to relieve the Brothers he did, and he supplied many little creature comforts not in vogue in other Communities where the work is less arduous. This might be a cool drink in the summer at the night recreation, or a little vacation trip in summer. To assure the Brothers in the dormitories of a night's rest with an easy mind, he inaugurated the system of having hired watchmen in the dormitories to be on the lookout for sickness or disorder of any kind. To make this system really effective, he caused the alcoves, hitherto only separated by curtains, where the Brothers slept to be walled to the ceiling, thus making them in reality private rooms. All these may seem but trifles, but of such is life made. It takes but a trifle, one way or the other, to make it pleasant or otherwise. Brother Dominic had the art of making it pleasant. In return he received whole-hearted coöperation from those who labored under him, and none was so quick to perceive and appreciate it as he. His annual reports to the board, all concluded in much the same manner:

> With gratitude to Divine Providence who directs our ways, I conclude this report. To the zealous Passionist Fathers, who spare no pains to look after the spiritual welfare of our boys; to the good Sisters of Charity of Saint Agnes Hospital, who are ever at our disposal in case of serious accidents or sickness; to Doctor Saxton, our house physician; to Doctor Lewis, our dentist, who give their services gratuitously; to the faithful watchmen; I am deeply grateful, but above all, to my co-laborers, the Xaverian Brothers, without whom I could do nothing, and who deserve all the credit for the work accomplished during the past year.

Such was Brother Dominic, "a man, we shall never look upon his like again."

It is no small wonder that after the death of Brother Alexius in 1900 that he was chosen as the Provincial of the American Province. Personally, he was known to but few of the Brothers. His life at Saint Mary's kept him far too busy to admit of his entering the social life of the Brothers. He was never present at summer gatherings; but the older ones knew his worth, while the few younger ones, who chanced to go to the school during the summer to greet a confrère, were charmed with his manner and the way he had of making you think he had known you all your life.

Good Brother Dominic! As a Provincial he was loved. None could possibly associate fear with him. His solicitude for the sick endeared him to all. Often, as he would leave Brother Joseph's office at the Mount, he would meet a Brother who was there for the sake of his health. He would stop to inquire how he was, and on leaving would say: "Oh! I came near forgetting, Brother Joseph wants to see you." The Brother would go to Brother Joseph who would, at first, be nonplussed, but with a sudden light dawning, would smile and send him to the kitchen for a glass of milk or something else refreshing. Brother Dominic was solicitous for all. The summer that the Mount was upset, owing to the tearing down of the wooden building, he happened to come over and missing the Brothers was told they were at summer school session. Immediately he said it was no place for summer school, and that same night they were all on the way to Old Point Comfort seaside. He had a passion for giving. If a Brother chanced to go to the school, he would have to pass through the office; Brother Dominic would look him over, and seldom would one emerge without a new pair of shoes, a hat or a coat. "Wait a minute, Brother! Let me see; I have just what you need. See if this fits. God bless you!" He might be calling at a house,

and the Brother who opened the door, would be greeted by: "What time is it, Brother?" The watch would come out. "Let me see that watch, Brother! Here is one, let me have that!" Often young Brothers, attached to watches by reason of particular association, would fear he might want to exchange, but Brother Dominic never exchanged except when he gave something better.

As the Provincial, we have seen how busy he was in building up the institutions owned by the Brothers so that their work might be brought before the public in a manner in keeping with the dignity of the profession to which they had vowed their lives. Buildings alone did not consume his time and energy, he likewise expanded the work. Places ranging from Texas to Maine, he had to refuse and he did so with regret, for it hurt his charitable heart to refuse any opportunity where good could be done. If he was criticized for taking so many industrial schools and homes, his own heart is the answer to such criticism. Where his heart lay, his interest went; and he loved the poor and the destitute. For them he lived, and among them he died. When Cardinal Gibbons, who was out of the city when Brother Dominic died, was informed of his death, he asked where he died, and on being told it was at St. Mary's, he replied: "His first and last love."

Brother Dominic had a big heart. He was personally known to every newsboy in the city where business frequently took him. He never passed such a boy without stopping to speak to him. His charity and goodness of heart, as is the case of men blessed with human feelings, often caused prudence to be thrown to the winds. When asked to accept a foundation, he looked first to the good that could be done, and then for the men to do it, crippling other places to supply the new mission. He did not look to other conditions. He made no formal contracts, which was a mistake, but judged all men by the rugged honesty

of his own heart. Thus his foundations were made on the unstable word of man. With but two exceptions their life lasted only as long as the Bishop founding them lived. Succeeding Bishops, not being interested in the particular line of work, did not feel themselves bound to carry on the burdens entailed, since no contract existed either as to time or to support. But if Brother Dominic's foundations failed for the most part, the man, himself, did not fail, and that is what counts where goodness of heart is rewarded by Him from whom it proceeds.

When he was appointed Provincial, Cardinal Gibbons said: "I congratulate you on one condition, that you retain the superintendency of Saint Mary's." Poor Brother Dominic! Nothing pleased him better, but it was more than too much. To be Superintendent of St. Mary's, in itself, requires a man of iron. To add to it the burden of provincialship was enough to break any man. Nothing daunted, he continued in the dual office for over seven years before that which was feared came to pass. The strain, bound to come, became more evident as time went on. Its pressure really was the determining factor in his closing the Californian Mission, recalling the Brothers in the spring of 1907, so that Brother Paul might be in the East to be initiated into the work of Saint Mary's that he might step aside and give his whole strength to the growing Province.

In May, 1907, Brother Paul arrived at Saint Mary's and was duly installed, though Brother Dominic still remained at the school. On September 14, of the same year, the end came quite suddenly to Brother Dominic. That morning, he arose as usual at four-thirty, went to chapel for meditation, Holy Mass, and Holy Communion, and from there to breakfast. After breakfast, he made his usual visits to the classes, and then went to inspect a new building on the premises. Returning to the office, he sat down and said he felt a little tired. As he said it, he fell to the floor in a fit of

apoplexy. He was taken to his bed in the next room; the doctor and the priest were summoned. This was at twenty minutes to ten in the morning, and he died without regaining consciousness at twenty after one in the afternoon. With him at the end were the Reverend Owen Carrigan, later Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore (the good Bishop dying on April 8, 1929), and Brothers Isidore and Paul. News was immediately dispatched to the various houses, the Superiors of which hastened to Baltimore for the funeral held on Tuesday, September 17.

No sooner was it known in Baltimore than thousands came to the school to view the mortal remains of one of Baltimore's foremost men. All walks of life were to be noted in the file; all creeds as well. The next day, Sunday, many of the Pastors made good Brother Dominic the subject of their sermons, and in reality from his selfless life many a lesson could be learned. His Excellency, Governor Warfield of Maryland, sent his condolences, concluding with: "His life was well spent for the uplifting of humanity and for the advancement of the cause of the Christian religion." Bishops sent tributary notices; Catholic papers made him the subject of editorials; the daily papers of Baltimore gave him front page headlines. Brother Dominic cared naught for this—he was with God, at rest; and to him the plaudits of earth meant nothing in death as they mattered not in life.

The next day, the Cardinal returned to Baltimore and a meeting of the Board of St. Mary's was held at his residence on Monday, the following resolutions being adopted:

> At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Saint Mary's Industrial School for Boys, in Baltimore City, held at the Cardinal's residence on the afternoon of Monday, September 16, 1907, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:
>
> WHEREAS, The Board has learned with deep distress

of the death of Reverend Brother Dominic, the beloved and esteemed Superintendent of Saint Mary's Industrial School for Boys in Baltimore City.

And Whereas, They desire to record their grateful appreciation of his invaluable services rendered to the Institution under his charge. For more than twenty years he labored untiringly and with watchful care in rescuing and preserving from misery, vice, and crime, the young inmates of the institution committed to his care and keeping, and with a rare combination of executive ability and Christian charity, returned them to the community as useful, happy and worthy citizens.

And Whereas, It is the desire of this Board to record its impression that every moment and thought of Brother Dominic was given to the success and advancement of the Institution, and that he therein exemplified a life and labor entirely free from selfish motives and considerations; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Board, in grateful perpetuation of his memory, desire to make public their appreciation of his life and labors, and to assert that they will ever be to them a solace, an inspiration, encouraging them to a renewed effort in continuation of the work along the successful lines in which it was guided by his wisdom and sustained by his virtue; and be it further

Resolved, That these minutes be recorded in the public press of Baltimore City.

James Cardinal Gibbons,
President.

Adam Deupert,
Secretary.

Rev. O. B. Corrigan
John G. Johnson,
Michael A. Mullin,
Charles W. Heuisler,
Committee.

The mourning of Saint Mary's Board was a religious affair, and justly due the memory of Brother Dominic, His Eminence being quick to see to it; but Brother Dominic, though not a public man, was esteemed by the public; hence, we have the following to bear testimony to the general esteem in which he was held:

> The Citizens' Association on Public Welfare of Baltimore, at their regular meeting on Tuesday, September 24th, passed the following resolutions:
>
> *Resolved,* That in the death of Brother Dominic, the Community at large, as well as his Associates and Friends, have sustained an irreparable loss which is felt deeply by all who knew him.
>
> *Resolved,* That this Association feels the sincerest sympathy for the Associates of the deceased in their hour of sorrow, and be it further
>
> *Resolved,* That the Secretary be directed to send a copy of these resolutions to his late residence.
>
> CHARLES C. STEIFF,
> *President.*
> by FRANCIS LAWTON, JR.,
> *Secretary.*

On Tuesday morning, the funeral was held from the chapel of Saint Mary's, in the presence of Cardinal Gibbons. The Reverend O. B. Corrigan was Celebrant of the Solemn Mass of Requiem; Reverend F. X. Brady, S.J., Pastor of St. Ignatius, Deacon; Reverend Clement Lee, C.P., Subdeacon; and the Reverend Francis Murmann, C.P., Chaplain of Saint Mary's, Master of Ceremonies. The Superiors of the various houses, and his nephew, Brother Alexius, were present. His Eminence pronounced the last absolution, and the sermon was delivered by the Reverend John Boland, who concluded:

Wherever he entered, he brought sunshine, and whenever he left there was a shadow. His greatest characteristic was his devotion to duty and his abiding self-sacrifice. The world and his Church could have given him honors, and would willingly have done so, but his beautiful modesty always made him keep himself in the background. He was never willing to take to himself any credit for what his Order had accomplished, preferring to ascribe all the credit to his co-workers.

We can all learn many lessons from Brother Dominic's devotion to the work he had set for himself, and if we can accomplish half the good he did we will be amply rewarded in the better world to come.

At the grave, the clerical students of the Passionist Monastery sang the *Benedictus.* His being consigned to earth can no better be described than from an article in the *Baltimore American* of the day:

In an unornamented, wooden coffin Brother Dominic, Provincial of the Xaverian Order in America, was laid to rest in Bonnie Brae Cemetery. No box was in the grave to keep out the earth-damp and the elements which bring about the return of the flesh to the earth whence it came, and no stone will tell the passer-by that he is walking by what remains of the earthly temple of one of the most unselfish and Christian characters that Baltimore has ever known. As Brother Dominic's life was a life of sacrifice, so was his leaving the world a death of sacrifice.

Perhaps the greatest tribute, a silent one, to this great man was given by the six hundred and fifty boys of Saint Mary's, who followed the body to the grave; not one boy was missing when they returned to the school.

God give you rest, Brother Dominic! You knew it not on earth. Your "God bless you" you earned for the work and the workers. From the heights you now experience that "greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John 15:13.)

CHAPTER XVII

BROTHER JOSEPH

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

IF ever a man of God lived, that man is Brother Joseph, the first to receive the holy habit of the Xaverian Brothers in America. In the world Brother Joseph was known as Michael Sullivan. He was born in Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland, September 27, 1832. His boyhood and youth were spent in Ireland. Beyond that, we know nothing more. He did not talk of himself, and would be the first to check anyone who would brag of ancestral castles (in the air) because the Xaverian Rule counsels: "The Brothers shall not speak of themselves, their relations, of what they did in the world, or of their expectations." To this principle, the early Brothers held, and this accounts for the dearth of knowledge that would be valuable to-day. Brother Joseph, the first disciple of the American Province, ever held in veneration the pioneers from whom he breathed the religious atmosphere, and their rule of life was his. There is one incident, however, that shows he had been a boy, much as those who knew him might be inclined to doubt it. It happened one evening while the Brothers of the Mount, six in number, were at recreation, that the question of truancy came up. One of the group laid the imaginary wager of "I'll bet" that few men live that did not play truant from school at least

once in their lives. To prove the assertion, the question was put to each, only two being innocent. Brother Joseph then came on the scene.

"Let's ask him," said one.

"No! He never did!" said another in consternation.

"Brother Joseph, we are discussing truancy. Did you ever play truant?" asked the first.

In his usual way of thinking before answering a direct question, he scratched his head, smiled, and replied: "Yes; once when a circus came to town." This reply caused great hilarity—Brother Joseph was human after all.

Mr. Sullivan immigrated to America during that wave of immigration from 1848 to 1860. Having received in Ireland, what would have been termed a good education for those days, he readily secured employment as a bookkeeper for a large mercantile firm, Coleman & Company, in Louisville, Kentucky. Shortly before the Civil War, the Louisville and Nashville railroad was in the course of construction, and he was offered the position of procurator for the hundreds of men that were imported to the city for the purpose of labor. He accepted the position, which came in good stead for him later, for he was to be a procurator practically all his religious life.

While he was active in business, he was at the same time active in church affairs, and was the right-hand man of his Pastor, Reverend Lawrence Bax of Saint John's Church. Saint John's was then on Jefferson Street. In time the church proved too small for the growing congregation, and a lot was purchased on Walnut and Clay Streets, its present site. Great preparations were made for the solemn laying of the corner stone of the proposed new church. To make the occasion impressive, and to give the Catholics of the city just reason to take pride in their faith, all the Catholic societies of the city were invited to parade. As the leading man of the parish, Mr. Sullivan was chosen to be chief

BROTHER JOSEPH, FIRST XAVERIAN NOVICE IN AMERICA

marshal of the procession. This necessitated his being at the head on horseback. Having had no previous experience in equestrian feats, he hired a gentle horse, practiced after working hours, by going out on Preston Street, then open country. On the day set for the ceremony all the societies were in line, our marshal on horseback at their head. With all the dignity at his command—very little at that, unless good Brother Joseph changed considerably from what Michael Sullivan was—he gave the signal to start. The band struck up a martial air; the horse of the marshal reared and bolted straight for Preston Street, the procession continuing its line of march without the marshal. The corner stone was laid, the crowd dispersed before the horse returned to the stable—Mr. Sullivan sound of limb, notwithstanding, but finally convinced that all is vanity.

Though similar cases have led others among the saints to enter religion, we do not assert that such was the case in the life of Michael Sullivan. Various ways has God of leading chosen souls to Himself, and He creates incidents to effect His purpose. In the instance of Michael Sullivan, He made use of the keenest of sorrows to make him see that happiness in the hand of man is fleeting, and that there are no lasting joys on earth. Michael Sullivan had embraced the matrimonial state. Shortly after the marriage his wife died. This led him to perceive that the human heart cannot find perfect happiness here, and he sought for it in the sanctuary of religion. All that the world could offer he had: education, position, friends. His heart was empty and he was privileged to know that God alone could fill it. Where was he to find what his heart sought?

In a poor, mean cottage on Green Street lived ten men in community. They had been living there from July to March, praying for an increase in the family of God, but hitherto none came to inquire if there be "any room in the inn." Why should they? Who wanted room? Facts were

patent: here were poverty and foreigners, two deterrents to anyone thinking of giving his life to God when there were other ways surer of effecting the same result. Not so with Michael Sullivan. As a man at Saint John's, he was impressed with the changed conduct of the boys since these Brothers had come to the Parish. This is not merely a statement for effect. In the annals of Saint John's Parish, wrote the Reverend Lawrence Bax:

> It was about this time (1856) I began to think of changing my lay teachers and engaging Brothers. I found that, howsoever well a teacher be qualified, unless, besides the stipend, a higher motive supports him in his arduous duties, it can hardly be expected he will teach the children as *Catholic* children. Therefore, I consulted the Bishop, spoke to the Pastors of Saint Boniface and Saint Patrick's and concluded to ask the Xaverian Brothers to teach our school for boys. We corresponded with the Superior in Bruges and our proposal was accepted. Preparations were made to receive them and begin school the following September, 1860. The change, as may be imagined, was a blessing. No sooner had the Brothers begun their work in earnest than the whole appearance of the school rooms was changed. Order and regularity, as well as respect for teachers, were soon seen. The parents were delighted with the change and soon the number of scholars was too great for two Brothers. Seeing a third necessary, I applied, and of course, one was sent.

As a man of God, Mr. Sullivan discerned men of God in the two Brothers in the Parish. Bravely he determined to cast his lot with them. Bravery it was. He left comfortable surroundings in exchange for poverty that was penury. Of this he could not be ignorant, as he had to call for an interview prior to acceptance. Even before he called, he must

have sensed conditions, for the house on Green Street was not a five-minute walk from Saint John's. Bravery again: he was entering a life entirely different from the one he was leaving, and he was then thirty-four. That he was to change his mode of living is not, in itself, surprising, neither would it constitute anything heroic, this is the lot of all entering religion, but he was to be the only one of his nationality in the Community; seven were Germans; two, Hollanders; one was English. Where did he fit in? In the Heart of Christ.

Mr. Sullivan entered the Community on March 19, 1861, and was invested on April the first at Saint John's Church. By reason of his age; his ability to be of service at once; his own good dispositions, no doubt, being the greatest factor, the period of postulancy was shortened. On August 15, 1863, he made his Holy Profession likewise in Saint John's Church.

In those days, investitures and professions were held in the public church. Mr. Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick, managing editor of *The Baltimore Catholic Review,* advocated in an article in *America* the public holding of such ceremonies simply to impress the people with the glory of the sacrificial lives such ceremonies exemplify, reasoning that many more might elect a life for God if it was brought to them more graphically. Not for reasons suggested by Mr. Fitzpatrick was this the custom of the Brothers in the early days in this country, but simply because they then had no chapel. Brother Joseph's ceremony was the first of its kind with the Brothers in America. The choice of Saint John's Church was, possibly, because it had been his parish church; for, later, such ceremonies were held, sometimes at Saint Boniface, next to the Brothers' House, but more frequently at the Cathedral with the Bishop officiating.

Those, who knew Brother Joseph, can now realize why March 19 and August 15 were ever dear to his heart. As a

Superior he made much of these two feasts, though one never knew they had any special connection with his life. March 19 was the date of his entrance, his patronal feast as well, but he would never countenance any celebration in his honor.

Fitting it was that that date of the entrance of the first novice should have been March 19, the Feast of Saint Joseph. It was to Saint Joseph they had been applying for candidates; and it was through the Saint, as will be remembered, that the money for the passage to America had come in a rather unusual, if not miraculous, manner. August 15 was the date of his espousal to the Lord. His own love for the date is revealed, and also a glimpse into his pious soul is gained, from reading an account in the chronicles which were in his charge at the time, August 15, 1868:

> Our hearts on this day, [August 15] are ready to jump right out of our bodies with joy—our own Mother's Day. Our little Chapel [Fourth Street] is so neatly adorned that it speaks of heaven. There, too, is the picture of the sweet loving heart of Mary on the altar prepared for it. [Can you not sense the poverty of not having a statue?] There is the music, so sweet, so solemn, so soul-stirring, every strain of which pours into one's soul a desire to be in Paradise with the celestial band to hear and sing forever the praises of Jesus and His Chaste Mother.
>
> Dear reader, come in spirit along with me: let me lead you on. I will show you something you have never witnessed before in Louisville. See these young men kneeling down there before God's altar. What are they doing? I will tell you: They are going to put on the livery of Jesus, and cast off that of the wicked world; they are to join our ranks and become soldiers of Jesus,

Mary and Joseph. On this day six young men took the Holy Habit of Religion.

This has been the happiest day of my whole life, and I am sure every one in the house feels as I do, joyful beyond measure. God speed the good work! May the loving Mother of Jesus never let this her own day pass without having some of her good servants become affianced to her Son. Sweet Mother, send us many more, and we will bring many more souls to Jesus, your adorable Son. Sweet Mother, you have always given me much for whatever trifling acts I have done for you. You have ever heard my petition. Most powerful Mother, be sure, never let this day pass without having some new Spouses for your Holy Son.

Dear Brother Joseph, your prayer is heard, though we never knew you uttered it until now, which makes it more an answer to your pleadings before the Sacred Heart. Yes, his prayer is now heard, and God grant the Community may ever so celebrate the Feast of the Assumption, if for no other reason than that the first novice of America left it, as it were, in his last will and testament. For years, in fact all through the novitiate period of the Mount, investitures and professions were held at the close of the annual retreat, which always occurred in early July as the most convenient time for all concerned. Since the novitiate has been maintained as a separate institution, investitures occur twice a year, at least, on March 19 and August 15. Profession takes place once a year at the close of the annual retreat on the Feast of the Assumption. This date was selected to honor our Blessed Mother, but who will not say that Brother Joseph had a voice in the selection?

In September, 1861, Brother Joseph was assigned to Saint John's School. The fact that he was well known in the Parish would have been a drawback at other times, and pos-

sibly to another man at any time. It must also be borne in mind that the Brothers then had but two English schools: Saint Patrick's and Saint John's. Not a varied choice for assignments was there; neither was there an oversupply of teachers for English schools, considering the natal tongues of the members of the Community, only one apart from Brother Joseph, having known English from the cradle. He was warmly welcomed by the Pastor. As a layman, he had held the respect of the parishioners; but as a religious, he received their veneration. For eleven years he labored as a teacher in Louisville. His work at St. John's was successful. To Brothers Anselm, Peter, Basil, Lawrence, Osmund, Cyril, Didymus, Campion, and now, Brother Cletus, he left his spirit. The good work, practically started by him, still goes on, the testimony of which is revealed from the annals of Saint John's Parish:

> Among the first pupils of Saint John's were Frank Corrigan, later a prominent physician of the city; the Reverend Cornelius O'Connell, who was President of Saint Joseph's College, Bardstown, and for many years, Rector of the former Cathedral of Bardstown.
>
> Saint John's has had the Brothers since 1860, sixty-nine years of noble work. Among the Brothers teaching for a number of years was the present Provincial, Brother Osmund.
>
> Fifteen priests, eleven still living, came from Saint John's School; the teaching and example of the Brothers contributed much inspiration for these many vocations. Six became Xaverian Brothers; four are preparing for the holy priesthood, and one for the Brotherhood.
>
> The Brothers have been, according to the testimony of both Pastors of Saint John's, the Reverend Lawrence Bax (1855-1908) and the Right Reverend Monsignor

George Schuhmann, D.D., Vicar General, the present Pastor (1909-1929), a valuable help in the pastoral work of the parish, and it is now the only parochial school in the city that has the advantage of male teachers for the boys. The favorable reputation of these teachers has always attracted pupils from all parts of the city.

Enjoying the distinction of now being the oldest institution of which the Brothers have charge in America, Saint John's feels proud of this association with the Brothers, and wishes the Xaverian Community long continued activity in the future in behalf of Catholic education.

We may well give Brother Joseph the credit for the inauguration of this good work, for the school had been in existence but one year when he became responsible for it.

In the Community, Brother Joseph was a valuable member, both for his example of religious fervor, and for his intellectual gifts. Possessing an education which qualified him to help those younger, and those still struggling for the mastery of the English language, he willingly and unsparingly spent himself for others and for God. Soon he was appointed assistant to the Master of Novices. Those who were novices at that time relate how he used to paraphrase the meditation aloud as they were preparing to retire; and that he, himself, always took to bed a bronze image of the Sacred Heart and a large Crucifix. That he was held in estimation by the Superiors is evidenced by the fact that he was chosen in 1872 to open the mission of Saint Patrick's, Baltimore. This was indeed a trust. Apart from the hindrance set to expansion by Bishop Spalding, the Superiors themselves seemed timid about sending the Brothers to a distance from the seat of government, men suitable to guide being wanting in their minds. We can well understand how

Brother Paul was sent; but for Brother Joseph, not a European of tried virtue, to be entrusted with a mission so far away, is, in itself, a eulogy of his virtues.

To Baltimore he went, as was recorded in the history of Saint Patrick's School of that city. The place he held in the heart of Father Gaitley, the Pastor, we already know. That it was not a casual regard, we can learn from the words of this same Father Gaitley:

> Before the Brothers came to the parish, one clergyman was sufficient to attend to the spiritual wants; now, there are three, a number which hardly suffices. Before they came, I had no hold on my people, they went to whatever church they pleased, now they go with their children, and as you see, the church is crowded at every service.

We have learned the adroit way in which Brother Alexius took Brother Joseph from Father Gaitley, eventually placing him at Mount Saint Joseph's. It was there that he was best known, and least understood. He was a man devoted to duty, duty as guided by conscience, and this view of duty often brought odium upon him. If he ever was aware of it, he cared naught, for no man lived more indifferent to human respect than he. As Superior of the mother house for twenty-one years, he presided at the annual retreats. In this capacity, at the daily reading and explanation of the Rule, he had to do the official scolding, the points often supplied by the Provincial, Brother Alexius. No man liked to scold less than Brother Joseph, and no man could do it better. At the close of a retreat, the first after the death of Brother Alexius, Brother Joseph electrified the Community by kneeling on the floor of the conference hall and saying: "My dear Brothers, it seems that I have all my life had to do the scolding. I do not like to do it; and if I offended any Brother in the course of my remarks, I most

sincerely ask his forgiveness." Dear old Brother Joseph, in that one moment, you gave your Brothers more food for thought than they could have gained by reading volumes of the lives of the saints.

His reading was frequently tinged with humor, affording much laughter, and proving a delightful time in the silent hours of retreat. This he never intended. Not a shadow of a smile would cross his face as he waited for decorum to be restored of itself in order to continue. He might say: "I saw a Brother chewing too-loo gum" (tutti-frutti was then the popular brand); again, he would caution about "white-haired boys" (pets), or he would speak of "female women." He would have an unique way of humbling himself, and inferentially cautioning others prone to vanity. Some of the Brothers, coming for retreat, might have dilated, just a little too strongly, of having just assisted at the First Mass of one of their boys, and then count the number of similar occasions in the past. Brother Joseph, at a future conference, would bring in about *his* boys; this one was in jail; that one was hanged; and so on. One would have to hear him to appreciate him.

Brother Joseph was not prepossessing in appearance. He always kept his hair closely cropped, and he never had a sign of baldness as a consequence; his eyelids were conspicuously red; there was no dignity in his bearing; and one would take him for an ordinary working Brother about the place. When he smiled, he was really attractive. You felt drawn to him but he would never let himself be loved. He did not seem approachable, yet at a distance of years, one can see the underlying motive—he was so much a man of God that he feared to be ensnared by human affections. Still there were times when one could approach him, taking care not to go too far. He gave, as was stated, the conferences at retreat, and he always harped on the young Brothers (professed only present) who could readily see

that some of the faults mentioned pointed very decidedly to the older Brothers. One day, during the year, a young professed of his community, said to him at recreation: "Brother, you are always scolding the young Brothers; you never have a word to say against the older Brothers."

"My! My! My!"—he spoke always in three's. "Is that so? I didn't know that. Now I promise you I won't say a word against the young Brothers at the next retreat. See now!"

The incident was forgotten by the young Brother, but not by Brother Joseph. True to his word, and to the delight of the young, the next summer, in his usual talks, when anything amiss was brought before the body, he always ended: "And it was not a young Brother, either." After the retreat on meeting the young Brother in question, he smiled, in his own beautiful way, and said: "Now, Brother, did I scold the young Brothers?"

Oh! his conferences during the year to the Community! He was the conference. It was the custom to read and explain every Sunday evening the Epistle and the Gospel of the day. Brother Joseph would read; close the book; lift his eyes, and transport his hearers above earth. Such a flow of spirituality! Such ability to quote passages from the saints to substantiate a point! Never has it been equalled! It gave evidence of depth of reading, and a talent for retaining, for it is certain he had no time for immediate preparation, as he was both Superior and Procurator, and this was before the days of autos. Autos! Could one see Brother Joseph in an auto, if autos had been in existence? In his mind, electricity in the new house was a convenience contrary to the spirit of poverty. He would not have a telephone until Brother Provincial Dominic came on the scene and forced him to have one, but it is very doubtful if he ever used it for his own convenience. Each day, rain or shine, cold or warm, he went to the city. As the cars then

passed the grounds only every hour, he was rarely home in time for dinner. If he could, which was generally the case, he would slip in, and to avoid troubling the cook, take a glass of milk and eat dry bread.

This spirit of mortification was another reason why he was not understood, and led to the false conclusion that he lacked hospitality. One holiday three Jesuits left Woodstock, about twelve miles from the Mount, for a hike—the late Father Read Mullan was one, and he told the tale years after to one of the Brothers in Boston. Shortly before dinner they reached Mount de Sales. As that is a convent of nuns, they concluded not to stop there for monastic hospitality. The alternative of the Passionists or Mount Saint Joseph's presented itself. On deliberation, they discountenanced the Passionists as they had three abstinence days a week, and the hikers were hungry. Delighted to talk with three holy sons of Saint Ignatius, Brother Joseph went to the parlor. He opened the conference by talking of the mortifications of the Saint and his illustrious son, Saint Francis Xavier. In the meantime, a bell rang, ostensibly for dinner, but no move on the part of Brother Joseph. Finally, with a note of hesitation in his voice, he asked if he might be allowed to offer dinner to them. The spokesman replied that it was just that for which they had been waiting. The truth was this: Brother Joseph simply was afraid of tempting them to break a possible rule of their House by asking them to eat without their having permission of their Superior. On another occasion, the good man, dead to human respect, put others to confusion. The Passionists, in those days, thought the Mount cold, whereas Saint Mary's Industrial School was the seat of hospitality. Thinking their services were more appreciated at Saint Mary's, they preferred to be sent there on duty rather than to the Mount, but it was a case of not understanding saintly Brother Joseph. It happened that on one Feast

of Saint Francis Xavier, an investiture prolonged the time in chapel. At the close of the ceremonies, Brother Isidore brought Father Jerome, the officiating priest, to felicitate the Brothers on the feast, Brother Joseph being present. While talking, the bell rang for breakfast, and Brother Isidore said to Brother Joseph: "Are you not going to invite Father Jerome to breakfast?"

"No! No! No!" answered Brother Joseph, nothing abashed. It is not known how Father Jerome felt. The Brothers were put to confusion, and felt that Brother Joseph had gone beyond the limit of politeness, to say the least. It proved to be simply a case of his betraying his own respect and love of rule. He knew that the Passionists did not partake of breakfast other than dry bread and coffee, and he would not ask a man to go contrary to his Rule without the permission of his Superior. This is no surmise, but a statement of fact, as he said to Brother Isidore when Father Jerome left: "My! My! My! You scandalized that holy man by asking him to break his Rule."

Never for a moment could anyone accuse Brother Joseph of being lacking in thoughtfulness for others. True, he was generous in refusals; but he had too great an estimate of the value of virtue not to be conscientious in supplying those under him with occasions of practicing the same when no detriment to health was at stake, comforts never entered into his calculation. Yet he was amazingly thoughtful in trifles: he might be bringing a young Brother to the depot en route to his first mission, and on the way would inquire if he had a pocketknife. If the reply was negative, he would say, "My! My! My! Every teacher should have a knife for sharpening pencils," and he would go out of his way to find a store to purchase one. Again, if a young Brother happened to be going West, Brother Joseph, knowing he had never seen Washington, would take an earlier train to show him the buildings of the Capital. In putting

him on the train later he would caution him to watch for Harper's Ferry, and to be sure to turn around as the train approached, or he would miss the view. Kind he was, but he was never overindulgent. He had an unique way of causing one to practice patience and mortification, or perhaps to cause one to say a little prayer on the street car. He might be with a young Brother on the way to the depot to take a train for the first trip home. Possibly noting the Brother's look of exhilaration, he would say with much concern, prefacing his comment with the usual three "My's," "I hope we don't meet with an accident and miss the train. It sometimes happens when I am in a hurry that a hay wagon will break down in front of the car and cause a delay of an hour." Then consulting his watch, he would add, "I think we will make it, if nothing happens." Dear old Brother Joseph, he had to die to be appreciated.

On January 6, 1904, he became ill. The doctor was summoned, and pronounced it pneumonia. Other complications set in before the disease had spent itself, culminating in erysipelas. He was then seventy-two, and all hope was abandoned. To send him to a hospital was out of the question simply because he was Brother Joseph. To engage a lay-trained nurse was preposterous for the same reason, so the service of a Sister of the Bon Secours was enlisted. Would he have the Sister? No; she had to leave, and Brother Arcadius was in charge of him practically day and night. On the fifteenth, a change came for the worse. The Brothers were assembled to recite the prayers for the dying. Brother Joseph was conscious, and joined in the responses. To all appearances, he calmly breathed his last. The bell was tolled; dispatches were sent; but he revived, and lived until the next morning, Saturday, the sixteenth of January.

Brother Joseph, shirking honors in life, had them paid to him in death. He, who would never allow distinctive marks at death, even to the Provincial, had them deservedly in

his own case—one time when he had nothing to say. Cardinal Gibbons, who would not be in the city the day of the funeral, came out to the Mount to pay his respects to one whom he had revered as a simple religious. The Reverend Rector of the Passionist Monastery, Father Charles Lang, offered the Monastery Church for the funeral. This was accepted as Brother Joseph was well known, and the chapel of the Mount would be too small. Poor Brother Joseph! Would you have died easily had you known? Solemn Mass of Requiem was held at the Church on the eighteenth, Father Charles, the Celebrant; Fathers Cajetan and Florian, Deacon and Subdeacon. Many of the clergy of Baltimore were present, and the church was filled with friends from Baltimore and Washington. The eulogy, another departure from the principles of Brother Joseph, was preached by the late Father Alphonsus, C.P., who concluded: "I esteem all men in charity; but before the religious who devotes his life to education, I bow my head in reverence," and well may all who knew the grand old man, Brother Joseph, bow their heads in reverence at the mention of his hallowed name.

CHAPTER XVIII

BROTHER STANISLAUS

Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.

MATTHEW 18:3

THERE is an adage to the effect that good things are often done up in small packages. Historians are fond of reminding us that Julius Cæsar and Napoleon were small of stature. In the world politic, there is a small country, which was little known, seldom thought of, lost sight of, until the late war, when on all sides was heard: "Poor little Belgium"! Though it took a war to bring Belgium into prominence in a world that measures and values things according to size—material wealth being the gauge—still, where values are values in the real sense, Belgium had long been prominent by reason of that which alone constitutes greatness among nations, the greatness of manhood. Belgium did not rise suddenly to greatness when, in her comparative smallness, she rose as one man to repel, hopelessly, yet persistently, the inroads of the invaders of her territory and the violators of her neutrality. No. If she was great then, it was because she had children of a long line of really great ancestors. A history, not generally known is hers. It records the names of the truly great, great in moral heroism, without which there is and can be no greatness. A Saint John Berchmans, doing nothing great in the eyes of men, but great with a greatness denied to Alexander the Great, hails from this little land of big men. From Belgium also hails the renowned Father Damien. His greatness of soul

is recognized, not only by the Church and the distressed humanity he served, but by all right-thinking people who really acclaim heroism, even if they cannot understand the motive that gives it birth, and are ready to give the hero their meed of admiration, regardless of faith and religion.

Our own America owes much to the stalwart character of the Belgians. Many of our early missionaries, the vanguards of civilization, were exiles by reason of force from countries that denied them the right to fulfill the vocation of God. Not so the Belgians. Her sons who came here in missionary enterprise were exiles of free choice, eager to spread the word of God in parts unknown. Father de Smet, the Jesuit missionary among the Indians and Father Nerinckx, known as the Apostle of Kentucky, styled by Archbishop Spalding "the second founder of the western missions" and the Founder of the Sisters of Loretto, were Belgians. Other men, too numerous to mention, there are, who left the classic halls of Louvain to extend their influence amidst the wilds of America. At home they might have remained and worked for God, for Belgium has never been disgraced by a persecution of the Church of God. In recognition of this, there is a peculiar privilege granted to the people of Flanders, that of having the blessing of the Sacred Host imparted twice during the one service of Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

From this same prolific Belgium hails another hero, a hidden one. So little known is he that his name goes not beyond one circle, and few there are to-day in that circle who ever knew him—Brother Stanislaus of the Xaverian Brothers. Of him may be applied the well-known sentiment of Gray:

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

BROTHER STANISLAUS, PIONEER

We quarrel with the last verse. No sweetness of any man of God is ever wasted. Far from it. The very smallness of a room but makes the odor of the rose more pronounced. The limited field of endeavor but makes for concentration of effort, leaving a sweetness in the hearts of a few, those few to impart it to others, and so the exhalation goes on. Apart from this, God sees all, and many souls live only to give Him the secret satisfaction of seeing and enjoying the fruits of His inner works of grace. Call nothing wasted that is for God and God alone. Works of earth, for earth, are wasted; works of heaven, for heaven—never.

Brother Stanislaus was born in Stockholm, Limburg, Belgium, on August 15, 1817. Mary's child he surely was. His family name was Lucas. In Baptism he received the names of Peter Leonard Hubert. How he came to enlist with the Xaverian Brothers is not known. We know that he entered April 5, 1842, being then twenty-five years of age. There were but five in the Community when he entered. He was invested and professed with the Founder, and is regarded as a co-founder. To his suggestion, the Brothers owe the adoption of the Crucifix as part of the habit they wear.

Many queer things were related of him in his early days at the *Walletjes,* but they are lost to memory. Two things stand out: first, he arrived at night and so did not get a view of the building until morning. At half-past four, he was aroused. Being sleepy, he thought that it was an unearthly hour to call a man. He got up; looked out; on seeing a light burning in a window across the way, he said to himself: "There is a man up early to be about the things of earth; surely you can do the same for God," and so he hurriedly dressed. It did not take him long and later we shall learn why. During the day, he found out that the light proceeded from a wing in another part of the house, and that the early riser was not the supposed toiler for the things of earth, but one of the Brothers. Nevertheless, the

consolation had its effect, and Brother Stanislaus continued to be an early riser the rest of his eighty-seven years, in the mind of Providence, exactly sixty-two in religion. Secondly, we have stated that it did not take him long to get ready the first morning; nor did it for a few following mornings, as one day the Founder met him, and said:

"Brother, you look as if you have not washed your face since you entered." Truth to tell, he had not. He thought that religious were above nature in all respects. He was soon disillusioned and sent to wash, being impressed that religious, while holding in reverence all the sayings of the saints, aim to follow Saint Augustine most minutely: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

Of the poverty, destitution, and uncertainty which he shared, there is no need to speak, other than to call forth our admiration for this man who was willing to stake his all on what appeared, on the face of it, but a mere venture. That he was a man sent by Providence at this critical stage of the infant Congregation is apparent to all who knew him. His sunny nature must have more than once been the lone rift amidst the gloom, since he could get fun even out of disaster. His well known musical ability, at least, would have the effect of raising drooping hearts beyond the present, uplifting them as he sat at the organ and poured forth his own beautiful soul.

In May, 1848, when the Brothers made their first venture in England, at Bury, Brother Stanislaus was among the pioneers. Two years later when the school at Bury was transferred to Saint Augustine's, Manchester, the musical faculties of Brother Stanislaus were called into requisition. The Brothers eventually had two schools at Manchester. As they had but one melodeon, a small one at that, and Brother Stanislaus taught the singing in both schools, boys would carry the melodeon from one school to the other. The late Superior General, Brother Bernard, remembers having

been on occasions one of the favored boys to get out of school.

Brother Stanislaus labored for twelve years in England. In 1860 he formed one of the second group of pioneers to strengthen the work in America. To Louisville he went, naturally, as it was the only foundation then in America; and in Louisville he remained until his death forty-four years later. He was assigned for a few months to Eighth Street, a German School, and then to Saint Patrick's where he labored for thirty years. So much was he revered and appreciated at St. Patrick's, that after his retirement from direct class work, when he became Superior, the Reverend Father Joyce, Pastor of Saint Patrick's, urged him to visit the school daily in order to keep alive his influence.

One could not help but love the man for his childlike simplicity, though no doubt his very simplicity was played upon by the wild boys of Saint Patrick's. Though Brother Stanislaus had great devotion to our Blessed Mother, yet when in authority as Superior over all the schools of Louisville, he forbade antependiums or "aprons" as he termed them, in the making of school altars. "I detest aprons on the altars in class," he would say. No reason was assigned, but light dawned one day as an old pupil of Saint Patrick's was speaking of him to a Brother. The gentleman related a story of school days in which the apron figures in a way that would give good Brother Stanislaus cause to fear, rather than detest it. It seems that one May Brother Stanislaus had his gorgeous May Altar with an "apron." Prior to morning prayers, a certain boy was in charge of lighting the candles. One particular morning, there was to be a circus parade—parades meant a great deal to young lives who had not the means of going into the tent, especially in days when cheap movies were unknown—and under dire threat of punishment by the boys after school if he failed, the boy was accidentally (?) to light the "apron" in the act of

lighting the candles. True to the staging it happened, and was the signal for a shout of "FIRE"! Not having advanced to the age of fire-drills, the class rushed out, leaving Brother Stanislaus alone to extinguish the blaze, and the parade passed before delighted eyes of at least one class of Saint Patrick's. Whether Brother Stanislaus was made aware of the scheme or not, is not known, but ever after aprons on the altar were unknown so far as he was concerned.

At Saint Patrick's, Brother Stanislaus organized the usual sodalities. On Sundays the boys came around, the enticements being checkers, dominoes, blowpipes, a wooden cannon with a large marble for the ball. Simple devices, all too simple for the sophisticated minds of to-day, but they were all that the young of that day had for amusement. They served their purpose of holding the boys after school days. It must be remembered that it was the exceptional boy that went to school after reaching working age, the age being determined by the size of the boy, and the circumstances of the parents. Very few continued at school after the age of twelve and through the sodality at least their religious education was continued.

Brother Stanislaus was ingenious in making prizes for the best shot at little cost. Either he picked up the art of statuary work during his religious life, or he had been engaged at this work before he entered religion. Be that as it may, he could make forms for statues, and with plaster of Paris, he molded statuettes of our Blessed Lord, our Lady of Lourdes, Crib Sets, and Calvary Groups. These he distributed as prizes at sodality meetings. This custom being followed for thirty years, the homes around Saint Patrick's abounded with these pious objects, the result of a good, simple man's striving to be "all to all" in a little way, after the example of the great Saint Paul. For years these forms were to be found in the room of the basement of Saint Xavier's Community House, the room Brother Stanislaus

called "Limbo" owing to its collection of odds and ends awaiting use. Here and there in the house at St. Xavier's hangs an oval shaped Calvary Group. Possibly the Brothers of Saint Xavier's to-day do not realize they are the handiwork of good Brother Stanislaus.

It is said that the intention of the Founder in sending him to America was that he might enliven the Brothers in their discouraging labors by his sunny disposition. He had a fund of stories and amusing anecdotes. Many of them concerned his early days at the *Walletjes*. They are lost to memory since no one ever thought to record them. Scandalized would the old Brothers have been at the mention of ever writing a Brother up, and the young ones, well—such a preposterous thing could never enter their minds, so it is only remembered that he was a source of fun to the very end. All that was needed was:

"Brother Stanislaus, tell us a story."

"Well, here is one. Now if you heard it before, whistle!" Of course, it had been heard before, so one would whistle. He would stop, pretending to be displeased, but on being assured that the Brother was only trying to be funny, he would say:

"*Verrtexla!* the fellow!" and proceed, to the amusement of all. He would often be interrupted by idle questions, purposely asked. This was part of the fun, his pretended displeasure adding to it, and he seemed to get the most enjoyment out of it himself.

In his simple nature he was the soul of honesty, honest to the point of being scrupulous. As he was out walking with Brother Michael one day, they came to an orchard; apples were lying on the ground; the fence was close to the road, some of the apples lay outside the fence. He longed for an apple to quench his thirst, but he would not allow his companion to gather any without the permission of the owner. Brother Michael went to the farmhouse, and

explained to the man that he was in company with an elderly gentleman who wished an apple.

"Katie," called the man to his wife, "come out here! I want you to see an honest man from the city."

In the matter of music, both in England and in America, Brother Stanislaus, by reason of the high class music he succeeded in rendering, brought fame to the schools of the Brothers. His choruses were always of the first order such as: *Canal du Midi, Adieu, Bouche Fermée,* "Hail Smiling Morn," "Come Where the Lilies Bloom." Being a composer, he rearranged many to suit his boys' voices. The choruses were always in four parts; the children forming the soprano and alto; Brothers in the wings, sustaining the tenor and the bass. Singing was always the feature at the closing of schools, and the exercises drew crowded houses. Until eighty years of age Brother Stanislaus continued to instruct in music and conduct the singing. After he had to retire, the good old man would take delight in attending rehearsals solely for the joy it gave him to listen. Who knows but what some sad thoughts would enter his mind as he sat and felt that his days of activity were over. If age is beautiful to contemplate by reason of what it has been, when it has been a life of good to others, it may be sad to the possessor who has but the heart to do. Dear old Father McVerry, Chaplain at the American Novitiate, now in his eighty-sixth year and the fifty-ninth of his priesthood, frequently half-humorously but wholly pathetically, says: "I'm not the last rose left blooming alone, but the last left fading alone."

But it was as organist at home that Brother Stanislaus shone. There, he lost all self-consciousness, and made the organ speak to the harmonies of his own musical soul. Music to him was not only a talent; it was a gift of God. Where he might have made fame and wealth for himself in

a wider sphere, he chose to waft harmonies to heaven for heaven alone. Behind him, he had a choir of Brothers trained by himself in his own patient way. On great occasions, Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* or Beethoven's *Imperial Mass* would be rendered. Had he lived in the days of the *Motu Proprio,* he would have conformed. The *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo* were selected from the masters, but now and then would be given some of his own compositions. These never went beyond the pen stage, both because of modesty and poverty. His pieces are lost to posterity, unless they can be found in some corner of the Louisville House. Surviving alone is the hymn to Saint Francis Xavier, "Strike the Cymbal." In the old days of Fourth Street this was sung at every Community celebration, being to the Brothers, especially on the Feast of Saint Francis Xavier, what the *Adeste* is to the Catholic on Christmas. To-day that hymn of his is guarded. Once a year, at least, its soul stirring air reverberates through the chapels of the Novitiate and the Juniorate. At once, lively, harmonious and devotional, the youthful voices of novices and aspirants glory in its rendition.

On Fourth Street, the sound of the organ was the signal for the windows of Saint Joseph's Infirmary to be opened for Sisters and patients to listen to the beautiful music. Passers-by on the street would also stand to listen. Brother Stanislaus faithfully adhered to a counsel of the Founder: namely, that he would never conclude Benediction on a feast of our Blessed Mother without causing to be sung a hymn in her honor. This custom exists to-day at the Novitiate and the House of Aspirants.

When Brother Paul, Superior of Fourth Street, died in 1885, Brother Stanislaus much against his will was appointed to the position. His natural scrupulosity made him shrink from a position of authority, and responsibility he

avoided. In the Community his shrinking nature was also felt. Harsh, he could not be; but timid he was. He was slow to grant permissions. Matters pro and con he would weigh. Before deciding, he would call for advice from Brother Stephen who was Superior in fact. Brother Stephen, it must be said, was goodness itself, and no one ever felt the worse for the authority he displayed, the most it resulted in was confusion. This was due to the self-diffidence of Brother Stanislaus. Gladly he would have relinquished all authority, and the moment the Provincial arrived for a visit he virtually did. During such times one could see a look of serenity and relief in his face. He acted as Superior until 1897 when age caused him to be relieved, and Brother Lawrence became the Superior of the House.

In 1892, occurred the golden jubilee of Brother Stanislaus which was observed in Louisville by a joint entertainment of all the schools conducted by the Brothers in Louisville. It was held at Saint Xavier's Hall on Jacob Street. It was also observed at Mount Saint Joseph's, though the Jubilarian was not present. Being the first affair of its kind among the Brothers in America, the occasion was thought too noteworthy to let pass without recognition by those who knew and loved him. Ten years later, his diamond jubilee occurred. As he was then childish, knowing not the day of the week, nor the names of the Brothers with whom he lived, save the few who had been with him for years, the affair passed unnoticed.

His life had been well spent. The many hymns he caused to be sung were as so many prayers pleading for him before God's throne. His long life had been spent unobtrusively in the classroom, teaching the young and leaving the impress of a saintly character upon them. Writes one of his old pupils of Saint Patrick's, Louisville, the Right Reverend Monsignor John H. Tierney of Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland:

I knew Brother Stanislaus and revered him as he was my teacher in Saint Patrick's School in 1866. He had an easy simple way of dealing with boys. He corrected their faults, but he did not lose their respect. On Sunday, after Mass, up we went into the school room where sodalities were held, and good Brother Stanislaus had all sorts of "contraptions" in the form of games to make the serious exercises that followed less severe. His talks, illustrated with short stories, lifted our souls to the spiritual world, and I may say that my first good resolutions to do something for God were inspired by those simple instructions.

I think Brothers Stanislaus and Stephen, not to mention others, were wonderful workers and great saints. Although I continue to pray for them as the Church wishes, I do not hesitate in my private devotions to pray to them, since I believe that long ago they reached heaven. Nor would I have the least hesitancy in taking the place of either of them in eternity.

Brother Stanislaus' period of doing good was not confined to place or time. Even in his old age he continued, as in duty bound he thought himself, to give good example. Night after night, as the Brothers would be in the community room preparing lessons for the next day or engaged in private study, he would sit at his desk working algebra. Not that he would ever need it, but he felt himself obliged to give a good example as Superior. He likewise feared to give a bad example, and this fear followed him even in the childish days of his old age. Brother Stephen, custodian of the house, had orders from Brother James, the Superior, to give Brother something every day to stimulate him. One morning, shortly after the treat, he was out in the recess yard talking to some boys. As the bell rang for class, he met a Brother and said:

"I hope I did not scandalize those boys. I feared they might smell me, so I told them I had to take something for medicine." Dear Brother Stanislaus, if ever man could lay claim to the simplicity of childhood laid down as a condition for entering heaven, that man is you!

His last days were quiet, as was his life. He spent his time in reading the bound volumes of *The Ave Maria,* using a large reading glass to aid him. Thomas à Kempis says that sickness shows what a man is; age, then, shows what he has been, and Brother Stanislaus was a model of simplicity, humility, obedience, and charity. One instance shows his wonderful virtue. At the time, he was childish, so much so that he did not know one day from the other. He had been unwell, and the doctor had been called. The doctor pronounced his trouble due to indigestion and said he should not have the hearty fare of the Community, but something light, and that often. Brother Stanislaus had always been blessed with an appetite, and when he came to the next meal and saw the meager portion before his plate, he said aloud: "They are starving me." No one paid any attention; the Superior said not a word in reproof, for he knew the old man was irresponsible. The incident was forgotten by all except himself. At the next meal, down he went on his knees, eighty-six years of age at that, and accused himself of giving bad example by complaining. How he, who could not remember the day of the week, could have remembered that, is a mystery, solvable only in the thought that the good Lord wished to give the Community a lesson in humility, one that would be remembered. Habits are hard to lose, and Brother Stanislaus, even if he lost the trace of events, could not easily lose his habitual humility and fear of disedification.

Truly admirable were his last days! Owing to his age, he had permission to remain in bed in the morning as long as he pleased; but he never took advantage of it even in win-

ter. And it can be cold in winter in Louisville. As the janitor had no access to the house before the Brothers were up, the heat was not in operation until the exercises were well over. Had automatic oil burners been then in existtence, one of them would surely have been the subject of private prayer. To this cold chapel the poor old man bundled in his cloak would feebly walk. His sense of the valuation of the spiritual was too great to admit of his losing anything toward the end of the journey.

For months before the end came, he had stopped smoking. This was really a relief, for he was alone on the second floor of the house while the Brothers were at class, and any accidental fire caused by his feeble hands would have been disastrous. However, to the surprise of all, at the evening recreation of the night of February twenty-fourth, he took up his pipe, smoked, and chatted. It was his last recreation on earth, as well as the last time that the Brothers saw him alive. It had been the custom for some years for a young Brother to sleep in the same room with him in case he needed attention during the night. That night, at about two o'clock, the Brother was awakened by what he thought was snoring. As it was impossible to get to sleep again, he got up to waken Brother Stanislaus, but found he could not rouse him. He called the Superior, who summoned the doctor. He pronounced it a case of a bursting blood vessel, the snapping of a cord, worn out—worn out in sixty-two years of God's service. The Chaplain, the late Reverend Louis Deppen, was not called. It was February, the night was cold and stormy, Father Deppen was not young, and would have had to walk a considerable distance, while the doctor said Brother Stanislaus would not live fifteen minutes. Who will say Brother Stanislaus needed Father Deppen? Each day for sixty-two years he had said the community prayer to Saint Barbara for a happy death, and would she desert him? Even as she had come in the ex-

treme hour to his holy Patron, Saint Stanislaus, may we not think—nothing is impossible to God—that she came to him? Need we know it? He alone was concerned.

Apart from the two Brothers, none knew of his death until it was announced the next morning at prayer. It came as a shock; he had been so lively the night before. Genuine grief was felt by all. Each seemed to feel the void his death had made, for an inspiration had gone—or was it only then really beginning to live?

His funeral was held from the chapel of the House. Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung by the Reverend Louis Deppen; the Reverend Charles Raffo, Deacon; the Reverend John Hill, Subdeacon; the Reverend Doctor Schuhmann, Master of Ceremonies, all one-time pupils of the Brothers. The Reverend Lawrence Bax preached on the occasion, likening Brother Stanislaus to his Baptismal Patron, Saint Peter, the Rock, who was commissioned to feed the lambs of Christ's flock. Every Pastor in the city and the suburbs was present to honor one who had spent so many years for the welfare of the youth of Louisville, and whose fruits each was able to judge, since the work of Brother Stanislaus, though confined to Saint Patrick's, really became city wide in the course of time.

Those who have had the privilege of having lived with Brother Stanislaus can vouch for the oft-repeated statement of the late-lamented Brother James: "If the saints were any better than Brother Stanislaus, then I have no conception of what a saint is like."

A simple stone in Saint Louis Cemetery marks the spot where rest the remains of Brother Stanislaus with the plain inscription:

Brother Stanislaus
(Peter L. Lucas)
1817-1904
In Religion Sixty-Two Years
R.I.P.

No more! No grand deeds recorded; no saying that he lives in the hearts of thousands; no towering monument to cause the passer-by to look and read; but in the Heart of Christ is inscribed according to the Eleventh Promise the name of "Stanislaus."

CHAPTER XIX

GOD'S OWN ALWAYS OF THE SECOND PROVINCIALATE

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice.

2 Tim. 4:7

The first death to occur under the administration of Brother Dominic, and singularly that of a protégé of Brother Dominic, was Brother Finbarr's. Brother Finbarr was one of those fortunate souls that literally steal heaven. He was only four months in the Community, and died a professed religious. He was born, July 3, 1861, in Roscommon, Ireland, and known to the world as Dominic Grogan. Previous to his entry in religion he was a lay nurse at the infirmary of Saint Mary's Industrial School. At the age of thirty-nine he joined the Brothers, dispensation being accorded as he was over the age for admittance. It would seem as though Divine Providence simply brought him to religion for the purpose of adding one more intercessor for the Brothers in heaven. He was of a robust constitution, and one would give him years of service; but during his noviceship, he contracted pneumonia, and died on the sixth day of the disease, April 1, 1901.

On June 7, 1901, Brother Adrian (Alban Greenwell) departed at the age of twenty-nine. having been twelve years in religion. Brother Adrian was born in New Haven, Kentucky, May 10, 1872, and entered religion at the age of seventeen. As a teacher, he had been stationed at Saint

Patrick's, Baltimore, East Boston, Lawrence, and Lowell, Massachusetts. While at Lowell an affection of one eye caused him to be obliged to submit to an operation to have it removed in order to save the other eye. Tuberculosis developed later, and he was allowed to spend some time at home with his people. Brother Provincial Dominic recalled him, and placed him at Saint Mary's Industrial School, where he superintended the teaching of the younger Brothers. His strength failing completely, he was brought over to the Mount where he died a happy, peaceful death after a long struggle. He had what the Brothers termed a "Protestant Funeral" as he was laid out in the library and buried in the afternoon, the Mass of Requiem had been said that morning without the body present. At that time the main building of the Mount was in the course of construction, and to prevent the chapel windows from being broken, they were boarded. Embalming not then being the custom, the extremely warm weather, and the chapel virtually enclosed, rendered it prudent to dispense with the usual ceremonies connected with those who die in the Lord.

Death visited the Community again in the same month and gathered young Brother Sabinus at Saint Mary's Industrial School. Joseph Howard, his civilian name, was born in Rome, Kentucky, October 2, 1881. At the age of sixteen he joined the Brothers. After his probation, he was sent to Saint Mary's Industrial School, where tuberculosis developed. He was professed on his deathbed, June 2, 1901, and entered eternal life to receive the reward of his good intentions on June 19, 1901.

Less than two months later, death claimed good Brother Francis (William Johnson). Brother Francis was born in Quebec, February 13, 1844. He entered the Community on September 25, 1875 while the novitiate was in Louisville. At the age of fifty-seven, in the twenty-sixth year of his religious life, he died. After his probation, he was as-

signed to Richmond, Virginia, where he cooked for the Community. Later he was sent to Saint Mary's Industrial School, being placed in charge of one of the factories. From Saint Mary's he went to Saint James' Home; then to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where he cooked. When the Wheeling Mission was opened, he went as cook, and after three years was placed in charge of the kitchen at Mount Saint Joseph's. Brother Francis was devoted to his employment, and nothing pleased him better than to see the Brothers enjoy the result of his art. He was the soul of kindness, especially to the young Brothers, whom he looked after with such solicitude that they called him "Mother Francis." In May, 1901, on Pentecost Sunday, he felt severe pains in his stomach. The doctor, it seems, could not diagnose the case, and Brother Francis kept losing weight. A specialist was called, and he succeeded no better, though a stomach pump relieved him. In the hope that a change of climate might be beneficial, in June he was sent down to Old Point Comfort. The change at first agreed with him, but after a few weeks he began to go down, until he was forced to take to bed. On August 12, it was thought best to have him return to Baltimore to receive care and attention at Saint Agnes Hospital. Before going, he was anointed in the little room on the second floor of the cottage at Old Point Comfort, which had been used as the chapel when the cottage was the Community House. Arriving in Baltimore on the morning of the thirteenth, he was at once taken to Saint Agnes, but died on the fourteenth.

Brother Francis had lived a long and useful life. His life was lowly and hidden, but he made it his purpose to make others happy. We may be sure this spirit has earned for him great glory in heaven, and it surely caused him to leave behind the grateful remembrance of those with whom he had lived. We do not know the secrets of the human heart, and if man were to reveal them, we would have much to

learn and to admire. While sick in bed, with no energy to pray, Brother Francis thought of prayer at least. He requested a Brother who was with him to say for his intention the Litany of the Sacred Heart every day while he (Brother Francis) lived, adding that he had made a promise on entering religion to say it every day, and now that he was no longer able to say it he would like to feel that his promise was being kept to the end. Truly, just a little incident, but one that is inspirational. It shows the heart of the man, who in a quiet way had been honoring the good Lord all his life, and now wished that honor to continue, even after the Lord, Himself, had deprived him of the power to continue it outwardly. Good Brother Francis, if your intention was that of perseverance, it surely was heard! Now that you are before the Sacred Heart, pray for a similar grace for those you left behind!

Brother Fidelis (Charles Bowlds) died on December 5, 1901, having been ten years in religion. Brother Fidelis, born in Knottsville, Kentucky, on September 11, 1870, entered religion at the age of twenty-one; and died at the age of thirty-one. The ancients, particularly the Jews, often gave to their offspring names significant of traits which they hoped the named would possess in later life. To some of the saints, posterity has added to their names a title that was significant of a trait they possessed which assured their sanctity. In this way, Saint John Fidelis came into the appendage because he was known to be faithful. The name Fidelis suited Brother Fidelis, and would have been given to him by his Brethren if it had not been bestowed upon him at his investiture. He was truly "Fidelis," and if he was faithful to the end, it was because he had been faithful all his life. He had labored well as a teacher in Lawrence, Lowell, and East Boston, Massachusetts. While at East Boston, mastoiditis developed, necessitating an operation. This left him considerably weakened, and he fell a

prey to tuberculosis. At the close of the school in June, 1901, though still considered on the active list, he was sent south to Baltimore. By September he was unable to be assigned for active duty. Resigned to God's holy will, he submitted patiently to a period of rest until it became evident that the end was close, and he was obliged to remain in bed. From his sick-bed, he taught silently his best lessons and was a source of edification to all. His quiet sanctity attracted the notice of the Chaplain, Father Cornelius Thompson, C.P., who requested that he be notified when signs of the end appeared, as he said he wished to see a saint die. Happy Brother Fidelis! The Community surely was the richer when his young life with its measure of good, satisfied God. Though he left to join his Brothers above, he continued to inspire his Brethren on earth with the lesson of his life—Fidelis in the beginning, and Fidelis at the end.

On January 14, 1902, Brother Didymus (James Cahill) answered the summons after four years of hidden service, being then twenty-eight years of age. Brother Didymus was born in West Medway, Massachusetts, on June 23, 1873. At the age of twenty-five, he joined the Brothers. Brother Didymus never left the Mount, and was employed there in the kitchen where he worked faithfully and hard. As his employment prevented his being present for Community exercises, his free time found him in chapel, making up the exercises he was forced to miss. He was inclined to scrupulosity, which, without a strong mental poise as an offset, caused his mind to be somewhat clouded the last year of his life.

In the forty-second year of his life, after twenty-two years of fruitful service for God, Brother Bruno (Thomas White) died on June 21, 1902. Brother Bruno was born in Hodgensville, Kentucky, August 5, 1860, and joined the Brothers at the age of twenty. He labored as a teacher at Saint Patrick's, Baltimore; Lowell, Massachusetts; and at

the Mount for the last nine years of his devoted life. He was a remarkable man in every respect. Talents of the highest order he possessed, and yet a more unassuming man could not be found. In mathematics and the physical sciences, he excelled. He was the admiration of his students, and the greatest help to the younger Brothers, being ever ready to sacrifice his free time for their benefit. He literally died on his feet, as he remained at his post as long as he could. Day after day he was present in class, present in chapel as well, and he surely was a model of devotedness to duty.

On January 16, 1904, the entire Congregation, for he was known in Europe as well as in America, mourned the passing of Brother Joseph. A more extended notice of this admirable man has been given.

Brother Eucharius, a religious of only a year, died on January 25, 1904. Timothy Casey was his name in the world. He was born in Bona, Newfoundland, October 26, 1884, and entered religion at the age of twenty. While in the noviceship, galloping consumption developed. Professed January 21, 1904, he went home to God with his renewed Baptismal Robe unstained.

Brother Stanislaus (Peter Lucas) died February 25, 1904. His admirable life has been recorded.

Death claimed Brother Maurice (James Daly) on May 11, 1904. He was then at the age of fifty-three, and had been nineteen years in religion. Brother Maurice was born in Ephim, Ireland, February 10, 1851, but entered the Brotherhood from Richmond, Virginia, in 1885. He taught successfully, endearing himself to all, at Lowell, St. Joseph's and Saint Patrick's, Baltimore. For years he suffered from hay-fever. This finally weakened his heart, and he died at Mount Saint Joseph's after intense suffering, though he was a model of patience and resignation to God's holy will.

On February 2, 1905, death called Brother Daniel (James

McDonnell) at the age of forty-seven, and after twenty years of simple, devoted service in the Congregation. Brother Daniel was born in Tyrone, Ireland, 1858, and entered the Brotherhood from Baltimore, in 1885. Most of his religious life was spent in Louisville. He never taught school, but spent his time as fireman and general utility man about the place. He was a prayerful man of a lovable disposition, and his humorous ways added him to the life of recreation. While at Louisville he received a partial shock which obliged him to give up work. He was then taken to Baltimore where he could receive more attention. He was a puzzle to the doctors who said that he had the body of a man of eighty years of age. The end came peacefully to this hidden child of Mary on her own beautiful Feast of the Purification.

At the age of twenty a young religious of promise died on June 5, 1905 in the person of Brother Aloysius (Francis Walsh). Brother Aloysius was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, November 20, 1884. The family having moved to Boston, Francis Walsh attended the Fitton School of East Boston. From the Fitton School he went to the Juniorate at Danvers in the year 1898, and was invested there, September 8, 1900. Shortly after the investiture, his class was removed to the Novitiate at Baltimore where his religious training continued. In 1903, he was missioned to Louisville, but had to be removed in 1904 as tuberculosis attacked him. Since he had never been robust, the disease could not be arrested, so the end came to him—or rather the beginning—at Mount Saint Joseph's. He bore his name with the luster of his Holy Patron.

Death claimed Brother Christian in the thirty-third year of his life, and the eighth of his religious life. In the world Brother Christian was known as Edmund Higdon. He was born at Saint Lawrence, Daviess County, Kentucky, November 16, 1873. His family is renowned for its religious

members; one son, the youngest, became a priest; three became Xaverians; and two daughters entered the Dominican Sisterhood. Brother Christian labored most diligently at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, and finally at Millbury, Massachusetts, where he died, March 2, 1906, his religious Brothers and Sisters attending the funeral.

Brother Claudius (Michael Barry), the next on heaven's roll, was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, June 8, 1884. As a boy he attended Saint Patrick's School, Lowell, and from there entered the Juniorate at Danvers, receiving the Holy Habit at Saint John's, May 24, 1900. In September of that year, his class was transferred to the Novitiate at Mount Saint Joseph's. From there, he was assigned, after his probation, to teach at Saint Patrick's, Baltimore. His health failing, he was taken from class and sent to Danvers in the hopes that native climate might restore him, but he died there on March 24, 1906. Of a lively disposition, his cheerfulness did not desert him as the end approached. As there was then no cemetery on the grounds of Saint John's, and being near his native place, he was buried from the church of his Baptism, Saint Patrick's, Lowell.

At the advanced age of eighty-nine, on December 1, 1906, Brother Columbanus departed for eternal rest. Prior to his entry into religion, he was known as William Keelty. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, February 5, 1817; and entered the Community from Baltimore at the age of fifty-five. All his religious life was spent at Saint Mary's Industrial School. Apart from the Brothers there, but few ever saw him, since for the last twenty years of his life he was confined to his room.

March 12, 1907 was the date set by the good Lord to usher into eternal life after almost sixty years of service, His faithful servant, good old Brother Martin. In civil life, he was known as James Hahnel, and was born in Cologne, Germany, October 28, 1824. He joined the Brothers at

Bruges in 1847, and was, therefore, a virtual pioneer of the Congregation. He was sent to America in 1869, but prior to that, had been laboring on the English Missions. Like the actual pioneers, he participated in all the hardships incident to the three foundations. In Louisville, he labored at Saint Peter's; later, at the Institute on Fourth Street, and at Old Point Comfort for a few months, when he returned to Louisville. When age began to creep on him, he was relieved of class duties and became procurator. In this way, he was a familiar figure on the streets of Louisville, and made many friends. In the Community he was not so popular. Being a trickster, he played many a prank as he fixed the lunches for the Brothers to carry to school, and many times a cup of butter would be hollow.

He was a genial old man, and enjoyed his own tricks if others did not. Brother Martin was noted for devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and many a spare moment found him in chapel, while the rosary and Brother Martin on the grounds were inseparable. During his latter days, the young Brothers used to gather around him to listen to his stories. He lived to celebrate his golden jubilee, and was within a month of the diamond when God called him at the age of eighty-three. As he had been active within two weeks of the end, it was always a surmise as to which of the two veterans, he or Brother Stephen, would be the first to go. Weakness at last forced Brother Martin to give up. The doctor warned him not to remain in bed, since at his age pneumonia might set in, but the poor man, worn out in the back, could not sit up for any length of time. The doctor's fears were realized, and ust after Mass, on the Feast of the Canonization of Saint Francis Xavier, this good old link of the olden days went home to God. The number of priests and laity at his funeral bore testimony of the high regard in which he was held.

A singularly beautiful type of the hidden life is that of

Brother Edward who died unknown to the world on May 11, 1907, after thirty-two years of quiet service. Born in Tynagh, Clonford, Ireland, on March 8, 1847, he was known as Andrew Solan. In 1875, Brother Edward, at the age of twenty-eight, joined the Brotherhood from Baltimore. For the first twenty years of his religious life he labored in the kitchen at Saint Mary's Industrial School. For two years he was the cook in Louisville and then he went back to Saint Mary's in the same capacity for the remainder of his religious life.

He was the soul of kindness, and very good to the young Brothers who were always sure of a lunch if they went to Brother Edward at recess time. In appearance, he was handsome, his white hair giving a very beautiful setting to his kind, smooth face. On one occasion, while at Louisville, as he was going down the center aisle of a theater to one of the commencements of Saint Xavier's, the people began to whisper that Bishop McCloskey was present, and the likeness was very striking.

Good Brother Edward was alone all day in the kitchen at Louisville. This must have been a great change from the active, noisy Saint Mary's, but he made his own sunshine. He had a name for every pot and pan, and would say: "Come, now, Johnny, and get yourself washed"; or, "Here, Patsy, come and get your fill of potatoes." He had Minnie the cat for company also. One morning, Brother Provincial Alexius, coming down to breakfast, heard talking in the kitchen. At table, he inquired who was breaking silence in the kitchen. As there was no response, he inquired again. Finally it dawned upon poor Brother Edward that he might be the culprit, so he said he was but talking to Minnie. "Minnie! and who is Minnie?" said the Provincial, astounded that there should be a female in the kitchen. Brother Edward replied: "Sure, 'tis the cat," and decorum was broken at the breakfast table. Poor Brother Edward

was reprimanded, but Minnie received her scolding from him after breakfast for being the innocent cause, and was banished from the kitchen for a few days—while the Brother Provincial remained. The good man died, aged sixty, at Saint Mary's, and was missed in his department. Loved he was by all who knew him, and by none more than Brother Dominic with whom he had been associated for so many years. At his grave Brother Dominic was deeply touched, and he little thought then, that in the decree of Providence, he himself was to be the next to lie at rest in Bonnie Brae.

As recorded in the sketch of Brother Dominic, his sudden, but provided death, occurred September 14, 1907, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Then he went to greet those whom he had fathered with genuine fatherliness during his seven years of Provincialship.

CHAPTER XX

PROVINCIALATE OF BROTHER ISIDORE

The beginning and as it were the seed of that human perfection which Jesus Christ gave to mankind are to be found in the Christian education of the young. . . . Go on, therefore, in making the young your first care.

LEO XIII

MEN die, but work goes on. At the death of Brother Dominic, the Superior General, Brother Chrysostom, crossed the ocean to arrange for a successor as Provincial. After visiting the Houses of the American Province, and collecting from each Brother who had emitted the Vow of Stability, three names of those whom the Brother thought would be suitable as Provincial, Brother Chrysostom appointed Brother Isidore on the first of November, with Brothers Paul, James, Norbert, and Marcellus as Consultors. In 1917, Brother Angelus became a Consultor in place of Brother Marcellus. November the third, Brother Isidore was installed in office at Mount Saint Joseph's. Brother James gave the address of welcome, and promised loyalty on behalf of the Brothers of the Province. In response, Brother Isidore outlined his field of endeavor, terming the first Provincial, Brother Alexius, the Gatherer, and Financier; Brother Dominic, the Builder and Expander; while he would make it his chief purpose to attend to the intellectual well-being of the Brothers, leaving to the Superiors of the Houses the care of the spiritual welfare of their respective Communities. Not that the intellectual training of the Brothers had been hitherto neglected. Assuredly not, for no

teaching body could possibly function and neglect one of its essentials. Brother Isidore, who had been the means up to the present of keeping the torch of learning burning vigorously, meant that with his scope of action widened, he would put into effect schemes that he had long been nurturing in his breast. True to his ideal, for the next eighteen years he carried out his plans, and history must acclaim him as one whose first, last, and only thought, apart from his own devotion to God, which is really not apart, since that alone motivated him, was the welfare of the Congregation in every respect. How he succeeded in his noble achievements will be given due notice later in these pages. For the present, a cursory glance at his foundations and extensions will be in order.

St. John's Preparatory School, Danvers, Massachusetts
1907

At Danvers, the Brothers acquired in 1891 a piece of property under the Provincialship of Brother Alexius which had been used as the Juniorate or school for boys aspiring to be Brothers. It will be remembered that Brother Dominic died on the fourteenth of September, 1907. Previous to his death, he had made arrangements which affected the Juniorate so considerably as to make the Juniorate at Danvers virtually a thing of the past. It had been known throughout the past year that Holy Cross College at Worcester, Massachusetts, was to close its doors to high school applicants in the future. This would leave Massachusetts without a preparatory boarding school for boys. With the approbation of the Archbishop of Boston, later Cardinal O'Connell, the Brothers decided to open Saint John's to all students, and thus Saint John's Preparatory School came into being. It really started under the Provincialship of Brother Dominic as he appointed its first Principal, Brother

BROTHER ISIDORE, PROVINCIAL, 1907-1925

Benjamin, but the school had barely opened when the crushing news of Brother Dominic's death was heard.

The only house on the property was the original mansion. This had to be hurriedly turned into both school rooms and sleeping quarters for prospective students. At it was but a venture, no provision for larger quarters had been made. Venture it may have been, but before a month passed students had to be refused for lack of room, and plans for more adequate provisions began to be formed.

The pioneers, apart from Brother Benjamin, were Brothers Leonard, Linus, Bede, Thaddeus, Lucian, Albertus, and Eucharius. These Brothers had to live for the first two years a rather strenuous life, so they were not pioneers in name only. As the building—every available space, and space never intended for the purpose—was used for the boys, the Brothers lived in a hired farmhouse known as Gavitt's. They did not have to go to India to realize the ideal of Saint Francis Xavier, but found it right at home. From the foundation of Brothers Francis and Stephen to the present day, when the call for sacrifice comes, as it came to the pioneers of Saint John's, the Brothers have always measured up to the ideal of Saint Francis Xavier. There may not be cold, heat, or hunger with which to contend, but managing an embryonic boarding school, under adverse conditions incident to crowding and overcrowding, taxes the energies of man just as much as missionary privations in the jungle, perhaps more, for the missionary is at times, at least, alone.

The choice of Brother Benjamin to start the enterprise was a happy one. Difficulties do not daunt him but rather spur him on. With his accustomed energy, he started to equip Saint John's, and did not stop until he had given it a place among the ranking preparatory schools of the country. At once, he began to plan for a greater Saint John's, his waiting list of students warranting it. Realizing his duty

to the few that the house could hold, he immediately put up a gymnasium, rendering it suitable for the needs incident to the sports of the fields. The first spring found a chapel building started, the basement of which served as a dining room. More students could be accommodated the next year by partitioning the chapel and using one half as a dormitory. Plans were made for a suitable building to include classes, assembly hall, libraries, private sleeping rooms, and dormitories. This was completed in 1910, and named Xavier Hall. It is built in Flemish Gothic style, and its steeple has a huge electric cross which can be seen for miles around. Xavier Hall, though accommodating a hundred and fifty, was too small as soon as it was erected, and the waiting list prevailed. In 1913, Gavitt's property was purchased, and a building was erected on the newly acquired piece of land. This building, named "Ryken Hall" after the Founder, differs in style of architecture from Xavier Hall. It accommodates one hundred and fifty, and is arranged to supply libraries, study halls, private rooms, and dormitories for junior students, Xavier Hall being reserved for the seniors. Though the completion of Ryken Hall relieved the congestion at Saint John's, a waiting list still had to be maintained. No further plans for the enlargement of the plant were contemplated, since the school, if too large, would become unwieldy; though the most important reason existed in the fact that Saint John's is endowed only with good will and high ideals.

Much had been accomplished in a short time, and the growth of Saint John's is marvelous by way of comparison with the growth of similar institutions. No hidden mine of wealth from which to draw in order to produce in a few years a series of buildings that would grace the grounds of any educational plant has Saint John's. It is the product of the hard work of the Brothers the country over. Other institutions were mortgaged to supply her with the capital;

land was sold that belonged to the holdings of Mount Saint Joseph's; and, due to the sagacity of Brother Benjamin, the proceeds were well utilized. This all proved insufficient. Interest on mortgages must be met, and the up-to-the-minute Brother Benjamin devised a plan which worked well for several years, that of having a mammoth field day on the seventeenth of June at Saint John's. This was patronized by the good people of Boston, Lowell, Somerville, Lawrence, Salem, and other nearby cities, who came in large numbers, and by practical aid evinced their sympathy to the work. These field days were kept up until Saint John's gracefully yielded to the more pressing need of the Juniorate at Peabody.

While Brother Benjamin looked after the financial and building end, the scholastic end was carried on by Brother Thomas, Prefect of Studies, who, with the backing of an efficient Faculty, established for Saint John's a reputation which its alumni carried to the seminaries, home and foreign, and the leading colleges of the land.

In connection with Saint John's, though not a part of it in the sense of being a branch, one Brother went each day to Saint James' Parochial School, Salem, to teach the upper-grade boys. It was the intention to supply an added teacher each year until the school was completely staffed; but, owing to a shortage of Brothers, this could not be done. Brothers John, Claver, and Nilus were the teachers in turn during the ten years that the school, or rather class, was continued. At the death of good old Father McCall the Brother was withdrawn.

In 1916, there occurred at Saint John's a death in the person of Brother Ralph (George Hagerty). Brother Ralph was not attached to the Faculty, but had been sent there in an ailing condition. When the good young Brother died, it was decided to have at Saint John's a private cemetery, so a lot was selected on the Gavitt property. At first, it

seemed a little unsuitable since it was but a rocky ledge. By dint of persevering labor on the part of Brother Linus, this difficulty was overcome and the cemetery to-day presents a pleasing appearance and hallows the grounds at Saint John's with the remains of those who have labored, either directly or indirectly, for her welfare. We may confidently hope that they still prove to be the grains of wheat cast into the ground whence come the many fruits resulting from the labors of the Brothers whose inspiration lies upon the brow of the hill.

Brother Norbert succeeded Brother Benjamin in 1917 and carried on the good work. Brother Placidus was Prefect of Studies for six years; Brother Peter for three terms; Brother Edmund for two terms, when he became principal of the school.

Brother Norbert was no stranger to boarding school life, having, as we have learned from the history of Mount Saint Joseph's, been connected with the Mount as teacher, prefect of studies, and president. Under his quiet, unassuming direction Saint John's kept up its standard, and its roster was filled to the limit of accommodation. His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, on a visit to Newton Highlands shortly after he had paid a visit to Saint John's, said to Brother Fabian, superintendent of the Working Boys' Home at Newton Highlands: "Tell your Provincial I have visited Saint John's, Danvers, and that I am greatly pleased with his selection of Brother Norbert who is my ideal of the right man in the right place." So pleased was His Eminence with Brother Norbert, that when his second term of office expired, the Cardinal procured from Rome a dispensation for Brother Norbert to continue at Saint John's for a third term.

When Brother Norbert arrived at Saint John's there was one very important problem unsolved, and its solution had to be postponed for several years until finances would

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, SAINT JOHN'S, DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS
(FIRST JUNIORATE)

enable him to attempt the work. Saint John's had reached the number of three hundred boarding students, but the kitchen had not increased in size in the meantime and was the identical kitchen of the family residence. Undoubtedly the kitchen is a most important room in any institution, and the inconvenient, cramped quarters were discouraging alike to the help and to the management. In the spring of 1925, a building, ornate interiorly and exteriorly, was erected and added considerably to the outlay of buildings. The first floor contains a kitchen, ample in size and furnished with every modern device to expedite service and to save time and labor. Two large dining halls for the students, refectory, and community recreation room for the Brothers, occupy the remaining space of the first floor. The second floor contains private rooms for the use of the Brothers. This building, called Memorial Hall as a tribute to the gold stars on the service flag of Saint John's, was dedicated on June 13, 1926, by the Reverend Augustine F. Hickey, Supervisor of Schools for the Archdiocese of Boston. Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus in full regalia were present to testify by their presence the interest the Order has ever manifested in the work of Catholic education.

In 1926, Brother Norbert was removed from Saint John's and succeeded by Brother Edmund. He was no stranger to the working of the institution. He is an alumnus of the school, and had likewise been associated previously as a member of the Faculty. In 1923 he severed his connection with the school for a period of two years which were spent in Belgium for special study, during which time he was also Dean of the English Department of Saint Francis Xavier College, Bruges. In 1929, Brother Edmund was transferred to Louisville and was succeeded at Saint John's by Brother Ambrose.

Saint John's of to-day vies with any institution of its kind in point of buildings, equipment, and scholastic attain-

ments. It represents a growth of only twenty two years but it grew vigorously from the start. Though favored by nature in its setting, this is but an incident in its success; God in His bounty has rewarded in good measure the zeal and devotedness of its pioneer Faculty. Its array of buildings, which cannot be taken in at a single glance, is not the outcome of any endowment, individual or collective, as is the case of many secular institutions of the kind. It has never been made the beneficiary of any departed charitable Catholic, as sister institutions have been favored. It is solely the work of the Brothers, a monument to the zeal, economy, and self-sacrifices on the part of the present generation of Xaverians who have imbibed the ideals of the past—in a word, it is the perpetuation of the spirit that animated the little group that came from Belgium seventy-five years ago.

The Working Boys' Home, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts
1908

The Working Boys' Home at Newton Highlands, a misnomer at present so far as the working end is concerned, and happily so, was originally started in Boston on Elliot Street and later moved to North Bennet Street, the site of the present Convent of the Poor Clares. It was founded by Father Roche, a priest of the Archdiocese of Boston, in 1883. The aim was to provide a home for newsboys and bootblacks, the latter being common on the streets of Boston at the time. A little paper called *The Working Boy*, still strongly in evidence, formed the means of calling the attention of well-meaning Catholics to the work, which required for its support more than the pittance accruing from the labors of the paper-carrying boys and the little bootblacks. As the boys outgrew the age of paper selling and the shining of shoes, their future became a problem. In

order to effect lasting good with the one time street waifs, it was thought that a trade school in the suburbs should be established. With this end in view, a property at Newton Highlands was acquired, and the present building, one half of the proposed structure, was erected. To plan a trade school is one thing; to finance it is another. Single-handed, it cannot be done, so the plan failed and the building was heavily in debt. Archbishop Williams, to save the credit of the priest in charge, removed him from the scene, adopted the institution and placed it under lay management with a priest at the head. At the death of Archbishop Williams in 1907, his successor, the Most Reverend William O'Connell, later Cardinal, began a visitation of the institutions of the Archdiocese. At the Working Boys' Home he found things deplorable in the extreme, the condition of the poor little ones being the worst of all. It was a question of either closing the place or putting it under the control of a responsible religious body, and the Archbishop chose the latter.

His Eminence communicated with Brother Provincial Isidore. At first the proposition did not meet the favor of Brother Isidore, as the Cardinal wished a priest to be superintendent, and such an arrangement in the past had proved fatal to the workings in other places. The vocation of the priesthood is not along such lines. No harmony can exist with the clashing of ideas which is bound to come when one sees his work hampered by interference due to the fact that no two men can be expected to view the same thing from the same angle, unless both are vocationally interested in the same work. Brother Provincial Isidore sent Brother Paul to interview the Cardinal on this point. His Eminence was quick to see the wisdom of the plan to allow the Home to function under the immediate supervision of the Brothers, while a board, whose president he would be, would have control of the general affairs of the institution, the Brother

Superintendent being personally responsible to that board for all his acts.

Affairs being arranged satisfactorily, on January 1, 1908, Brother Sylvester, a veteran at such work, took charge of the Working Boys' Home, assisted by Brothers Fabian, Acquinas, and Vitalis. The most discouraging prospects confronted the Brothers on their arrival. Lack of care, want of nourishment, made the poor children a pitiable sight, while the absence of any semblance of cleanliness about the place was heart-rending if not discouraging. Undaunted, the Brothers started to work, and work it was—the name Working Boys' Home was not a misnomer then. The place had to be thoroughly cleaned and renovated. His Eminence gave orders to spare nothing in the way of expense, promising to be behind the Brothers in their enterprise. The interest of His Eminence did not flag, and when he again visited the institution, he was pleased and surprised at the change both in the place and in the manner of the boys. He complimented the Brothers on their surprisingly quick work, and never regretted that he placed the institution under their immediate control.

Brother Sylvester was removed in 1912. Brother Marcellus succeeded to the office and remained there until 1917, when Brother Fabian, who had in the meantime been assigned to other missions, notably as Superior of the Somerville Community, returned to Newton Highlands as Superintendent of the Working Boys' Home. Brother Fabian still retains the position, His Eminence having procured from Rome dispensation to hold him in office beyond the time allowed by canon law.

With the interest and energy for which the weak frame of Brother Fabian is noted, he started at once to put his ideals of a Home into practice. Up to that time the only industry which the home boasted was a printing press. Brother Fabian discarded this as the boys were too small to

CHAPEL, ST. JOHN'S, DANVERS

be put to work. He required all boys to attend regular school hours, so if the place is called "The Working Boys' Home" the only work required is that of keeping the place clean, and in this capacity no institution excels the cleanliness of that at Newton Highlands.

Brother Fabian's aim has been to deinstitutionalize the place. To such an extent has he succeeded that it is in reality a boarding school for poor boys of grammar school age. Stress is laid on politeness and refinement. Once a week, on Sundays, the boys are assembled; faults noted against politeness are pointed out, corrections as to the right manner of acting are made, and practical illustrations are given. In this way each boy at Newton Highlands assumes a sense of personal responsibility. He knows how to act on a given occasion. The boys have been trained to guide visitors through the building and they do it in such a way that the guests are at once pleased and surprised at the gentlemanly, intelligent manner in which the various rooms are shown and explained.

Thoroughly at home with the Brothers are the boys. They regard them as their "Big Brothers"; and, without undue familiarity, they are at once frank and friendly in their dealings with the Brothers and the Brothers with them. Seconding Brother Fabian's every effort is Brother Acquinas, not to mention every devoted member of the staff. Brothers Fabian and Acquinas have worked side by side for years. Each has very poor health, but neither gives up save when forced to by sheer exhaustion, to return with new vigor. There is a friendly wager between the two as to which one will die first, but happily neither one yet can claim to have won.

The institution is dependent for support upon the charity of the faithful. It continues to issue quarterly a very readable little paper *The Working Boy,* which has a subscription list of a hundred thousand at twenty five cents a

year. This does not by any means support the Home which costs annually eighty five thousand dollars for running expenses. At best, the paper keeps the object of the Home before the charitably inclined of whom the Church of God never lacks. Upon private individuals, who hearken to three special appeals during the year, and from organizations, notably the Women's Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Working Boys' Home depends to do its work of saving souls to the Church and giving citizens to the state.

Saint Lawrence Home, Louisville, Kentucky
1908

For some time previous to 1908 a movement had been on foot in the city of Louisville to establish a home where homeless boys of working age might reside and be saved from the perils of city life. The affair was sponsored by a Mr. Francis Gehr, who, as president of the Saint Joseph German Orphan Asylum, found it a problem to place boys—too old for the asylum, yet still wards of the Society—where their faith and morals would not be jeopardized. Mr. Gehr laid his plans and hopes before Bishop McCloskey who, favorably impressed, adopted the proposed institution, formed a board of directors consisting of priests and laymen, and determined on the name "Saint Lawrence." Armed with authority, Mr. Gehr bought out of his private resources a house on College Street which he placed at the disposal of the board at a monthly rental equivalent to the interest of the amount invested. He intended to deed the property to the board when the rentals would amount to the principal. At the death of Mr. Gehr, the house, however, went with the rest of the estate to his sister, who allows it to be used free of rent as long as it functions as the Home.

By October, 1908, the Home was ready for occupancy

XAVIER HALL, SAINT JOHN'S, DANVERS

with Brother Pius in charge assisted by Brother Arsenius. One boy was admitted the night before the formal opening and blessing. Soon the number reached thirty-two, as many as the house could accommodate. In the early days of the Home, it had a Chaplain, the Reverend Michael Melody, came each Sunday from the Saint Vincent's Girls' Orphanage to celebrate Holy Mass, at which the Brothers and the boys communicated. During the week, one Brother would attend Mass at Saint Xavier's; the other, who remained at home to attend to the boys, would go later to Saint Mary Magdalene's, near by.

At present, there are but eleven boys resident at the Home. The paucity of numbers is accounted for by reason of the cheap enticements outside and the liberty which the boys of the day crave. In a large measure, conditions at the Home itself are responsible. It is a very fine dwelling house in a quiet, refined neighborhood, but it lacks the facilities that go to make an institution attractive. There are but eight ordinary sized rooms in the house. Four of these must be used for ordinary purposes such as kitchen, dining rooms, community room for the Brothers, the office of the Superintendent being in the hallway under the stairs. The remaining rooms are dormitories, and crowding six to eight boys in an ordinary sleeping room is not conducive to health, nor is it comfortable for boys who have worked all day. Again, to allow the boys the full liberty of the streets at night is to offset the very object of the Home, yet what attractions has the Home to offer? For any mild activity such as tennis or handball, there is not a yard large enough; while for indoor sports in winter, there is not a room large enough for a parlor pool table even if a room could be spared. The Home can give the boy nothing to supplement the streets, with the result that few take advantage of the prospects it holds out in the way of cheap board, and the resultant saving of money for future wants. Homes and

trade schools are excellent and needed. They cannot thrive on good wishes, and unless there is an unlimited endowment for them, or some other assured means of more than maintenance, they are doomed to failure.

While the Home has been in operation it has been managed by Brother Pius, 1908-1917; Brother Celestine, 1917-1921; Brother Andrew, 1921-1925; Brother Marcian, 1925-1929; and at present it is under the management of Brother Borgia.

Leonard Hall High School, Leonardtown, Maryland
1908

At Leonardtown, Saint Mary's County, Maryland, the Xaverians started to labor in 1908, Brothers Constantine, Patricius, Giles, Benedict, and Francis forming the pioneer band with Brother Constantine in charge. The first year, "Leonard Hall," as it is called, functioned as a parochial school; the second year, as a private boarding and day school. From the Jesuits, the Brothers purchased a piece of land of one hundred and fifteen acres with a fair sized farmhouse on the grounds. The primary object of Leonard Hall was to establish an agricultural school in order that the boys of the county might receive scientific instruction in farming. By making the farms more profitable thereby, it was hoped that the boy would be induced to remain in the country. At the same time they would receive a liberal education that would enable them to appreciate the finer things of life.

In preparation for the work, some Brothers had attended agricultural colleges, and were ready to start the course the second year of the school's existence. Brother Walter succeeded Brother Constantine as head of the school in 1909. A frame building, the plainest of its kind, was erected and served as class and dormitory building. The kitchen, dining hall, community quarters, and chapel were in the house

already on the property. At first, a very low rate of board and tuition was charged as the labor of the boys and the produce of the farm were expected to supply the deficit. Regular hours of instruction in the usual school branches, lectures on farming, practical work, and reasonable hours of recreation formed the order of the day. The plan was not only ideal, but workable, as is proved by the fact that it was carried on for nine years. The Brothers introduced silos and wire fences to the county, raised the plane of farming, taught the system of rotation of crops, and the analysis of the land to determine just where the greatest yield would result. In 1911 the Brothers held the first fair of the county on the grounds of the school. Subsequent fairs were held until 1919 when circumstances led to the dropping of the agricultural part of the program of the school.

The school started with eight boarders and thirty day scholars. The rates were low to meet the condition of the people, but time made it evident that if the school was to be even self-supporting, it would have to draw patronage from outside the county, since there were but few boys of the county who could take advantage of the courses offered. The authorities began to advertise for students and city boys made up, to a large extent, the personnel of the school. They did not come for agriculture and it was not forced upon them. Still the country boy did not relish the idea of doing all the work while his city brother was at play. All things considered. the carrying on of two courses with the one Faculty was out of the question; so in 1918, the agricultural course was dropped, and the school continued as an ordinary college preparatory.

In 1917 Brother Gerard, in charge of the school, conceived the idea of a summer camp, since quite a few of the boarders remained on the grounds all summer. For two seasons the camp remained at the school. A bus transported the campers to the waterfront where a gasoline launch

carried them to a beach to enjoy the water sports. This was but the beginning of the gigantic plant known as Camp Columbus of Breton Bay. In the summer of 1919, the Catholic National Welfare Council solicited the aid of the Brothers in holding a summer session for ex-soldiers at Leonard Hall. This plan, meeting with the approval of the Brother Provincial Isidore, was carried out. Both summer school and camp could hardly function side by side. As the camp had been doing good work, Brother Gerard devised a plan whereby the summer school could be conducted and the camp need not be suspended. The Brothers had acquired a piece of property in 1916, bordering Breton Bay, intending to use it in the future as a novitiate site. At this place, Brother Gerard erected tents, and the first season of Camp Columbus began in the summer of 1919. So successful did the venture prove that it was determined to make the institution permanent. During the year bungalows were erected in which from four to six boys may sleep, all sides being open and screened. A large mess hall was built, the upper part of which serves as a chapel. A pavilion was erected for protection on days of rain. These facilities assured, along with land and water sports, the boys have an enjoyable time during the months of July and August.

Leonard Hall was going on smoothly, doing its good work in a quiet way, when disaster suddenly suspended operations for a time. On Sunday afternoon, January 18, 1920, fire destroyed the school building. The origin of the fire is a mystery. The Brothers were on retreat, it being the day of monthly recollection; the boys were out for a walk with the one Brother on duty; and no one was in the building at the time. Fortunately, a concrete science building had been in the course of construction, and was almost completed. This building sufficed for the day scholars, and the boarders were transferred to Old Point Comfort College,

RYKEN HALL, SAINT JOHN'S, DANVERS

Virginia. The question was whether to rebuild or discontinue the school. The need of a boarding school was not urgent owing to other similar schools in the field. Leonard Hall hung in the balance for some months, opinion being divided as to the advisability of rebuilding or letting it die a natural death. The fact that the Brothers owned the land, and could not well dispose of it; that it was already well stocked in farm implements and cattle; that considerable money had been invested in the other buildings gained the day, and an imposing fireproof building, an ornament to Saint Mary's County, was erected in 1920. This was put up just a few months too soon to satisfy the opposition, as on January 21, 1921, practically a year from the burning of the school building, fire destroyed entirely the Brothers' house, so that nothing remained of the old Leonard Hall except the solitary wooden gymnasium.

Coëxistent with the new structure, a chapel building had been started. After the second fire it was discontinued. The basement was roofed, and it serves as kitchen and dining halls. This led the chapel to be placed in the new building in what was intended to be an assembly hall. The new structure also contains study hall, classrooms, dormitories, private rooms, and is modern in every respect.

The little school attained international fame when, in 1926, one of her students, Alexander Loker, won the state championship prize for the best written and delivered oration on the Constitution. The winner was entitled to a trip to Europe, including travel through Italy, France, Belgium and England. The tutor, Brother Walter, accompanied the hero of Leonard Hall on the tour.

During the time that Leonard Hall has been in existence, it has been directed by Brothers Constantine, Walter, Gerard, Gilbert, Sylvan, and Ambrose. At present, Brother Paulus is the Head Master. Its future hangs in doubt, as the Community finds it a burden to support two schools

similar in scope so close together as Leonard Hall and Mount Saint Joseph's. True, we are in an age when education is more intensive, but the patronage of schools is less extensive; and the small school has to fight for existence. Whatever the future holds for Leonard Hall, she has done good work. One of her sons became a Jesuit; five, Xaverians. All her sons are loyal to her memory, are true to her traditions of manly principles, and in the words of Longfellow: "Though small, there are many that love her."

Saint James Parochial School, Newark, New Jersey
1910-1921

At the invitation of the Reverend Patrick Cody, Pastor of Saint James Church, Newark, New Jersey, the Brothers went in 1910 to conduct the classes for the larger boys; Brother Casimir, in charge, was assisted by Brothers Peter and Flavian. The school was large in size both as regards building and pupils, but very inconveniently arranged. Having been a church, the remodeling for a school had proved a very unsuccessful venture. The classrooms are divided so that the only exit is from one room to another. For eleven years, the Brothers labored under very trying circumstances both within the school and without. They had but an apology for a house, small, damp, and unsightly. A stranger coming and inquiring for the Brothers' residence needed only be told to look for the most dilapidated house on the street. Without any trouble he would find it, the exterior being a fair index to the interior. As good Father Cody was old, the Brothers did not approach him for quarters more in keeping with the dignity of religious and teachers. When he died, and nothing was done to better conditions, they were withdrawn in 1921.

During the time the school was under the care of the Brothers, it was directed by Brothers Casimir, Flavian, and Berchmans.

Saint Joseph's College, Bardstown, Kentucky
1911

A long felt want to the Louisville Community was a summer home. Brothers in other sections of the country had a center where they could gather in the summer for retreat, study, and recreation. Being too far from any center, the Brothers of Louisville had to remain in the city all summer, making retreat and attending summer sessions at home. No complaints were made, it being taken as a matter of course, yet Brother Provincial Isidore, alive to the want, set about to remedy it. A place was offered to the Brothers at Chapeze about twenty miles out of the city. The gentleman offering the land made the condition that an industrial school for boys would be erected on it. This was declined. Bishop O'Donaghue of Louisville had on his hands the old Saint Joseph's College property at Bardstown which was going to decay for want of use. The Bishop offered this property to the Brothers when he heard they were looking for a country place. Brothers Isidore and James visited the spot and were pleased. Negotiations were made with the result that it passed into the Brothers' hands for a nominal sum though it took over fifty thousand dollars to restore it to something approaching a habitable state.

Saint Joseph's College of Bardstown is linked with Catholicity in the West. The first Bishop to cross the Alleghanies was the Right Reverend Benedict Joseph Flaget who settled at Bardstown. It thus became the first See erected in the West and was established simultaneously with Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. After building his cathedral church, still standing as a mute testimony to the zeal and the architectural taste of pioneer days, the Bishop turned his attention to education. Close to the Cathedral he built a college for boys. This building stands to-day after one hundred and ten years. From its beginning in

1819 until 1848 the college was under diocesan control; then it passed into the hands of the Jesuits. In 1868 the Jesuits relinquished the charge as they felt the uselessness of further building (they had erected one building) since they could not obtain the deeds of the property. The clergy of the diocese again taught at the college, but in 1890 they were withdrawn by Bishop McCloskey who needed their services in parishes. The college then suspended operations and the place was used for orphan boys until they were moved outside of the city of Louisville. For the past fifteen years it had been idle, a prey to the elements. That it should eventually fall into the hands of a Brotherhood contains what savors of prophecy. In his history of Saint Thomas' Seminary the Reverend William Howlett relates that Bishop Flaget recorded in his diary that on a certain day he had what he termed a distraction at Mass, and seemed to see his college directed by Brothers, a chapel raised on the grounds where the Divine praises were sung, and the Bishop added: "I was more happy in the presence of these good Brothers than if I were in the presence of kings." "The good bishop," wrote Father Howlett in 1909, "did not see it in his time, nor has it happened yet; but God often gives His saints an insight into future events." If prophecy it were, the prophecy is fullfilled, though the good Bishop may have been influenced in his "distraction" by the thought of the intended Brotherhood which was later established at Saint Mary's, Lebanon, but subsequently proved a failure.

Saint Joseph's was quaint in appearance. Secluding the spacious lawn from the road was a high brick wall and on each side of the entrance gate was a lodge house reminding one of the entrance to the old-time chateau. The main building, having been unused for years, was in a state of decay. One of its two wings was so far gone that it had to be demolished; the wing left standing makes a very suitable

MEMORIAL HALL, SAINT JOHN'S, DANVERS

chapel. Formerly it was two stories. By taking out the upper floor, except a small portion in the rear, a spacious chapel with a choir gallery has resulted. The separate building, erected by the Jesuits, was fitted as a classroom building, and called Flaget Hall. The main building, as substantial exteriorly as the day it was built, was thoroughly renovated to make it modern in every respect and serves as community house with dormitories for the students. Woods and ravines abound on the property. At the extremity of the grounds is a cave. How far it extends no one has yet ventured to discover. At its entrance, the cliff suggested a natural Grotto of Lourdes, so a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes was placed there the first year the Brothers took possession.

The summer of 1911 found the Brothers of Louisville at Bardstown. The building was not ready for occupancy, but the lure of the country was too great to wait for a whole year. Partial camp life was the order the first summer. Flaget Hall was ready, and it was used for sleeping purposes. As it was thought inadvisable to use any room for kitchen service, a large tent was hired which served as kitchen and dining room. Umbrellas would have been useful on days of rain, but all in all it was the most enjoyable of any of the summers at Bardstown.

By September the buildings were ready for the opening. For some time the Knights of Columbus of Bardstown had been anxious to have the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Diomede Falconio, pay a visit to historic Bardstown, but he had refused on the plea that there was no occasion for his doing so. The opening of old Saint Joseph's was just the opportunity for which the Knights had been looking, and His Excellency was invited to assist at the opening. He dedicated the chapel and said the first Mass in it on September 12, 1911. Present at the opening also were the Right Reverend Bishop Donaghue of Louisville and Bishop

Maas of Covington. In the town, the event was made a gala affair. Stores were closed, and the buildings were arrayed in the national and the papal colors.

The pioneer laborers at Saint Joseph's were Brothers Sulpicius, Cyril, Paulinus, Adalbert, Stephen, and Dominic —Brother Sulpicius being in charge. The first year forty boarders were registered and the same number of day scholars. The need of such a school in Kentucky is not urgent as the state has a Catholic school for boys at Saint Mary's, Lebanon, and the neighboring states are now supplied whereas, in the days of old Saint Joseph's, it was the only Catholic school west of the Alleghenies, north of the Gulf, and south of Canada. That the present Saint Joseph's would ever assume large proportions in its student body was never the expectation of the authorities. The place was acquired primarily for a summer residence and in order to keep the property from decay during the year the school was established.

During its existence Saint Joseph's has been guided by Brother Sulpicius from 1911 to 1915; Brother Fidelis, 1915-1918; Brother Ignatius, 1918-1920; Brother Victorian, 1920-1926; Brother Vincent, 1926-1928. Brother Vincent's health failing during the summer of 1928, Brother Victorian, still a member of the Faculty, was again placed in charge. To-day Brother Aurelius keeps Saint Joseph's up to the standard.

Paradise Protectory, Abbotstown, Pennsylvania
1911-1915

In 1911 the Right Reverend John Shanahan, Bishop of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, invited the Xaverian Brothers to open a protectory for orphaned boys in his diocese. Farming was to be the chief occupation of the boys in the hope that the engendering of a love for the soil might

induce them to make farming an avocation in life. With this project in view, Brother Simeon went in 1911 to take charge, assisted by Brothers Claude and Eligius. A very fine building had been erected. The spot was ideal for the purpose; but the boys, as a whole, were too small to be put to strenuous labor, and the project failed. The Bishop, not having a sufficient number of big boys to take advantage of the school, decided to close it, and use the plant as an orphan asylum for small children.

During its four years of existence, Paradise Protectory had as many Directors: Brothers Simeon, Denis, Hilary, and Bede.

Saint Patrick's High School, Washington, D. C. 1912-1913

The Right Reverend Monsignor William T. Russell, later Bishop of Charleston, when Pastor of Saint Patrick's Church, Washington, famous for its Pan-American services on Thanksgiving, invited the Xaverian Brothers, teachers of his youth, to take charge of his high school for boys. In September, 1912, Brother Bede assumed charge, assisted by Brothers Dionysius and Francis. Very auspicious was the beginning. A public reception of welcome was tendered the Brothers in the hall of the Carroll Institute, a Catholic men's club. At this meeting addresses were delivered by prominent men of the Parish, all alumni of Mount Saint Joseph's College. They were well acquainted with the work of the Brothers in general and in particular with that of Brother Bede who had been stationed at the Mount during their school days.

Awaiting the completion of an additional story to the parochial school, classes were conducted in rooms rented from the Carroll Institute. The school was under the direct supervision of one of the curates of the Parish. Undue

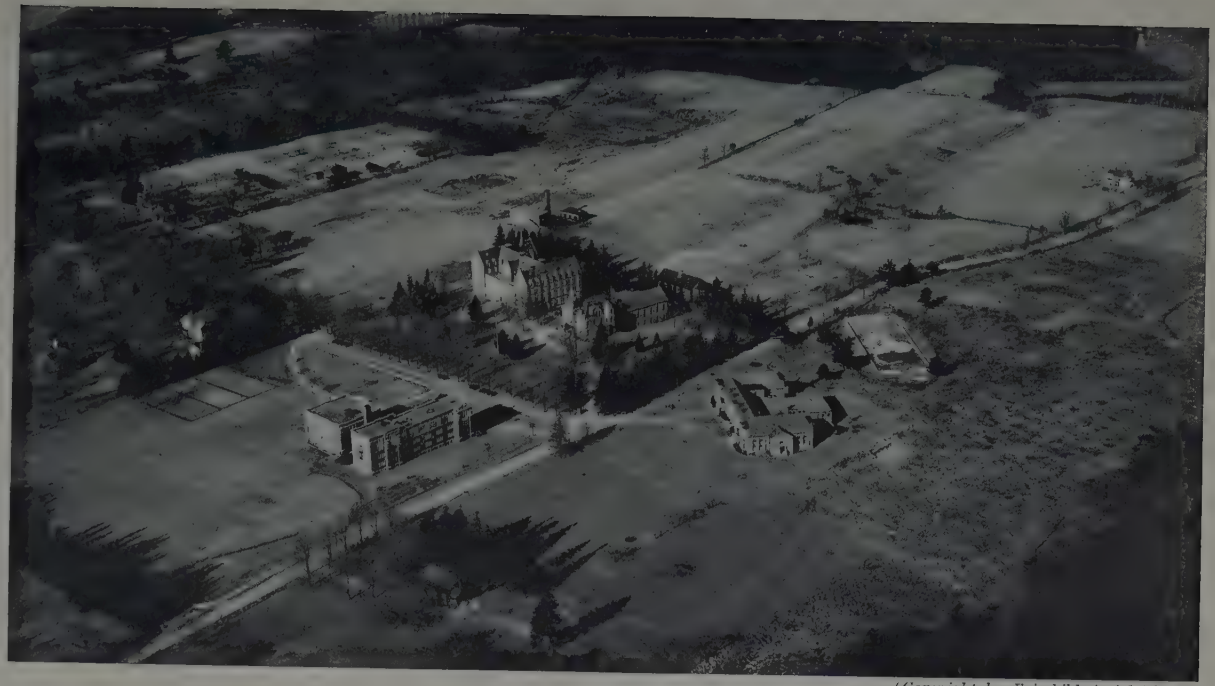
interference, especially in disciplinary cases, caused much annoyance to the Brothers whose work, thereby, became cramped, as boys are quick to note who's who. No school can function if the position of its Principal is only nominal.

The number of pupils was small, not reaching sixty. At the close of the year, the Pastor decided that the maintenance of two high schools was beyond the limits of the parish finances, and with the approval of both parties, the school was closed. During the one year, however, notable results were attained, a pupil of the Brothers won the first prize in an essay contest in which the high schools of the Archdiocese of Baltimore competed.

Saint Mary's High School, Clarksburg, West Virginia 1914-1927

The Reverend Patrick H. McDermott, Pastor of Saint Mary's Church, Clarksburg, was eager to have Brothers for a high school. On being assured of the coöperation of the Xaverian Brothers, with whose work in Wheeling he was acquainted, he erected a large school and built a house for the Brothers opposite the school. Incidentally, it was the first time in the history of the Brothers in America that a house was built expressly for them. The house is beautifully situated, the hills of Clarksburg forming a pleasing background. Built, as it is, on the side of a hill, the basement, which contains kitchen and dining room, is in reality a ground floor on one side. The first floor at the front contains parlor and rooms for community purposes; the second floor, all private rooms. Nothing was omitted to make it an ideal community residence.

The first Community consisted of Brothers Xavier, Columbanus, Neri, and Methodius; Brother Xavier in charge. By degrees a standard high school was formed. The labors of the Brothers were highly appreciated by both pupils and parents, and it was with regret that the Brothers



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AIRPLANE VIEW, SAINT JOHN'S, DANVERS

were withdrawn in 1926. The withdrawal was not the result of any disagreement between the Pastor and the Brothers. It was effected by Brother Provincial Paul who foresaw that in order to meet with the requirements of three high schools opened in 1926, each needing an increase in the staff the coming year, he would have to close a school already in existence, if such could be effected without injury to the work being done. He selected Clarksburg because he sensed that it was too big a burden on Father McDermott to support two high schools in the one parish. On consultation, Father McDermott agreed to the plan. The girls' school was old, unsuitable, and would soon have to be discarded. To build, with a new church just finished, would be out of the question, so the only course open was to meet the suggestion of the Provincial and combine both high schools into one. The people, not understanding the situation, were highly displeased when it was announced that the Brothers had left Clarksburg, but it was through no fault of the Pastor of Saint Mary's.

Brother Xavier remained in Clarksburg but a few months, and Brother Columbanus finished the year as Principal, being succeeded by Brother Bede for one year. Brother Gonzaga was in charge from 1916 to 1922; Brother Marcus, 1922-1923; Brother Fidelis, 1923-1926; and Brother Justin, the year the school was closed.

Cathedral High School, Wichita, Kansas
1916-1926

Beyond the Mississippi the Brothers went in 1916. The Right Reverend John J. Hennessy, Bishop of Wichita, was eager for Brothers for his diocese. At the earnest solicitation of a friend of the Bishop, the Reverend Felix Ward, C.P., Brother Provincial Isidore began to consider the proposition. Brother James and the Provincial paid a visit to Wichita with the result that negotiations were begun which

ended favorably. The good Bishop was delighted over the prospect, writing:

Wichita, Kansas
March 21, 1916

My very dear Brother Isidore:

Your welcome letter apprising me of your decision to come to our ever growing diocese has filled me with delight. It is Divine Providence granting me a twenty-year long prayer. I note in your letter that certain requirements for the support of the Brothers may be required, this was considered by me before soliciting your coöperation.

We are getting things ready and I hope will be prepared for your coming by September.

I believe I know what will be required as I had a very large parish in Saint Louis taught by the Christian Brothers.

A clear field and no opposition and the diocese encouraging you and a bishop crazy about you leave no reason but that your success here will be assured. I have great hopes, and so have the western people, that our city of Wichita will be one of the commercial centers of this great West. It is the largest city of the richest state in the West.

I wish you would thank Brothers James as also Brother Paul.

Wishing you and your noble Community blessings from the Almighty God, I remain,

Very faithfully,
(Signed) JOHN J. HENNESSY

To open the school, Brothers Peter, Alexius, and Dominic went to Wichita in August, 1916. As things were not in readiness for the starting of a high school, only eight boys reporting for school, the Brothers taught the upper grades

LEONARD HALL, LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND, 1909

of the parochial school until such time as a nucleus of a high school could be formed. After the high school building was completed, the work began in real earnest. The boys, on finishing the course, easily gained admittance to institutions of higher learning. The number in the school, however, seldom went beyond a hundred; thus, the Community remained small. The Brothers were isolated from other Communities the entire year, Louisville, Kentucky, being the nearest House. To go and return each summer for retreat was a constant drain upon the slender resources of the Community. After a trial of ten years, seeing no prospects of further increase, either in the school itself, or additional schools in the Diocese, Brother Provincial Paul decided to withdraw the Brothers. His decision was largely influenced by the fact that the Brothers had contracted for the opening of three new high schools the next September, two in the Archdiocese of Boston, and one in the Diocese of Brooklyn. If he did not close two schools at least, he would not have a sufficient number of men to staff the new schools, and Wichita, presenting no promising field, was one selected.

Brother Peter was Principal from 1916-1923; Brother Marcus, 1923-1924; Brother Ignatius, 1924-1926.

Cathedral School, Richmond, Virginia
1917

At the invitation of the Very Reverend Felix Kaup, Pastor of the Sacred Heart Cathedral, Richmond, the Brothers assumed charge of the boys' department of the Cathedral School in 1917. Brothers Marcellus, Arthur, Gabriel, and Constant formed the initial band. Shortly after school opened, Brother Walter replaced Brother Marcellus as Superior. The school functioned in two dwelling houses on Laurel Street until 1920, when, through the zealous labors of Father Kaup, a new school was erected on Floyd Avenue. This is a magnificent structure of nine classrooms, a large

auditorium, and a basement for play. From the beginning, the Brothers lived on Laurel Street. The house, though large and commodious, lacks the conveniences of modern times. Knowing the Pastor is in debt because of the new school building, the Brothers bear these conditions cheerfully. True to his promise of better quarters when finances would allow, Father Kaup purchased a lot next to the school and this present year finds a house for the Brothers in the course of construction.

For forty-seven years the Brothers have labored continuously in Richmond under adverse conditions, and the building of the new home is a tribute to them from the appeciative Bishop, Pastor, clergy, and people.

During the time the Cathedral School has been under the care of the Brothers it has been directed by Brother Walter from 1917-1919; Brother Xavier, 1919-1920; Brother Jerome 1920-1921; Brother Justin, 1921-1924; and at present Brother Virgil with the assistance of six Brothers keeps the school up to the standard.

Assumption Academy, Utica, New York
1917

In Utica, New York, the system of central high schools prevails, the schools being supported by taxation of the various parishes. The central high school for boys is known as "The Assumption Academy." For the first two years of its existence it was conducted by the Christian Brothers. They were obliged to relinquish it because of the prohibition regarding their teaching the classics, which, however, has since been revoked. The third year, it was under lay-control with a priest, the Reverend Hippolytus Kirchen, as Principal. In 1917, the Xaverians were asked to assume control. As it is a principle of the Brothers never to accept a school that has been under the auspices of another relig-

ious body of men without the sanction of the previous body, Brother Provincial Isidore wrote to the Provincial of the New York District of the Christian Brothers, asking if there were any objections to the Xaverian Brothers entering a field they had abandoned. In reply came a gracious note of glad assent, specifying the sole reason why his Community was obliged to sever connections with the Utica School.

In August, 1917, Brother Gilbert left Baltimore to take charge of the high school. To assist him, Brothers Giles, John Joseph, and Bartholomew were sent to Utica. Seventy boys reported for school in September, and seven were graduated the following June.

The first year, the Brothers had no house that they could call their own as the terms of the contract do not call for a house, but allow an amount for a yearly rental. Such a precarious way of living did not appeal to Brother Gilbert, and with authority from the Provincial, he purchased a suitable house on Miller Street. With the aid of the yearly rental he was able to meet the interest on the debt and pay part of the principal each year. In course of time, the property will be the Brothers' own.

Brother Thomas succeeded Brother Gilbert in 1920, but the climate of Utica proved too severe for him, and in 1921, Brother Pascal became principal for two terms. The school kept growing during the years, and at the end of Brother Pascal's term of office there were close to two hundred boys in the school with a graduating class of twenty-two. Brother Francis, at this writing, is Principal. The enrollment is two hundred and ten, with a graduating class of twenty-six. During the short time the school has been in operation, thirty of its graduates have completed college; six are priests, others are Jesuit Scholastics, and three are Xaverian Brothers.

The Xaverian School, Alexandria, Virginia
1919

The above title would imply that the Brothers ventured to open a school of their own in Alexandria. This is not the case. The school belongs to Saint Mary's Parish, Alexandria, and was so named by its Founder, the Reverend Louis Smet, now Vice-president of the University of Louvain. As a curate of Saint Peter's, Richmond, Father Smet became acquainted with the work and the aims of the Xaverian Brothers, and when the time was ripe for a boys' school in his parish at Alexandria, he invited the Xaverians to take charge. In January, 1919, Brother Patricius, with Brothers Edwin and Felician, went to Alexandria to open the school. Death claimed Brother Patricius in 1920, and Brother Pacomius succeeded to the office which he has retained to the present.

The Pastor had purchased a house on Washington Street, which was converted into a school and community house. The first two floors were used as classrooms, the two upper for community purposes. The arrangement proved very satisfactory despite the undesirability of converting a residence into a school. This arrangement, it was understood, would be only temporary since a new school building on the lot adjoining the house was in contemplation. Before he could put his plans into operation, Father Smet resigned his parish to accept the vice-presidency of Louvain. Previous to his resignation he purchased a beautiful residence, with spacious grounds attached, to which the Brothers moved in 1925, leaving the whole of the previous residence to be devoted to school purposes. The school embraces the grades and adds a junior high. The total enrollment is one hundred and fifty four distributed among four Brothers.

LEONARD HALL TO-DAY

Holy Cross Parochial School, Brooklyn, New York
1920

The year 1920 finds the Xaverian Brothers being introduced into the Diocese of Brooklyn by the Right Reverend Monsignor John Woods. The parochial school system of Brooklyn is without a peer in the country. The contracts are made between the Bishop and the Teaching Communities. The terms are most generous. Provision is made for the support of the teachers during the summer months, which, though most kind, is at the same time founded on justice, for vacation is not an idle time for religious teachers. Far from it, they spend the time of rest from the arduous duties of teaching at expensive summer schools, not for themselves, but so that they may do more efficient work in the schools at their return in September. The schools really benefit from the additional outlay offered by the Bishop. Furthermore, nowhere are the services of teaching Brotherhoods more fully recognized than at Brooklyn. The vocation, as vocation it really is though sometimes doubted or relegated to a minor place in the scheme of Divine things, is held in high honor in Brooklyn. The Bishop is behind the movement for an increase of vocations to the various Brotherhoods. Seconding every effort in this regard is the live Superintendent of Schools, the Very Reverend Monsignor Joseph McClancy, who has nothing more at heart than the increase of Brothers whose work he appreciates since he comes in direct contact with it. Monsignor McClancy apportions districts to the various Brotherhoods in which they may work for an increase of membership and not conflict one with the other. Where the Brothers are at work, the Pastors are behind the movement, heart and soul, as they realize the benefit Brothers are to the system of boy education.

The pioneer work at Brooklyn was assigned to Brother Urban, who was assisted by Brothers Hilarion, Sylvanus, De Sales, and Ephrem. Holy Cross Parish forms quite an extensive plant. Beginning with the Sisters' Convent on Veronica Place, there is a network of buildings: the girls' school is next to the convent; the church is on the corner of Veronica Place and Church Avenue; next to the church is the rectory, then the boys' school, the Brothers' residence, and a parish hall with a chapel to take care of the overflow of worshipers on Sundays. The last named was erected by the present Pastor, the Right Reverend Monsignor Michael Fitzgerald.

Both schools are large. The boys' contains sixteen classrooms. Previous to the coming of the Brothers to Holy Cross, the Sisters of Saint Joseph had the boys, as they still have the girls. Most kind and helpful to the Brothers were the Sisters. Brooklyn presented many new problems in the way of reports, diocesan and Regents, and in every way possible the Sisters gave a helping hand. The system of Brooklyn parochial schools follows that of the public school in the line of promotion. Promotions are made twice a year, in February and in June; so it is that each Brother has his class for only half a year. The classes are termed 8B, 8A, and so on, down. The 8B in September becomes the finishing class in February, and the 8A then becomes 8B, to be finished in June. The distinct advantage is that if a student fails to make a grade and is held back, he loses only half a year. This system prevails, naturally, in the high schools; so freshman classes are formed in February as well as in September. Promotions in June simply render the summer vacation a cessation of studies, and classes are able to function without loss of time, immediately in September.

For the first two years the Brothers lived in a small frame house where the parish hall now stands. This house could

SAINT JOSEPH'S, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY; ERECTED, 1819
(FLAGET HALL TO LEFT)

not accommodate all the Brothers who would eventually be needed for the school, so Monsignor Woods built a house especially for them. No expense was spared to complete the interior in keeping with the stateliness of the exterior, while at the same time preserving the simplicity befitting religious. The first floor has parlors, chapel, dining room, and separate quarters for the housekeeper; the second floor, Superior's office and community rooms; the third floor, private sleeping rooms. The house is cheerful, has a community air about it, and is a mark of appreciation from the late lamented Monsignor. His successor, Monsignor Fitzgerald, likewise, spared nothing during the summer of 1928 to have the interior repainted and fixed for the return of the Brothers in August.

Brother Urban remained at Holy Cross until 1924; Brother Gonzaga succeeded him and remained until 1928 when the present Superior, Brother Christian, was appointed, who, with nine Brothers, one Sister, and ten lay-teachers, cares for six hundred and fifty boys.

Saint Matthew's Parochial School, Brooklyn, New York 1923

The claim of introducing the Xaverian Brothers to Brooklyn really belongs to the Reverend William Costello who first applied for them. He waived his prior right to Monsignor Woods, and waited until such time as the Brothers could spare members to take charge of his boys. The time was ripe in 1923, and Brother Hilarion was assigned to the work in conjunction with Brothers Benedict Labre, Rogatus, Callixtus, Baptist, and Michael Angelus. Eventually another Brother was added, making the present staff of teachers eight.

The church, Saint Matthew's, is a credit to the religion it

represents and an ornament to the exclusive highway, Eastern Parkway, where it is located. The school building is no less a credit to the Parish. Though a renovated church, unlike many of its kind it suits admirably to the purpose of a school. A center stairway leads to a classroom on each side of the landings of three floors, and one would have to be told that it was formerly a church and not designed a school. It is situated behind the church on the intercrossing street close to the convent of the Sisters of Saint Joseph who have charge of the girls.

At present, the Brothers live almost diagonally from the church. The house is far from being a community house. It is in the center of a block of houses on Eastern Parkway. Though the neighborhood is exclusive, the quarters are cramped, and the rooms have not that atmosphere which abounds in a house designed for community purposes. For the present, it is the best that the Parish can afford, and its Pastor would, if he could, give attention to the matter, as he considers the coming of the Brothers the best investment Saint Matthew's Parish ever made.

As the Brothers have but to cross the highway to get to church or school, they go in their religious garb. The neighborhood is distinctly Jewish, though composed of Jews of the upper class. While this forms no objection, it led to a rather amusing encounter one day with a Brother and an elderly son of Abraham. It happened that the Brother was coming down the steps of the residence on the way to school, and the Jew seeing a religiously garbed man coming from the house, stopped in surprise and asked:

"Who lives there?"

"I do," replied the Brother.

"I mean, in that house," said the Jew, pointing to the Brothers' residence.

"I do," repeated the Brother.

"Ah! no you don't! Ah! no, you don't," repeated the

astonished Jew as he walked away, still shaking his head in doubt and wonder.

Father Costello, who waited long for the Brothers, gave them a warm welcome when they came. In the house everything was ready in the way of present and future wants. He has never lost his sense of appreciation for the work that is being done. When the silver jubilee of Brother Hilarion occurred in 1928 he insisted on its being made a parish affair, and had the celebration in church with Solemn High Mass, the Very Reverend Monsignor McClancy preaching on the occasion.

The school, at present, is under the direction of Brother Barnabas, the number of Brothers being eight; the boys under their care, three hundred.

Saint Edward's College, Huntington, West Virginia 1923-1924

At Huntington, West Virginia, there was in operation a college conducted by the priests of the diocese of Wheeling. In 1923, the shortage of priests for parish duties led the Right Reverend John Swint to withdraw the priests and place it under the control of the Brothers. It was understood in the beginning that the school would function at Huntington for only one year, since the plant had been sold as a hospital to a Sisterhood seeking a foundation in the diocese. The Bishop planned to erect a suitable building on the ruins at Elm Grove to continue the school of Huntington. He regretted that Brother Gerard's plan of a boarding school there had not been carried out by his predecessor, Bishop Donahue. As nothing was done toward the erection of the new building at Elm Grove, and the place at Huntington really belonged to the Pallotine Sisters, the school was closed at the end of the year. During that year, Brother Thomas was in charge, assisted by Brothers Malachy, Oliver, Alan, and a corps of lay-professors.

Holy Name Parochial School, Brooklyn, New York
1924

A model parish is that of Holy Name, Brooklyn. Its Pastor, the Very Reverend Monsignor Charles Vitta, is the inspiration from which the Parish derives its title "model." Throughout the Brooklyn Diocese, his name is a synonym for zeal and devotedness. What he has accomplished in the way of buildings is marvelous, enough to have occupied his whole attention. But buildings form the minor part of his priestly zeal. No parish in Brooklyn excels in devotion that of Holy Name.

Simple, unassuming is its pastor, yet his monuments take up four sides of a Brooklyn block. On Ninth Street and Prospect Park Avenue stands the church; next to it, on Prospect Avenue, is the rectory; then the Brothers' House; next, a lot which opens to the rear of the school; next, the Sisters' Convent facing Prospect Park Avenue and extending on the side of Tenth Street to the school on the next corner, the school running the whole length of the block. It is a mammoth building with a capacity for sixteen hundred children. In exterior finish it compares with the best of school structures. The interior has every advantage a school should have, even to elevators. The classrooms are large, full of light and airy. No praise could be too fulsome in describing the general appearance of Holy Name School. It was erected at a cost of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which in itself would have been much if it were all that Monsignor Vitta had done for Holy Name Parish.

At the completion of the new school, the Monsignor solicited the aid of the Xaverian Brothers for the boys, having already that of the Sisters of Saint Joseph for the girls. In September, 1924, the school opened with Brother Urban, pioneer of Brooklyn, in charge, Brothers Alexius, Barnabas,

NATURE'S GROTTO OF LOURDES, SAINT JOSEPH'S, BARDSTOWN

Bertram, and Cleophas forming the first teachers of the school. Lay-teachers have charge of the lower grades under the supervision of the Brother Superior. Six hundred and twenty-three boys were registered the first year, the graduates numbering thirty-one. The number of Brothers increased each year, and at present there are ten Brothers, one Sister, and six lay-teachers in charge of the nine hundred boys.

For the first three years the Brothers lived a little distance away from the school on Sixteenth Street in a small frame house which formed but one of a block of tenement houses. This house was wholly unsuited to community purposes, inconvenient in every way. Some rooms had not the advantage of light and air. Cheerfully the Brothers put up with the inconveniences, realizing that the Pastor had his hands full with the new school debt. They waited patiently until he could see his way to build. The Blessed Sacrament was in the house, however, and compensated for much. The Monsignor realized that if the school was to be staffed with more Brothers, his heart's desire, something would have to be done in the way of building a larger house for them. A solution to the problem was found in the Sisters' Convent. The Sisters had outgrown their present convent, and a new one was erected for them. When this was finished, the Brothers moved in the spring of 1927 to the convent vacated by the Sisters. There they found a large, commodious house, built on community lines and in every way suitable to their needs. This did not satisfy Monsignor Vitta, who cannot do enough for the Brothers. Despite the restraining hand of Brother Urban, he insisted that the house be thoroughly gone over in the interior during the vacation of 1928. When the Brothers returned after the summer, they found a home with every modern convenience and comfort installed. The first floor has a chapel, parlor, dining room and kitchen. The second floor has the usual community

rooms, besides private sleeping rooms; the third floor, all private rooms.

Brother Urban was ably assisted in his strenuous work during the past year by Brother Barnabas, who has been relieved from class work to assist in the clerical work of the large school. Brother Barnabas, likewise, visited the various schools appointed by the Supervisor of Schools, at the Bishop's wish, in quest of vocations, with the result that of one year's campaign the roster at the Juniorate shows fifteen boys from Brooklyn pursuing their high school course preparatory to the novitiate.

Chapters

During the Provincialship of Brother Isidore, three General Chapters were convoked at the mother house in Bruges. The Eighth General Chapter was held in the summer of 1911, the American delegates were Brothers Isidore, Paul, and James. At this chapter, Brother Chrysostom was re-elected Superior General for a term of six years. In 1916, during the war, Brother Chrysostom died. The First Consultor, Brother Theophile, held the office for the remainder of the term. As no chapter could be convened, recourse was had to Rome, and the Sacred Congregation appointed Brother Theophile to act as Superior General for a period of ten months. It was stipulated by the same Congregation that if the war continued, permission to retain office must again be sought. With renewed sanction, Brother Theophile acted as Superior General until a chapter could be convoked. In the summer of 1919, the Ninth General Chapter was held at Bruges, Brother Bernard of the English Province was elected Superior General. The delegates to this chapter from America were Brothers Isidore, James, and Norbert. Brother Fabian accompanied the delegates and attended the sessions of the chapter. The Eleventh General Chapter was

convened at Bruges during the summer of 1925, at which Brother Bernard was reëlected Superior General. To this chapter Brothers Isidore, Norbert, and Osmund were delegates, Brothers Fabian and Julian attended the sessions. This was the longest chapter in the history of the Congregation, the sessions lasting all morning and afternoon for a period of over two weeks. The revision of the Constitution to conform to the new Codex constituted its work after a Superior General had been elected. At the close of this chapter, a change in Provincials was made in the three Provinces, and Brother Paul was appointed Provincial of America with Brothers Norbert, Osmund, Angelus, and Dunstan as Consultors.

With one exception, Provincial Chapters were held every three years during the Provincialship of Brother Isidore. The first Provincial Chapter under Brother Isidore, the Seventh in notation, was held at Mount Saint Joseph's during the Christmas holidays of 1910. It was held at that time rather than in the summer following in order to allow the delegates to prepare for the General Chapter scheduled for 1911. Thirty-four members were present at this chapter. The Eighth Provincial Chapter was held during July of 1914, thirty-one being present. The Ninth was held during July of 1919, forty-four being present. It will be noted that this chapter chronologically should have been convoked in 1917. That it was not is due, most likely, to the war, as communication with Bruges was uncertain at any time, and not expeditious at all times. According to the Constitution of the Xaverian Brothers, for the lawful holding of a Provincial Chapter it is required that it be convoked by the Superior General, who presides in person or by delegate. Furthermore, the Superior General died during the war, and the incumbent might not have felt it desirable to call a chapter since his position was untenable, and the acts of the

chapter, to have force, must receive the sanction of the Superior General. The Tenth Provincial Chapter was held in July, 1922, forty being present. This was the first Provincial Chapter at which delegates were present by election, some by right of office. Hitherto, at Provincial Chapters, all local Superiors had a seat. A few of the elders were also invited, notably those who had emitted the Vow of Stability, and who were present at the Provincial House at the time.

Reference has been made from time to time to the Vow of Stability. Until 1917 Brothers who were ten years professed, formerly five, emitted a fourth vow called Stability, which added no further obligation to the previous vows, but was rather a signified intention to bind themselves more closely to the Congregation. Only Brothers with the fourth vow were entitled to active and passive voice in elections. When most of these privileges were assured to religious of ten years profession by the new Codex, the vow of Stability was discontinued.

At this chapter, Superiors of houses of a membership of twelve or over, were present by right of office, with a delegate elected from such houses. Houses having fewer than twelve, combined so as to have an elected delegate from every group of twelve. During the Christmas holidays of 1924, prior to the General Chapter to be held the following summer, the Eleventh Provincial Chapter convened at Mount Saint Joseph's. Forty-one delegates were eligible, and thirty-eight were present. Three were excused on account of sickness and winter travel. The business of these chapters was classified, at the suggestion of Brother Bede, under three distinct headings: spiritual, educational, and financial. Each received due consideration; questions pertaining to the departments were discussed as to ways and means of keeping the Province up to the standard in its several lines of endeavor. One chapter does not vary much

CHAPEL, SAINT JOSEPH'S, BARDSTOWN

from another, the benefits accruing consisting in keeping alive the spirit which should animate the worker of Christ.

Foundations and chapters were not alone the work of Brother Isidore's eighteen years as Provincial. Besides his regular visitation of the houses and the examination of schools, he introduced many customs which served to cement the union of the Communities and to keep the educational end of the Brothers to the front. His first little venture that brought simple joy to hearts was the issuing in December of 1907, of the little folder called *The Xaveriana.* It consists of a list of the Houses with their respective members, a chronological list of the Brothers, and notes of interest that occurred during the year. It had its birth in the fact that, when making his visitations, he would be besieged with questions as to where such a Brother is, or what such a one is doing. Subsequent Provincials have kept up the custom, and the first of the year is hailed with delight as the "slate" is then due. The term "slate" is, possibly, distinctly Xaverian. It came into being from the annual custom introduced by Brother Isidore that on the fifteenth of August, the assignments for the coming year were read publicly at the central houses. As changes were often made after the reading, to say nothing of the erasures made during its formation, the ease with which erasing was effected in the days of the old time school slate brought the term into use as an apt figure.

Brother Isidore also issued the first *Ordo,* or annual booklet in which is recorded each month the feast of the patronal Saint of each Brother; the prescribed novenas preparatory to certain great feasts; days of special significance to the Community as a whole; days of Brothers' jubilees, silver or golden; and after each day, the names of the Brothers who departed this life on that date. During Brother Dominic's time, the *Ordo* was issued monthly on a sheet of

prayer book size. The printing and mailing of these monthly lists became burdensome, so the idea was conceived of binding the twelve months together and issuing the booklet at the close of the calendar year.

Interested in the living ever, Brother Isidore did not forget the dead. The Brothers have a lot at Bonnie Brae Cemetery, Baltimore, where the remains of most of the Brethren repose, awaiting the Resurrection. These graves were unmarked, known only to God, as far as the passer-by was concerned. In the early days of his administration, Brother Isidore caused to be placed at the head of each grave a modest stone, bearing the religious name, family name, age, and number of years in service of the departed Brother. In the center of the plot he placed a large marble statue of Saint Francis Xavier with the title of the Community at the base.

His first year as Provincial finds him true to his inaugural address in which he said that he would continue to further the intellectual advancement of the Brothers. Years before he was Provincial, he had established summer schools in each center, directing one always in person and outlining the courses for all. By a series of examinations, with a standard college as the accrediting agency, the Brothers had always been up to the mark in educational pursuits. As Provincial, he could go further and he did. In 1908, several Brothers attended the summer session at Harvard. The community house in Somerville being accessible, they lived in Community at the same time. This custom was kept up for years, and was discontinued only when Notre Dame University, Fordham University, and Boston College offered summer courses. For the sake of example to the weak, the Brothers preferred to patronize Catholic institutions, though the courses they selected at Harvard were not in any way inimical to faith. At present, the summer finds most of the Brothers working for higher degrees at these famed seats

of learning. Extension courses, outside of the Community were but a beginning and far from satisfied Brother Isidore. In 1915, the acme of his goal was reached when Brothers were in daily attendance at the Catholic University for major degrees. As no Xaverian residence at the University then existed, they resided at the Apostolic Mission House. Attendance at the Catholic University has continued uninterruptedly since, one year excepted which can hardly be considered an exception, Brothers had matriculated that year, when the flu of 1918 caused the University to suspend classes indefinitely. When classes were resumed the Brothers either had been weakened through sickness themselves, or had to replace others who had been weakened.

Further advancement along educational lines under the patronage of Brother Isidore is manifested in the Xaverians attending the Catholic Educational Conventions. In a quiet, hidden way, unknown outside the localities in which they were, the Brothers had been doing their work; but in 1908 they made their first appearance at the Convention held in Cincinnati. Since then, they have been present at every Convention beginning at the Boston Convention in 1909, to read or discuss papers, and to form members of the various governing departments.

Brother Isidore was the first to recognize in a quiet way the silver anniversaries of the Brothers. Hitherto, such anniversaries passed without notice, nor did it ever occur to any to expect notice. The first celebration of the kind was held at Mount Saint Joseph's in the summer of 1910 when Brothers Mark, Matthew, Paul, James, Constantine, Polycarp, and Lambert were honored with Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving, and a jubilee banquet at noon. Four of these jubilarians are now with God: Brothers Matthew, James, Polycarp and Lambert. After the opening had been made, the custom of celebrating silver jubilees continued. The

Brothers are now honored each year in their respective Communities when the day occurs. Telegrams and letters of felicitation pour in from other Communities, reëchoing the words of the Psalmist heard on the day of Investiture: "Behold how good and pleasant it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity" and amplifying the words of the Xaverian Precept on Charity: "Charity, by animating hearts, will thus unite them . . . and those whom distance prevents our seeing, except occasionally, charity, knowing no distance, will unite together the members of the same body."

Another pleasing custom introduced by Brother Isidore in 1909 and continued each year until the war was that of having two Brothers visit the houses of Europe. That it was not continued after the war is due to the fact that financial affairs connected with necessary buildings, and the great outlay each year for further educational advantages of the younger members, render the strictest economy on the part of the authorities absolutely necessary.

The General Chapter of 1925 brought the Provincialate of Brother Isidore to a close after a constructive period of eighteen years. He has earned the gratitude of the Brothers; time alone will reveal his real worth. Whatever its verdict may be, one thing is certain: No one can ever say that in his labors he ever had a thought of self. Those who know him best agree with Chesterson: "Man obtains his desires only when he throws his heart away."

CHAPTER XXI

BROTHER STEPHEN

He that is Mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His Name.

MAGNIFICAT

BROTHER STEPHEN, intrepid pioneer, was born at Attendorn, Westphalia, a principality of Germany, and was known as Adolph Sommer. The Westphalians, a simple, industrious, God-loving people, were noted for their tilling of the soil. Each farmer owned his own few acres, and thus removed from the turmoil of life they, "forgetful of the world and by the world forgot," lived in peace their allotted span. Religion was to them a precious heirloom, their very life. Amidst such a favorable environment, Brother Stephen, the future apostle of Christian education in America and subsequent inspiration to thousands, lived his youth. Little did the good people of Attendorn realize the treasure they possessed in this quiet, modest youth. Little did he dream of the greatness in store for him. Knowing him, we may assume that his heart longed even then to do something for God and souls, but waited patiently until the way should be pointed out.

At the age of fifteen, he became apprenticed to a tailor. After the customary four years of apprenticeship, he left his home to ply his trade in the neighboring city of Muenster. While his fingers were busy at his avocation, his heart and mind were active in forming plans to attract and hold hearts to God. Was his future vocation shaping itself? He saw with regret that idle moments after toil were work-

ing mischief with the young men of the city. He longed to do something to provide them with innocent amusement. He thought and planned. Finally he communicated his desire to a few friends, and with them, he formed a club for young men. It was a veritable mustard seed. Soon it grew and began to shoot. By degrees, his young men went to other cities, and with the impetus derived from Adolph Sommer started similar clubs. These various clubs, each independent, claimed the attention of a zealous young priest, the Reverend Adolph Kolping. Realizing that no lasting good could be accomplished by isolated societies, Father Kolping sought to consolidate them. With this purpose in mind, he visited all the cities where they existed. When he arrived at Muenster, Adolph Sommer readily acquiesced to the plan, and modestly withdrew from the position in the club he had formed. He had accomplished his end. It had grown beyond his expectations. The society was known henceforth as the Kolping Institute, and soon spread all over Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. A branch is in this country, and is known as the Young Men's Institute. It may be of interest to know that its virtual founder is Brother Stephen. But this was not the only mustard seed that Brother Stephen was to plant and to see grow beyond his fondest dreams.

As he was reading one evening in the library of the Institute, he chanced upon a paper which had an account of the emission of the three Vows of Religion by the members of a new educational society founded in Bruges, Belgium. This was to him a revelation and an inspiration as well. How many portentious events seem to have but a chance beginning! In the designs of Providence nothing happens by chance. Adolph Sommer was then twenty-three years of age. He had a trade, but he was not satisfied with life. As yet his longings had assumed no definite shape. That article he read was to change for him the whole course of

BROTHER STEPHEN, INTREPID PIONEER

his life. For a year, he prudently pondered the matter. No doubt a sense of his unworthiness made him pause, for we, who knew him later, know that humility of heart was one virtue he possessed, and that it was not acquired in his latter days.

He applied to the Founder, was accepted, and arrived at Bruges, December 8, 1848. Truly this date is significant. One had only to see Brother Stephen at rosary, or the recitation of the Office to realize that his heart was consumed with an overpowering love of our Blessed Mother. On April 2, 1850, he received the holy habit, and was admitted to the Vows February 2, 1852.

Modest, ever; never speaking of himself, the Founder little knew the power of intellect in that little frame. Little it was; Brother Stephen never weighed a hundred pounds. Not possessing a knowledge of French other than being able to understand it, he was employed as tailor while his confrères were busy at the normal school. One day, two Brothers were diligently engaged at a mathematical problem which baffled their powers of elucidation. Brother Stephen was listening, tradition says, scrubbing, when one jokingly asked him if he could work it. Quietly he got from his knees and solved it quickly and correctly. The Brothers acquainted the Founder with the fact, and Brother Stephen thereafter went daily to the normal school.

At this time, the burning question at the mother house was the American mission about to be. All were eager to go; none more so than Brother Stephen. Was he selected? No. Brother Stephen's soul was to be fashioned not by having desires granted but thwarted. He was to learn the lesson of sacrifice; to put it into practice later as few apostles were ever required, and certainly to an extent that we of later date will never be called upon to practice. Thwarted he was. He did not give up, but had recourse to the unfailing source—prayer.

In 1856, his prayer was heard. Previously, he had been sent to England to acquire the language. Later, he was recalled and received orders to repair alone to America. By dint of coaxing, and much coaxing at that, he promised to write an account of his journey, as tradition gave us a hint here and there of unusual happenings such as "freighting it to Cincinnati." We could never get him to talk of the early days, and often urged him to write down anecdotes for future use. He never would, but always replied in his own way: "God knows, dat is enough!" However, after his death the following account was found:

Brother Stephen's Journey

On leaving Bruges I came to the depot for Ostend, but I was too late and had to return to the Institute and wait for a later train. For this, I was on time but came too late for the boat and consequently had to wait for twenty-four hours. When the time came to leave Manchester for Liverpool, Brother Stanislaus accompanied me. Brother Stanislaus engaged a boy to carry my baggage to the railroad station. There were two stations in Manchester; the boy went to one, we went to the other, and there we saw our train pulling out of the station. Searching for the missing boy we found him. We rushed back to the station just in time for the last train to Liverpool. We found lodging with a Belgian priest, and though not a comfortable bed, we rested well. Brother Stanislaus procured my ticket but was told to make haste as the tug was ready to leave. We had to hustle. Brother Stanislaus was anxious to inspect my cabin for, till then, he had never been on an ocean steamer, but he was hustled off as the steamer was ready to sail.

Nothing eventful happened on the journey till we reached Nova Scotia.

When near Halifax we were aroused from slumber by a terrible shock; immediately the steam was blown off, the

engine reversed, and our steamer stood still. Whatever was the cause of the shock we never learned, as the captain and crew were reticent. Early on November 6, we landed in Boston and according to directions I drove up to the Jesuits' house where I was introduced to an old father who knew our Founder. Having heard my commission and learning my destination he uttered these prophetic words: "Your Founder made a mistake in going to a slave state, the Eastern States are the best states for you to prosper in and obtain vocations." I was then escorted to Holy Trinity Church where I met German priests. In the afternoon, a Brother brought me to a station and after a short ride I arrived at a steamer bound for New York. Unfortunately, I had taken a second class ticket, and consequently I had to remain on the lower deck. When supper time came they served a splendid meal, but only to first class passengers.

On the boat I met a gentleman whose acquaintance I made while crossing the ocean. He was rather surprised to find me on the lower deck. From him I found that for a dollar more I could have had the conveniences of the first class. He invited me up to see the beautiful steamer. While there, a bell rang to retire, a clerk came along to collect the tickets and as I had only a second class one he told me I had no business up there, and hustled me down in spite of all the apologies of my companion. I had to sit the whole night on the lower deck, but next morning I arrived in New York as contented as those on the upper deck. I was instructed to go to some friend of the Founder, and to get from him money to take me to Louisville. I stopped off in Philadelphia to visit a friend of our ocean journey. The next day he persuaded me to buy a ticket for an immigrant train it being cheaper. I was not far from Philadelphia when I discovered my mistake too late. Every now and then our train was side-tracked to let others pass. On November 15 I arrived in Columbus, Ohio, where I had to change trains. I

showed my ticket to an employee who pointed to a train which I boarded. When the conductor saw the ticket he said, "wrong train." He proposed to send us back from the next station, for there were several more. They went out, I remained; but when the conductor came again and saw me he grew angry and put me off, very roughly too, though I offered to pay him the difference. Politeness of conductors in those days was the attribute of very few. There I was, in the darkness of night, in a wilderness, not knowing what to do. Happily I heard shortly after another train coming. It was a freight train, and stopped at this little station. I pleaded with the conductor, who was a humane man, explained my predicament, and for a small sum he took me into the caboose and brought me the next day to Cincinnati.

Here I visited a family that came from Bruges. Mr. Van Hoven, the head of the family, accompanied me to St. Xavier's College conducted by the Jesuits. I had a commission to Rev. Van den Dries, S.J., and when I was ushered to his presence, and I introduced myself as a Brother, he began a regular tirade saying, "You should have remained in your convent, there are too many fellows like you loafing about." When I explained further my mission, he calmed down and treated me civilly.

That evening I took the boat for Louisville and early the next morning landed at the foot of Third Street. I walked to Main Street, and not knowing whether to go east or west I walked a distance east till I met a gentleman and asked for directions. He told me I was going in a wrong direction but to go the way the river flows. I asked myself, which way does the river flow? However, shortly after I found St. Patrick's and our Brothers Paul and Peter.

When Brother Stephen was once more happily united to his Brothers, it must have been somewhat of a surprise to find only three where there had been six. Brother Philip of

the first band had died, and Brothers Ignatius and Vincent had been recalled to Europe, passing Brother Stephen on the way. As Brother Philip had acted as domestic, his work fell to the willing Brother Stephen. In 1858, Brothers Paul and Peter were recalled, leaving only Brothers Francis and Stephen as was related in Chapter II. At that time, two schools were under the direction of the Brothers, St. Patrick's and the Immaculate Conception. With only two Brothers there was no alternative than to give up one of the schools. St. Patrick's was accordingly relinquished, and the Brothers made their abode in the rear of the Immaculate Conception School.

Brother Stephen spent thirty-three of his sixty-three years of religious life at the Immaculate Conception School. Of the fifty-five spent in America, all, except four which were spent at St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, were in Louisville. The year 1875 found him in Baltimore, 1879 back again in Louisville. In 1860, when a regular novitiate was formed, Brother Stephen was appointed Master of Novices. This meant no relinquishing of other duties—he was teacher, Novice-Master, tailor. His tailoring was generally done when he might well be enjoying the repose of night. Even in later years—we cannot say when he had no charge, for his charges ceased only at death—your habit might need a little fixing, and in the morning it would be mended. If you were at all inclined to be visionary, and did not know Brother Stephen, you might delude yourself into thinking angels did it while you were asleep.

When age forced the Superiors to relieve Brother Stephen of class work, he acted as treasurer and bookkeeper to the large Community of Louisville. He had charge of the school bookshop, and tailored as well. Age brought no inactivity. His tailoring was a marvel even to the fastidious. He never measured one for a habit, but if you found him scrutinizing you very closely you knew you were destined for a new

habit, and you found it on your bed the next day. He measured with his eye, and the habit always fitted.

Brother Stephen's memory was excellent. In July, 1911, at the age of eighty-six, he had a spell of weakness brought on by the heat. This forced him to bed, and he was never able to leave it. Duty was, however, in his mind. The Superior at that time, the late lamented Brother James, was attending a General Chapter of the Congregation in Europe, so Brother Stephen summoned the assistant Superior to give him the order of books for the coming scholastic year. As the assistant named each text, Brother Stephen stated the number on hand, and the number to be ordered. Upon checking up, the assistant was surprised to find out that each number given by Brother Stephen of the books on hand tallied with the number on the shelves.

It was the writer's good fortune to have lived with Brother Stephen during the last nine years of his life. To have lived with such a man was truly an inspiration. No one had the welfare of the Congregation more at heart than he. No one knew its actual cost of existence more than he. During his long life he naturally witnessed many changes some of which he considered departures from the original spirit, and in his zeal for the welfare of religion he did not hesitate at times to voice his displeasure. If he thought he wounded charity in the warmth of his feelings, even though he was over sixty years in religion, it did not deter him from kneeling in the refectory to accuse himself publicly, and asking pardon of the Brother whose feelings he had hurt. To our confusion, but inspiration, we witnessed this. He was an enemy to innovations or worldliness. Surely he had a right to be, he was our corner stone. Still, he could not be called assertive, as the following incident will show. The Brothers of America—before the days of broadcloth shirts —received permission to wear cuffs and white straw hats. This did not please Brother Stephen. When he heard it

talked about, possibly with high glee and satisfaction by the younger element, he expressed his displeasure, and some one said in justification: "Brother Stephen, the Brother Provincial has given permission." He bowed his head, and replied: "I have nothing more to say."

In Brother Stephen it was verified that the virtues of a lifetime shine at death as never before. His room was small. The heat was intense, as heat can be in Louisville during July and August. To remedy this, an electric fan was hired. It was placed behind him for we felt he would never consent to its use if he saw it. We did not reckon on the noise, and he inquired the cause. On being told, he began to speak of holy poverty. Nothing would convince him otherwise, and as one could see it really distressed him, it was charity to take it away. As was stated in the account of Saint Xavier's, the Brothers were supposed to live in a mansion. Opposite the chapel is a one-time dining room of the previous owner. It was unused, but still retained its grandeur, inlaid floor, sideboard of walnut set in the wall; it was known as "the grand dining room." As it has three large windows reaching from ceiling to floor, we thought it would be cooler for Brother Stephen. Would he go? Not he! Bear in mind, his Superior was abroad, and the assistant was a little diffident about exerting authority over a man who had been in religion before he was born, and a saint at that. Had Brother Stephen been *told* to go, only his weakness would have prevented his walking there. Still, it was best to let the old man have his way—his mind would not have been at rest in "the grand dining room." Sharp little eyes had Brother Stephen, and he noticed a screen at the window, put there while he slept—the flies by day tortured him; he was too weak to drive them away, while mosquitoes at night bothered him, and New Jersey is not the only place that has mosquitoes. When he saw it, he wanted it put away also as a luxury. This, we would not

do, and he said: "I will suffer for that in purgatory." No! Brother Stephen, there is no suffering in purgatory for souls that suffer on earth, and since "fear is the beginning of wisdom," you were wise, and the wise are those who have God's interest only at heart. Self-interest never entered your life, Brother Stephen, and you yourself portrayed, unwittingly, to us who watched your end that lack of self-seeking was to be yours until you found God as He is.

Brother Stephen's consciousness of what he owed to his younger Brothers never left him. He knew the force of example in either direction, and keenly felt his inability to answer the bell for an exercise. When the bell rang he inquired for what, and on being told that it was for such an exercise as noon examen or evening rosary he would say: "I hope I am not giving bad example by staying in bed." Dear Brother Stephen, your example in bed is the best treasured example of your sixty-three years in religion. Seeing that he felt troubled at being unable to attend the exercises, a Brother offered to come and make the exercises with him. Thus, up until the morning he died, the Office was said with him, spiritual reading read to him, the rosary recited, and other prayers incidental to the day. To see him pray was a sermon in itself. The Office he knew by heart. Whenever the Holy Name of Mary came in, his eyes rolled upward, a heavenly look suffused his face, and one would think he really caught a glimpse of our Blessed Mother.

Verily the well-known meditation of the death of the fervent as contrasted with that of the tepid religious was borne out in him, as we saw how a fervent religious dies. To him, prayer at death was not because it was necessary, but simply the habit of a lifetime asserting itself more strongly at death. He had prayed all his life, and he simply had to pass out in the atmosphere in which he had lived.

At this time, the Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Diomede Falconio, was in Kentucky to assist at the opening

of Saint Joseph's College, Bardstown. The Right Reverend Dennis O'Donaghue, Bishop of Louisville, brought the Apostolic Delegate to pay a visit to the Brothers of Louisville. Both prelates went in to see Brother Stephen; hence, our dying Brother, four days before his end, was honored by a visit of the delegate of the Holy Father and received the Apostolic Blessing at the close of a simple, apostolic life.

On the morning of September 17, 1911, Brother Stephen showed signs of nearing the end. Until then, despite his age, we hoped heaven would preserve our treasured inspiration just a little longer. That morning hope died, and it was evident that he should be anointed. The Chaplain, Father Louis Deppen, said to the Brothers: "Brothers, come and see a saint die." The Community assembled, and Brother Stephen, in full consciousness, with deepest faith, fullest hope, and an all-consuming charity received the last rites of Holy Mother Church. It pleased the good Lord to allow him to linger until the nineteenth, when, just as the bell rang for classes at 8:30 in the morning, his soul answered the final summons—answered the closing bell of duty as young hearts were responding to its first call.

Friends and sympathizers sent flowers in profusion to deck his lowly bier. Ordinarily flowers are out of place at death, especially in a religious whose life has been a constant sermon on the passing of earthly vanities; his Brethren need no empty marks of consolation. But somehow they seemed appropriate in the case of Brother Stephen. Lilies symbolic of purity there were, but no lily was whiter than his immaculate soul; carnations, emblematic of love, but no carnation was there as expressive of love as his own devoted life; roses, typifying the odor of virtue, but no rose was more redolent than the sweetness of his life; ferns in verdant green, exemplifying hope, but no fern was more expressive of hope than he whose life-hope had become a blessed reality.

On a Friday he died, and the remains were kept until Monday. The heat, that season, was as intense as it had been in August, and the body, though not embalmed, gave no sign of decomposition, neither did the face lose its lily whiteness. The only thing noticeable was that one eyeball had fallen, leaving a slight dent on the lid. The devoted Chaplain, Father Deppen, called it not death, but transition. On Monday morning, Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated: Reverend Louis G. Deppen, Celebrant; Reverend Charles Raffo, Deacon; Reverend George Schuhmann, D.D., now Monsignor, Subdeacon, and the Reverend John Hill, Master of Ceremonies; all, one-time pupils of Brother Stephen, while twenty-four priests of the city were in the sanctuary. The remains were brought to Saint Louis Cemetery, and the body of Brother Stephen was consigned to earth, next to Brother Francis, his sole companion at arms for two lonely years. Brother Francis was the first of the Community to be buried in Saint Louis, and to place Brother Stephen next to him, it was necessary to dig the grave on the other side, making it the first in the row. Fitting it was that he, who led his Brethren by example for over fifty years in America, should be placed first in the row of those who had attained heaven as Xaverians through his prayers, his sacrifices, his example.

Gone not is Brother Stephen! Let him lead still! Let us, who knew him, keep alive his spirit, his memory, that others, less fortunate than we, may know him through us. As it was said of Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of Saint Paul's, London, "If you seek his monument look around you," so may we look around and behold the monuments of Brother Stephen, from Kentucky to Maryland, and from Massachusetts to Virginia.

CHAPTER XXII

BROTHER BERNARDINE

> From all sides we looked up to him as a pillar of spiritual strength, as a rock of faith and wisdom, as a model of character and a treasury of experience, a living example and an inspiration in all things that are seemly and of good repute.
>
> BISHOP SHAHAN, *Sermon on Cardinal Gibbons*

OUR country, if anything, is cosmopolitan. No one race may claim it. It was, in its early days, the melting pot of Europe. Priority of time gives no right to ascendancy, or Catholic Spain would, undoubtedly, have that right. We are, as we were made and as immigration formed us. The early immigrants from Ireland and Germany did more than any other foreign agency to infuse into this country elements that have wielded an undying influence for good. The Church, too, has profited by immigration in the past, and has been built here by the aid of the sturdy souls who left the land of their birth solely that they might have the blessings of the Church untrammeled for themselves and their posterity. Her early leaders were of the staunchest of these self-imposed exiles, and they needed to be. Her present leaders are either sons of valiant fathers, who here fought their way through bloody and bloodless tracks of rampant bigotry, or of the stock directly from abroad that still bears the stamp of Catholicity preserved through privation and trial.

As the "fighting Irish" come from the north of Ireland, where opposition to religion but strengthens it; so the fighting German hails from Prussia, the stronghold of Lutherism. The subject of this sketch, Brother Bernardine, came

from Hanover, Germany, and a fighter he was. Born September 12, 1836, Gerard Ridders lived his normal life as a boy of the times. He was remarkable for studiousness and talents. Not that we know of any particulars, we do not. Brother Bernardine was, as all our early Brothers were, extremely reticent about himself and his early days. It seems that a halo of respect surrounded our pioneers to such an extent that no one dared to ask them questions concerning themselves and their activities prior to their entrance into religion. If anyone ever thought to ask, it may be that he sensed the answer he would receive and so refrained. Humility kept their mouths sealed; and they, of all concerned, never dreamed they were making history. Though they read and studied the lives of the saints, it never occurred to them that one day it would be necessary to have their lives written for just the same purpose as that of those of whom they were reading. We are the poorer for it, and it is a pity some farseeing Superior, as the Prioress of Lisieux who commanded our "Little Flower" to write her life, did not command them to write an account of their lives; but then—they *were,* with two exceptions, the Superiors as long as strength of mind lasted, and nothing more need be added.

However, of Brother Bernardine we do know that he studied for the priesthood until near the age of twenty. He left the seminary, not for want of talent, which is sometimes supposed to lead a youth to adopt the Brotherhood as his vocation, but from a feeling that the priesthood was not his vocation. Talents he had as those who knew him can attest. God had other plans for him, other hopes, and he shone in them to a degree that he might not have evinced in the priesthood. Had he persevered and reached the priesthood, Germany would have had a priest, and a good one. Some one parish might have consumed his time and energies; but it is doubtful if he would have accomplished

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the measure of good for souls that was accomplished in his hidden, but active, life as a Xaverian Brother for fifty-five years. This we feel—that if Brother Bernardine had never come into our lives, we would have been the poorer, though unconscious of the loss. Having known the man, we sense what might have been our poverty in never having him, and honor and appreciate him the more because of what he was.

God brought him to the seminary to give him a taste of service, and then led him where the service was to be. Leaving the seminary, he took up horticulture for a short time. From this, he derived a fondness for flowers and shrubs which lasted all his life, bringing much joy and comfort to him amidst joyless, comfortless surroundings. Despite his fondness for this avocation, his heart was not at rest. He read; he studied; he prayed; he inquired. He wanted to do something tangible for God. Hearing of a newly founded Congregation of Teaching Brothers, he applied; was admitted by the Founder, September 13, 1856; invested, April 12, 1857; and professed, September 8, 1858. At the feet of the Founder, he imbibed for four years the lessons of the religious life. Becoming imbued with the missionary spirit, he formed one of the band of reconstructionists who arrived in 1860 to supplement the works of Brothers Francis and Stephen.

The first assignment of Brother Bernardine is thought to have been at St. Patrick's, Louisville (the early chronicler merely gave the names of the schools taken and the number of teachers.) In 1863, he opened St. Martin's School, Louisville, with "Johnny" Griffin (Brother Philip) as companion. At St. Martin's, Brother Bernardine was, as always, indefatigable. He taught, trained the servers, conducted the choir, decorated the altars, performed the work of sacristan, organized sodalities and gathered young men on Sundays for instruction and recreation. In fact, the works accred-

ited to Brother Francis at St. Martin's were in reality inaugurated by Brother Bernardine.

The Brothers, while on Green Street, had no chapel; but on Fourth Street, Brother Bernardine was sacristan. To this day, Brothers who knew him then are loud in their praises of his devotional, artistic taste, and proclaim that never since have they seen anything in decorations to excel those of Brother Bernardine. March, May (October was not a devotional month then), and June found improvised altars of larger dimensions blazing with lights and laden with flowers. But he was at his best in Christmas Cribs. One, it is said, could see in the distance, rolling hills, sheep grazing, while in the foreground could be visualized a perfect replica of Bethlehem. Surely, these extra devotional scenes helped not a little to inculcate the spirit of devotion, particularly in the young, who drank in, unconsciously, lessons to be imparted to others; and still others to others.

In 1868, Brother Bernardine opened St. Peter's, Louisville, and remained there until 1870 when he was transferred to St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore. The school needed a worker and defender, and it surely found both in little Brother Bernardine.

The Archdiocese of Baltimore owes to Brother Bernardine possibly more than it suspects. Forty-two of his fifty-five years of the religious life were spent either at St. Mary's or St. James' Home, both diocesan institutions. He arrived at St. Mary's while it was still in its infancy, the frame building being its only home. In the construction of the stone building, destroyed by the fire, he had his part. Mingled with the ashes of old St. Mary's was many a drop of perspiration from Brother Bernardine's selfless head. When the building was completed, sewerage had not yet come to that part of Baltimore. No idler was Brother Bernardine. If a dreamer, his dreams were soon replaced by realities. If the sewer would not come to Brother Bernar-

dine, Brother Bernardine would go to the sewer. He dug sewers and piped them all by himself. Likewise, city water would not come to him, so he sought water. His greatest delight would be to discover a spring, and no prospector was more elated in finding a vein of gold than he in discovering a spring of pure water. Finding one, he dug, piped the water to a reservoir he had constructed on the grounds, and then—days of gasoline still being in the future—pumped it by hand to a tank on the top of the building. This was not, as may be easily conceived, the work of a few days or even weeks but entailed great labor and much time. Hired help from the board was out of the question. Brother Bernardine may have had many fancies, but not this one. Help from the boys was more often a hindrance, so he did it by himself; not for himself, but for St. Mary's and—God.

If the board of St. Mary's gave him the name "fighter," we gave him that of "digger." His propensity for digging never left him, even up to the time of death, and the grave was the only hole connected with him that he did not dig. Brother Bernardine received the name "Little Fighter" because he always assumed a militant attitude toward the board of Saint Mary's, and he had to assume it. He was at the School when that board removed all vestige of authority from the Brothers. He saw and shared the destitution subsequent to the financial crash of the board-appointed Superintendent; he knew of Brother Hubert's difficulties, and inability to get even common necessaries. He had, therefore, first-hand information. Brother Bernardine knew the workings, and when Brother Alexius came, a stranger to conditions, he generally deputed Brother Bernardine to appear before the board. Brother Bernardine "fought," but generally failed. Perhaps his failure might have caused a scolding on returning, which would naturally whet the appetite for further fighting.

When Brother Alexius became Provincial in 1875, he was replaced at Saint Mary's as Superintendent by Brother Bernardine. Ripe was he then for "fights," and "fights" there were. In 1887, Brother Bernardine was removed. Prior to this period, the peace-loving Cardinal Gibbons was on the scene as president of the board, and though less fighting was required, we are sure, Brother Bernardine, by that time, had acquired the habit—for life.

This belligerent attitude was unfortunately a part of himself. The board was to blame, as he simply had to assert himself to get even less than he wanted for the good of the school. Years afterwards when a priest, now dead, saw him at Mount Saint Joseph's, "digging," he said to the Brother with whom he was speaking, "Poor Brother Bernardine!" On being asked the reason of the pity, he replied, "While Brother Bernardine was at St. Mary's, I was secretary to Monsignor McColgan, and I knew the inside workings of the board against him, and I tell you, if ever a man was wronged, Brother Bernardine is that man."

These trials, bringing on unneeded hardships, caused the defection of two of the Brothers then at the school. Of a more rugged type of soul was Brother Bernardine. Perhaps we should say he was a man of faith, prayer and trust in God, but what brings ruggedness of soul, if not prayer and trust? His spirit of prayer and devotion was a part of himself. If he did not spare his little frame in physical labor for the welfare of the school, an ungrateful task at that time, neither did he spare his mental energies to promote its spiritual welfare, the only reason for which he was there, and the only reason that kept him there when others of weaker mold fell away. His very rugged nature made him find an outlet in the consolation derived from bringing about public honor to God. Brother Bernardine was a liturgist of the first class, and he solemnly observed the Rogation Days with processions through the fields; while Corpus

Christi was especially inspiring. He always carried out the German custom of three altars outside with the reading of the Gospel of the Most Blessed Sacrament at each altar before Benediction. The procession, starting from the chapel, would wend its way through the beautiful groves that surrounded St. Mary's in those days. The chapel received its due care always, and was the scene of many inspiring devotions. There, the little man was buoyed up as he faced opposition and suspicion, as did His Divine Master before him.

Brother Bernardine's spirit of devotion made itself practical—not only useful to himself, but to others and to the ages. To him, we owe the present site of Mount Saint Joseph's, our American mother house. Brother Alexius, first Provincial, placed it upon Brother Bernardine's shoulders to look for a suitable place as mother house and novitiate. Authority to suggest was for him to act. He lost no time, but looked. He strolled in the direction of the various cardinal points from St. Mary's with his keen eyes open, and his big heart raised in prayer to his favorite Saint Joseph. It was in the month of March that he received his commission. On a Wednesday, too, the day of the week reserved throughout the year to honor Saint Joseph, he started out to look. We may well imagine his contemplating Saint Joseph in search for an abode on the eventful first Christmas Eve, and imploring the saint to come to his aid. Seeing a house on the Frederick Road farther up from the present site of the Mount, he was tempted to inquire within as to the prospects of its being salable. As it was too close to the road, he deferred. Wending his way homeward, he stood before a grove, and espied a house back from the road. "This is the place," he said. There was no sign "For Sale," but this did not deter him; it was the place he wanted. As he returned home after wandering through the grounds, he said: "Saint Joseph, if you get us this place, it will be named

after you, and your statue will adorn the building." St. Joseph helped him, and the beloved Mount came into the possession of the Xaverian Brothers.

In 1887, Brother Bernardine was removed to Louisville and assigned to teach at St. Patrick's School. Two years later, he was recalled to Baltimore and placed in charge of St. James Home, an adjunct of St. Mary's under the same board. To us this seems strange, inexplicable, hard; but Brother Bernardine's obedience was such that it never entered his mind to question. He simply went; remained, like his Saint Joseph in Egypt "until I shall tell thee," and was in charge of St. James' Home until 1899, when he was transferred to St. Joseph's School, Somerville, as Superior. Though he was successful at Somerville both in the management of the school and in directing the large Community, being loved and revered by the Brothers as a father, he was changed the next year to assume the superiorship of the still larger Community in Louisville. Purposely was he sent to Louisville to supervise the erection of the new college building. The next year finds the little soldier in charge of the Juniorate at Saint John's, Danvers, Mass. There he could dig to his heart's content, and did. After six years at Saint John's he was retired from active duty and assigned to the Mount.

The remainder of his days he spent raising flowers for the altar. The famed "digging" continued and he dug an immense cellar for the winter storage of roots and bulbs. But Brother Bernardine was no longer young, and he easily became exhausted. Frequently he had to rest. He would not give in, but persevered at "digging" to his death. On the morning of January 2, 1912, he was not present for meditation, and it was the first time he was ever known to be absent. Sensing something wrong, a Brother went to his room and found him too sick to rise. After Mass, it was thought expedient to have him anointed. The next day,

with only the Brother Infirmarian present, he went home to God to receive the reward of a selfless fight of fifty-five years—the last fight, the good fight, was over.

As a Superior, Brother Bernardine varied. By nature, he was kind and fatherly. Circumstances made him a fighter. Fight he must. If the Community got him to fight invisible enemies all went well; peace reigned, and fun was the result. All one had to do was to mention "Bismarck" and off he flew at a tangent. When his vituperation against the "Iron Man" was exhausted, the mention of the Masons would cause him to "fly off." This innocent plan could be carried out day after day, the only care to be exercised was to keep a serious face. In communities which failed to humor him, it was not always smooth sailing. He could not brook opposition. Not that he was autocratic; no, but he simply could not see the attitude of mind which opposes authority since he would not himself. Bishop Corrigan said of him at his death: "Brother Bernardine was so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of obedience that it never entered his mind to oppose, and he expected every one else to be imbued likewise." Is not this but the spirit of the letter on obedience written by Saint Ignatius which is embodied in the Xaverian Rule, and which Brother Bernardine had engraved in his heart, if the very words were not engrafted in his head? Superiors have councilors, true, but the Rule cautions them not to have too exalted an opinion of their duties, and Brother Bernardine, a man of Rule, expected from others what he would do himself. Like all good men, if he thought himself right, he *was* right in the abstract; if he was ever wrong in the concrete, he may be forgiven, for his heart was always right. Whatever his errors of judgment may have been, we may be sure he passed the final examination, the only one that counts, *Summa cum Laude.*

CHAPTER XXIII

GOD'S OWN ALWAYS OF THE THIRD PROVINCIALATE

He that shall do and teach, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

MATT. 5:19

FOLLOWING Brother Dominic to the grave within two weeks, Brother Marcian (James Cunningham) yielded his soul to God on September 28, 1907. Brother Marcian was then twenty-seven years of age, with ten years of the religious life to plead for him. He was born in Dunmore, Ireland, October 24, 1879, the last to be born there of a large family of eight. As a babe, he was brought to America, his parents settling in Louisville, Kentucky. Attending Saint Patrick's School, then under the care of the Brothers, he felt attracted to the life, and left at the age of fifteen for the Juniorate at Danvers. In April, 1897, he was invested at Saint John's, and passed his noviceship there. His first assignment was at Saint Joseph's School, Somerville, where he remained for eight years, teaching the fourth grade. This was always a very heavy class, and enough to tax the energies of the strongest. At Somerville, a heavy cold attacked a frame with a tendency to general weakness, and it failed to yield to treatment. In the hopes that a milder climate and less strenuous classes would effect the desired result, he was sent South to teach, but it was not to be. Tuberculosis manifested itself to remain. Brother Marcian was brought to the Mount to rest, and to prepare to die.

He was of a lovable disposition, to which was added profound piety and child-like innocence. He was a man especially adapted for the teaching of the young to whom he endeared himself. His evenness of disposition made him an ideal community man, and no one ever heard Brother Marcian repeat ill of another. Thoughtfulness for others was a predominant trait, and this caused him to hide his sufferings from others in order not to trouble them. The same thoughtfulness caused him to hide his sickness from his good mother, as his father was ailing at the time. At his father's death, his non-appearance at the funeral made her suspect that all was not right, and the truth had to be told. As there was no immediate danger at the time, she was kept informed as to his condition. When the end was apparent, she came to Baltimore and was present when he died. The good lady may have unwittingly hastened this end, as she related afterwards in great scorn that a Brother came and he gave her boy only a spoonful of wine (he was then too weak to swallow, the effort causing a choking sensation) but after he went out, she said she gave him a whole glass, and that more than once during the night. She sat with him all the night, and he passed away before early morning. Likewise, the good lady could not understand why they should put her boy in a plain coffin such as they use in the poorhouses of Ireland, but was satisfied outwardly, at least, when she was told that only two weeks ago the head Brother (Brother Dominic) died, and had the same. She insisted on staying up for the "wake." This would have been simply impossible. She had been already two nights without sleep, one on the train, and the previous by his bedside, but she would not move. Finally, Father Gabriel, the Chaplain, came in, and said: "I am a priest of God." Without a murmur, up she got and left. Good old Irish heart! it is now, also, at rest with God and our dear, good Brother Marcian!

Brother Celsus (John Osborne) died November 3, 1908, at the age of eighteen. With less than two years of the religious life, God called him to his reward. Brother Celsus was born in County Boyle, Ireland, March 16, 1890. As a child, he came to this country, his parents settling in Somerville, Massachusetts. He attended the parochial school under the care of the Brothers, and entered the Juniorate at Danvers in 1905. No mission is to the credit of Brother Celsus, save the home mission of the heart. His labors there satisfied the good God before the mission field was his. Tuberculosis developed during his noviceship, and his life in religion, but not as a religious, was temporarly suspended. From Baltimore he was sent home in the hope that the climate of his youth might restore him. He died while at home, but his name has been preserved in the Community as one dying in the fold. He received all the usual suffrages of the Community, and we feel that the good God accepted his intention for the deed.

A most useful member of the Congregation died February 21, 1909, in the person of Brother Joachim, known in the world as Thomas Dorman. He was born in Derry, Ireland, June 13, 1855, and entered the Community from Baltimore, at the age of thirty-four. Practically, as well as theoretically, Brother Joachim led the hidden life of Saint Joseph. He was a carpenter, and the twenty years of his religious life were spent at the Mount in that capacity. As a craftsman he was unexcelled in his special line, and the museum case at the Mount is a monument to his devoted workmanship. A large place, like the Mount, is in constant need of repairs, and these minor incessant details filled a busy life for Brother Joachim. Since his death, the Mount has had steadily employed a lay-carpenter at regular union wages. Does not this fact bring out the glory of Brother Joachim's career, not his saving to the Community, but the glory he won for himself? Had he

(1)

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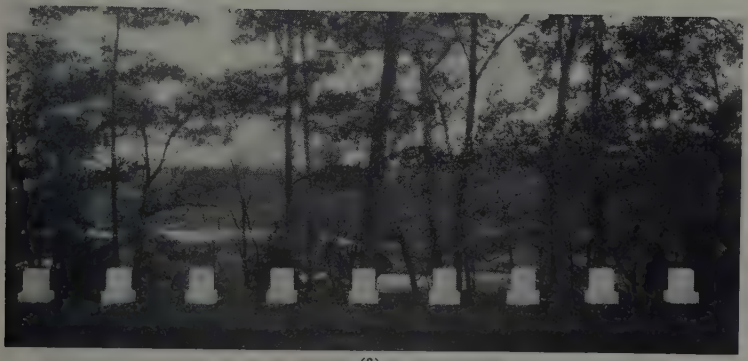

(3)

AWAITING THE RESURRECTION

(1) Louisville; (2) Baltimore; (3) Danvers

remained in the world, he would have commanded the wages of an expert tradesman, but would he have had the glory of the religious in eternity? It is not the work, not the field of labor, but the motive that counts and glorifies the work in the heart of him who performs.

On September 5, 1909, Brother Edmund (Thomas Beard) died of dropsy at Saint Agnes Hospital. Brother Edmund was born in Liverpool, England, October 21, 1873. At the age of twenty-nine he joined the Brotherhood from Brockton, Massachusetts. After his probation, he was sent to Richmond to teach. From Richmond in 1907 he was sent to Manchester, New Hampshire, where the disease that carried him off began to manifest itself. Brother Edmund, while being the good religious that alone gives promise of being a successful religious teacher, was a singer of no little note, having been professionally trained. In that capacity his services were highly prized and proved eminently useful during his short career of seven years.

Good, little Brother Rogatus was called early in his religious life to join the white-robed throng, and one can readily believe that he wore his robe unspotted on earth. Brother Rogatus died January 23, 1910, aged twenty. Five years of religion are to his credit. He was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, September 2, 1889. He received his early education at the Brothers' school there. At the age of fourteen, he followed his older brother's example, Brother Antoninus, and entered the Juniorate at Danvers. Transferred as a postulant one year later to the novitiate at Baltimore, he received the Holy Habit in 1904, and was professed in 1909. Brother Rogatus had but one mission, East Boston. His eagerness for a mission was the indirect cause of his early death. Shortly before he left for East Boston, he had dislocated a bone in the shoulder. Fearing that disclosure would prevent his going, he imprudently failed to make it known. He could hardly have realized the seri-

ousness of neglecting it, and must have thought it was merely a pain that one might bear without having recourse to aid. Shortly after school began, the pain became so intense that he was obliged to let it be known. As a consequence tuberculosis developed, and the good little Brother was forced to realize that his time on earth was short. His mother, a nurse, was eager to have him home, but he was a professed religious. However, as the state of Maryland was then strict in following a law that no tubercular patient could be nursed at home, it was a case of sending Brother to a sanatorium or allowing him to go home for treatment. The Provincial chose the latter on condition that his mother accept the monthly rates of a sanatorium. That is how Brother Rogatus came to die in Wheeling. He was buried from the Brothers' house at Wheeling with Solemn Mass of Requiem at the Cathedral, Bishop Donahue, present.

Death claimed Brother Cajetan, February 19, 1911, at the age of seventy-one, and after fifty-five years of the religious life. Brother Cajetan did not die in America, but in Houthulst, Belgium. It is but proper that we give him a notice among the workers of the American Province, since he was the inspiration of many of the Brothers gone before and a few still living. He was the Master of Novices at Mount Saint Joseph's for four years, and Director of the Aspirants at Saint John's from its beginning in 1891 until 1901. Brother Cajetan was born in Bruges, June 22, 1840. Known to the world as Charles Van Thournhout, he entered the Congregation at the age of sixteen. At that tender age he shared the hardships of the early days, for the Congregation was then but seventeen years in existence, and its critical stages had by no means passed. For fifteen years, Brother Cajetan remained in Bruges. Eventually, he became Superior of the mother house. Having had the Founder as a subject, he gave testimony that the Founder was as humble and as obedient as the least of the Brothers.

In 1871, he went to Mayfield, England, succeeding Brother Alexius as Superior of the orphanage at that place. What he had to endure there in the way of privations owing to the manner in which the institution was then governed, only the recording angel knows. Conditions there were in every way as bad as the history of Saint Mary's Industrial School presented, due to the interfering, or rather blocking, of the trustees, headed by her Ladyship, the Duchess of Leeds.

In 1887, Brother Cajetan came to America to act as Master of Novices. In that capacity he earned the respect, esteem, and love of his novices for a lifetime. In 1891, he opened Saint John's, Danvers, as the House of Aspirants. In 1901, he was called to Europe, ostensibly to remain, but was recalled to America in the fall of the same year. On his return he was assigned to Saint Mary's Industrial School to supervise the teaching of the classes, a work for which he was well qualified, as he had the best of methods from the normal schools of Belgium. In 1904, he opened Elm Grove Industrial School, West Virginia, but remained there only from September to January when he returned to Baltimore. In 1906, the good man was sent to Belgium, where he remained until his long life of unselfish good closed to time.

Brother Cajetan was a remarkable man from every point of view. He was a religious with all that the term implies, a linguist, a teacher, a man of order and system. He was never what you might call a popular man with the older Brothers who more or less looked askance at European methods for American youth, and thought Brother Cajetan often interfered beyond his province. His novices revered him, however, and always spoke eulogistically of him. Having been close to the man's heart, they are the best judges of his worth. To this day the few that still live regard him as the inspiration of their lives. He was, what

might be termed, the first real Master of Novices of the Province, as he was the first of that office to be relieved of all other duties. In the discharge of his duties he was careful to see that none interfered. Here is where he possibly fell into disrepute, as it takes time to lose methods long in vogue, no matter how unjustifiable.

His profound knowledge, his clear ideas as to the fitness of things, his comprehensive grasp of educational problems, his correct view as to the meaning of authority and class management, led him to be of great service in his sphere of work, while his own systematic way of doing things, and having them done, brought order out of chaos, and the novitiate was previous to his time in a more or less chaotic state for the simple reason that the Master of Novices had been a multiple man. Few men of action can hope to escape criticism. To be criticized is an infallible sign that something, at least, is being done that attracts notice.

He had a wonderful insight into the psychology of boy nature, and say what you will, if one gains the heart of the boy, his worth as a man is assured. Brother Cajetan surely won the hearts of the boys at Saint John's, who, like the soldiers of Napoleon, were ready to follow his lead in the days of hardships. The trials of Saint John's in its foundation days will never be fully known; but to-day their fruits are evident, and deeply enshrined in the hearts of those who lived under him is the honored name of Brother Cajetan.

Brother Vincent (William O'Keefe) died May 6, 1911, after a lingering illness which brought to a close a life of usefulness covering thirty years for God. Brother Vincent was fifty years old at the time of his death. He was born in Baltimore, and entered the Congregation at the age of twenty. After completing his course, he was assigned to teach at the Institute in Louisville, and from there he went

to Lowell. In 1892, he was the pioneer Superior at Portsmouth, Virginia, remaining there in that capacity until 1904, when he was placed in charge of Old Point Comfort College, Fortress Monroe, Virginia. In 1909, he was relieved of office and retired to the Mount where he died. Brother Vincent was a man of scholarly attainments, of a genial nature which endeared him to his Communities and the students whose lives he influenced.

A case unique with the Xaverians, if not in the history of other Orders, is that of Brother John (John Scanlan) who died on July 5, 1911, at the age of seventy-one, being in religion less than two months. This extraordinary blessing came to close a life of singular holiness and of great benefit to the Church of God. Brother John was born in Carlow, Ireland, September 8, 1840. On coming to this country, he married. For a short time he lived in Lawrence, Massachusetts; later in Manchester, New Hampshire; eventually in Lowell, Massachusetts, where his family of one son and four daughters was raised. The son is no other than Brother Paul, Superior General of the Xaverian Brothers. One daughter became Sister Regis of the Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg, Maryland; another became Sister Regina of the same Community, a third daughter married, and the fourth remained at home with the father. Sister Regis died at Saint Louis on Good Friday, 1895; Sister Regina died at Troy, New York, the following Christmas. Between the two deaths, the daughter at home died. As the married daughter was living in New York, Mr. Scanlan broke up his home. At the invitation of Brother Alexius, Provincial, he went to live with the Brothers at Old Point Comfort College, Brother Paul then being in charge. He did not in any way form a part of the Community, but simply lived on the premises. When Brother Paul was missioned to California in 1903, Mr. Scanlan left Old Point Comfort, and secured lodgings at Mount

Saint Joseph's. Finally sickness, incident to old age, came upon him, and he was placed at Saint Agnes Hospital, Baltimore. Cheerfully had he given his children to God in their youth, and God accepted outwardly in age what had long been His in reality. Mr. Scanlan received the Habit of a Xaverian, and pronounced his Vows at Saint Agnes Hospital. Fitting it was that his last days should receive the tender care of the Sisterhood to whom he had given years before two treasured daughters, and that his death robe should be the habit he had virtually placed upon his only son twenty-three years before. How true that God is never outdone in generosity! Saint Terese of the Child Jesus assures us that parents who participate in the sacrifices of their children entering religion will likewise share in their peculiar glory, but in the case of Brother John, such assurance is beyond the matter of speculation.

Brother Stephen's saintly death on September 17, 1911, was recorded in the chapter on his life.

When Brother Charles (Edward Brosnan) died on October 26, 1911, the Community lost a most devoted member. Brother Charles died at the age of forty-five, having been twenty-five years in service. He was born in Castle Island, Ireland, December 18, 1866, and entered the Community from New York at the age of twenty. He was missioned to Saint Patrick's, Louisville; Norfolk, Richmond, and for a number of years to Worcester, Massachusetts. Wherever he went, Brother Charles carried sunshine with him. In point of effective zeal, he had no peers. To any Superior, where altar-boy training formed a part of the regular duties, Brother Charles was a treasure, and in this respect he had no peers. Richmond received the benefits of his devotedness twice. There he died, after a short illness, as Superior of the Community. His worth was touchingly made manifest by the altar boys whom he had in training at the time. As the funeral procession entered the church, the boys were at

the door donned in their cassocks and surplices, and ready to sing the *Miserere*. The organ sounded the opening strains, the boys broke into sobs, and only at the repetition of the refrain was one little fellow able to take it up and continue to the end of the psalm. After the Mass, the remains were brought to Baltimore, and all that was mortal of big-hearted Brother Charles was laid to rest in Bonnie Brae.

Brother Bernardine (Gerard Ridders) died January 3, 1912, and his death has already been noted.

Death is no respecter of persons. The old must go, and the young will go. Young Brother Roger (James Ryan) died at the age of twenty-one, being in religion only fifteen months, and having the exceptional privilege of espousing himself to Christ on his deathbed. Brother Roger was born in Cork, Ireland, August 16, 1890; he entered the Brothers from Medway, Massachusetts at the age of nineteen. In the fall of 1911, he was taken from the novitiate temporarily to substitute, but caught a cold on the train to Louisville. Being a stranger and naturally timid, on his arrival he made no mention of the fact that he was unwell. Inside of a month, the doctor pronounced him in the advanced stage of galloping consumption. The good, young Brother returned to the Novitiate where his espousal took place on December 17, 1911, and on February 12, 1912, he was ushered into eternal life. Religion never loses such choice souls by death. As there are three divisions of the Church, so likewise, there are three divisions of religious Orders, and we feel that Brother Roger, amidst the Xaverians of the Church triumphant, is helping the cause he loved, and for which he laid down his young life.

Brother Frederick (Joseph Montgomery) died in Wheeling, West Virginia, February 17, 1912, at the age of forty-seven, with twenty-two years of the religious life to plead for him before God. Brother Frederick was born in Knotts-

ville, Kentucky, September 18, 1865. He labored faithfully at Saint Mary's Industrial School, East Boston, Lowell, Somerville, Richmond, Portsmouth, Norfolk, Louisville, and Wheeling. At Wheeling, he contracted typhoid, which ended fatally. In life he was faithful, and in death he was honored by having Bishop Donahue of Wheeling speak most eulogistically of his life and labors.

Brother Frederick was always a source of fun at recreation, and many a good-natured prank was played upon him. The summer, that season of changes, was a time for a harvest of tricks. Brother Frederick was always eager to know where he would be sent—who is not?—and if one in whom he had great confidence would assign him to a certain place, he would implicitly believe that he was destined to go there, notwithstanding that official notification was lacking. One August, before the days of the public reading of missions on the fifteenth, he was especially nervous as the days went by and he had not been missioned. He hit upon what he thought was an adroit plan, and every one had to know of it. He went to Brother Provincial Alexius on a Monday and innocently asked if it would be wise for him to send his laundry that week. The Provincial, winking at another Brother present, said "Yes." So Brother Frederick, in high glee, knew he was settled for a time at least. By Tuesday, he was on the way somewhere.

Good Brother Frederick was especially devout to our Blessed Mother, under the title of the Seven Dolors. To instill love of Mary in the hearts of his charges was a specialty with him, and for his tender love and zeal in her behalf, we may be sure our gracious Mother is now rewarding him with special glory.

Following Brother Frederick, Brother Eugene died in Wheeling, April 29, 1912. At the time of his death Brother Eugene was forty-one years of age, and had been twenty years in religion. He was born in Oldham, England, but

entered the Community from Lowell, Massachusetts. As a boy of fifteen, Brother Eugene, then Alfred Page, in union with his two sisters and a brother, became a convert from the Episcopal Church. The father—his mother was dead—remained outside the fold until his death.

At the age of twenty-one, Alfred Page elected the Brotherhood as his vocation and repaired to Baltimore. Of a winning personality, he was a favorite both in the Community and without. He labored at Saint Patrick's, Baltimore; for a few months in Louisville; at Mount Saint Joseph's; Richmond, and finally, at Wheeling. Wherever he went, he was loved and appreciated. Often we think a teacher is forgotten, and no saying is so trite as the one that asserts that the teacher's reward on earth is ingratitude. If such be the rule, the exception is to be found in the case of Brother Eugene. His first mission was at Saint Patrick's, Baltimore. There he had, in community language, "the babies." *They* did not forget him, and remembrance from thoughtless tots is remarkable. As long as Brother Eugene lived, young men from Baltimore would make it a point to come out to the Mount every summer, knowing Brother Eugene would be there.

After having been at Saint Patrick's for three years, he was sent to Louisville in the fall of 1895. In the December following he had to be removed, as valvular heart trouble became evident. The doctor cautioned him not to run, as he might drop dead at any moment, but Brother Eugene threw caution to the winds. He was of too lively a disposition to heed unless obedience of Superiors checked him. In the summer time, when a crowd is amassed, the Superior cannot be everywhere, and Brother Eugene indulged in all summer sports to his heart's content, or possibly discomfiture. After running a base, and taking his seat, his heart would pump so violently that you could see the falling and rising through the shirt and habit, while the jugular vein

would be going at a rapid rate. Through his period of activity, with no ill effects apparent, he kept up athletic exercise.

Few compared with Brother Eugene in the training of servers. His skill in this respect caused him to be of invaluable assistance in cathedrals, as he knew minutely all the rubrics connected with pontificals. Adaptable to all circumstances was Brother Eugene. When assigned to Wheeling, 1899, he became drill master, and it did not take him long to master the technique of military tactics. In 1908, he became Superior of the Wheeling Community. One notable instance during his administration brought upon him the wrath of some of the mothers, after the excitement and relief subsided. It seems Brother Eugene wanted a realistic fire-drill. With this in mind, he made arrangements with the fire department, telling no one else of his plans, to have the engines come at a certain time, stop in front of the school, and make all the noise incident to a fire. At the appointed time, he sounded the alarm in the school. Quickly, according to the usual method of previous drills, the boys filed out. As news, bad news, spreads rapidly, excited mothers gathered around the school. When they found it had been staged, poor Brother Eugene was "in for it." However, he demonstrated that there is no need of panic, and that coolness is the one thing necessary to prevent accidents.

Dropsy was the immediate cause of his death. When obliged to give up, he was placed under the care of the good Sisters of Saint Joseph at their hospital in Wheeling. As the siege was prolonged, he wished to be in Community, so he was sent to Elm Grove, where he died peacefully, retaining his cheerfulness to the end. The body was taken to the Brothers' house on Thirteenth Street. From there, the mortal remains of Brother Eugene were taken to the cathedral, Bishop Donahue pontificating at the Mass of Requiem, the interment taking place in the Catholic ceme-

tery near Elm Grove. Dear Brother Eugene: full of life, teeming with zeal, devoted to your calling, watch from above over those you left behind to mourn your early going, and who still profit from the example you left.

Brother Charles at the age of seventeen stole heaven on August 8, 1912. He was in religion only eleven months. Thomas Cottingham, by name in the world, was born in Wilmington, Delaware, June 12, 1895. His young life received the sanction of heaven by permitting him, a few weeks before his death, to make his holy Profession on July 14, 1912.

A faithful link of the old days was broken when Brother William died on August 22, 1912. Brother William (Patrick Hart) was born in Toronto, Canada, May 3, 1853. At the age of twenty, he entered the Brotherhood from Louisville, where he was then living. He died at the age of fifty-nine, after thirty-nine years of hidden service. Few of the Brothers outside of those with whom he actually labored ever knew or saw him. The last sixteen years of his active life, excepting one year at Richmond, were spent at Saint James' Home, Baltimore. At the Home there were but three Brothers, and Brother William rarely left it. For the first few years of his religious life he taught at the Cathedral, and Saint Louis Bertrand Schools, Louisville. Saint Mary's Industrial School, likewise, received the benefit of his quiet ways, and finally Saint James' Home. The last two years of his life were spent, owing to complete paralysis, in forced quietude at the Mount. The poor man could move neither head, hands nor feet. With his head reclining on his breast, he had to be fed, and when the summons mercifully came, a very, very patient, uncomplaining soul answered the call.

On August 27, 1912, Brother Florence (Henry Cecil) died in East Boston. He was thirty-three years of age and had fifteen years of the religious life to plead for him before the

merciful God. At the age of eighteen, he entered the Community from Raywick, Kentucky, his birthplace. His first mission was Old Point Comfort. Lowell and East Boston also formed the scenes of his activity. Brother Florence was always an earnest religious, devoted to his duty, and willing to oblige the members of the communities in which he lived.

Brother Liguori (Luke Murphy) died in Lowell, September 18, 1913. He was born January 6, 1872, in New Brunswick, but joined the Brotherhood from Bangor, Maine, in 1902. While at Lowell, he contracted pneumonia, which ended fatally in a few days. Brother Liguori was a very quiet, but reliable man. During his eleven years of service for God, he was the consolation of his Superiors, and we feel he was likewise well pleasing to God.

A loving, simple heart went home to God on November 18, 1913, when Brother Ephrem left this world. He was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, February 1, 1877, and was known as Richard Shea. At the age of nineteen, he joined the Brotherhood, and lived as a good religious for seventeen years. His first mission was Wheeling, where he went in September, 1897, forming one of the pioneers. Subsequent years found him laboring at Saint Patrick's, Baltimore; Deep River, Connecticut; and Manchester, New Hampshire, where came the end of earthly labors. Timid and retiring by nature, he possessed a loving disposition which endeared him to his associates in religion, and left an impress for good upon his boys. In 1912, he was appointed Superior of the Manchester Community. On November 18, 1913, without previous warning, as far as is known, he was stricken while in the act of teaching. Quickly was he brought to the house; the priest and the doctor were summoned. Arriving first, the priest, with practiced eye, said: "Brother, prepare for death, you have hardly fifteen minutes to live." "Father," he replied, "for the past seventeen years, I have

prepared for this moment." Unafraid of the suddenness, he entered on the last conflict with the calm that had characterized his life. Why should he have been afraid? With a daily preparation for seventeen years was he not ready at the end of any day? Good Brother Ephrem was missed; his place was filled; but he still teaches, his last words forming the lesson, if we but learn.

After a short siege of pneumonia, Brother Valentine died at Saint Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, on October 30, 1914. Brother Valentine was born in Biddeford, Maine, February 11, 1868, and known as Valentine Mooney. At the age of thirty-one, living then in Boston, he applied for admission to the Brothers and was accepted, arriving at the Novitiate August 28, 1899. Little was it known, when a shrinking, timid, bald-headed man presented himself, that the Community was to receive one who was destined to bring honor to her through his varied talents second only to his devoted heart. That appearances often deceive is trite; but it proves its truth in Brother Valentine. The Master of Novices did not favor his being retained. He had tried him out in reading at table, and found that the man could not read. With this defect, it was hard to see of what use a man of his age would be. Brother Valentine, however, was not sent away, as good Brother Joseph sponsored his cause.

After the usual probation, Brother Valentine was sent to Norfolk. When put upon his own initiative, he proved his worth. The little man was found to be a scholar of depth. He was what you might term a self-educated man. Once his ability was an assured fact, ample opportunity was provided him for the polishing, and the regulating of his storehouse of knowledge as well as increasing its stock. As a man of the world, he had been a wide reader, spending holidays and evenings—he was a machinist by trade—at the Boston Public Library. There he became acquainted with

standard authors and works. Possessing a retentive memory, he could quote passages at will, or tell just where one would find a certain quotation. He was facile with the pen. In fact, it was in this connection that his genius was discovered. While at Norfolk, he was told to prepare something for his boys to enact on the stage for a public entertainment. When the Superior saw the presentation at rehearsal, he asked where he obtained the material. It was a one-act sketch, and he blushingly admitted that he had composed it himself. Later, he used his talent for writing by becoming a contributor to educational and scientific magazines. His first article to *The Catholic Educational Review,* edited at the Catholic University, elicited the close attention of the editor, Doctor Shields, who later remarked to a Brother that he thought he was reading an article from an expert physician. The article in question was *Nerves and the Teacher.* The surmise was well merited, for Brother Valentine had a profound knowledge of the nervous system. In fact, he was profound in everything. He was a scholar of the classics, possessed a reading knowledge of German, French, Spanish, and Gaelic; but if we were to specify where he excelled, we would say that his specialty lay in the physical sciences, biology being his forte.

From Norfolk he was sent to teach at Old Point Comfort College. From there in 1904 he went to Rutherford, California, his knowledge of botany and familiarity with the soil being the deciding factor. We have stated that the Brothers were in love with the Californian Mission, but it was a case of majority of opinion causing the statement. Brother Valentine did not like California, though he said nothing until after his return. To him, it was a constant torture, and he knew it would be when he went. Religious that he was, he said nothing. The dislike was not for California in itself, but the dread he had of the country. This,

he once revealed as he was casually talking with a Brother who had expressed his preference for country life. Brother Valentine had a morbid fear of the country. This fear so possessed him that he dreaded country walks, even if in the company of others. This may seem strange to those who knew him, for he was, himself, of a very quiet nature. In his walks for exercise he would not take to the country, and yet he spent most of his religious life at Mount Saint Joseph's, which was fairly countrified in his day, and entirely so beyond. He explained his dread by saying that he was always possessed by a fear that he would be attacked, and considered the city as a less likely place. It was a strange hallucination, a case of nerves in a very gentle, quiet man. It serves to bring out the brave religious he was, submitting all his religious life, except one year, to living in the country without murmur.

On his return from California, he was placed at the Mount where he taught his favorite subjects, chemistry and biology. His fondest dreams, the building at the Mount of new laboratories fully equipped with the latest appliances, were realized only when the second clear call came "to follow." With the child-like simplicity that was ever his, he hearkened just as readily as he had done fifteen years before. His work lives after him. To the many young religious who formed a part of his classes, he bequeathed, in part, the riches of his mind, while the beauty of his example will long linger as one of God's beneficent gifts to cheer all his Brothers as they follow him to the feet of the Lamb.

A young life in the making was closed on February 23, 1915, when Brother Bertran (Simon Woorland) died at Louisville, Kentucky. Brother Bertran was born in Louisville, July 16, 1893. As a boy he attended Saint John's School, finishing three years of high at Saint Xavier's, and the fourth year as an aspirant at Mount Saint Joseph's,

Baltimore. At the age of sixteen, in the summer of 1909, he entered the novitiate. Finishing his course he was sent to East Boston to teach. A quiet, persuasive way that was appealing gave him the gift of discipline from the start and he gave promise of being an excellent teacher. His was a case of growing too rapidly. At the age of sixteen he was more than six feet in height without the corresponding stoutness to counterbalance it. As a consequence, a severe cold resulted in a persistent cough which failed to yield to the doctor's care. It but meant that God was satisfied with his measure of goodness, and resolved to take him in his youthful innocence. His good mother, learning of his condition, asked the Provincial to allow him to return home to see if she could not build him up. This the Provincial allowed on the same condition as in the case of the mother of Brother Rogatus, that she accept the rates of a sanatorium. Brother Bertran, in August, 1914, went to Louisville. He was at that time able to be about, and gave promise of being cured. Daily, he went out for a walk, but one slushy day in winter he caught cold. He could not be prevailed to remain in, as the air of the house seemed to stifle him. The cold proved too much for his weakened frame, and inside of a few days it was evident that the end was close. He was conscious to the last, renewed his Vows, while some Brothers of Saint Xavier's were kneeling by his bedside, and peacefully expired on the afternoon of February 23, 1915. The remains were taken to Saint Xavier's, and he was buried from the Brothers' chapel with Solemn Mass of Requiem. Next to good old Brother Martin in Saint Louis Cemetery, the body of Brother Bertran was lowered. This is a unique coincidence, as the young Brother Bertran had said that his vocation came to him as a boy, when he stood beside the casket gazing at the mortal remains of Brother Martin.

Another young religious was taken all too soon, as we

of earth view it, when Brother Ralph died on February 27, 1916. That he was too good for earth was the general verdict of those who knew Brother Ralph. George Hagerty was born in Somerville, June 6, 1892. Finishing the Brothers' school there, he entered the Juniorate at Danvers. From there he went to the Novitiate, and received the Holy Habit, December 3, 1908. At the age of twenty, he was admitted to profession, and was sent to teach at Richmond. Never robust, pale of face, angelic in appearance, mild in disposition, faithful as a religious, his career was short. At a silver jubilee ceremony at the Mount one summer, he acted as thurifer at the Solemn Mass. The expression on his face led a Brother to say to the Master of Novices: "Brother Ralph, this morning, reminded me of an angel. What a pity, I thought, he should live to lose that charm." The Master of Novices was astounded, and said that the same thought had been running through his mind all during the Mass.

Tuberculosis finally set its seal on Brother Ralph, and he was too frail to resist it. For the consolation of his mother, he, being the only son, was sent to the Brothers' house at Somerville, Brother Fabian gladly taking him, and Brother Theodore, his former Master of Novices, volunteering to take care of him. As he grew weaker and demanded constant care, he was removed to Danvers. Brother Theodore went out to Danvers at week-ends to visit him. At one of these week-end visits, Brother Ralph died—died literally in the arms of Brother Theodore. Fitting it was that he who guided his first steps toward the higher life should be the one to support him, body and soul, when the end came. Brother Ralph was buried in the plot at Saint John's, the first to sanctify the grounds.

Youth and age are at Saint John's Cemetery. By the side of Brother Ralph reposes, awaiting the Resurrection call, the aged Brother Peter, who died May 16, 1916.

Brother Ralph is six hundred and fifty-eight on the American register of the Xaverian Brothers, and Brother Peter is twenty-eight. Between the two numbers is a stretch of forty-four years, and thereby hangs a tale, a tale of faltering steps, and a tale of heroic endeavor. Brother Peter saw many Brothers come; he saw some go; he literally buried many; he figuratively buried many also in praying for their eternal repose. He saw the young attain their crown, while he had to wait. At last the good God, who graciously left him as an inspiration to his Brethren, could resist no longer the appeal of a blameless life of seventy-four years on earth and fifty-two in religion.

Brother Peter was born in Silvermine, Tipperary, Ireland, November 11, 1842. As Martin Gleason, he came to America and settled in Cincinnati. There he obtained work as a butler in one of the exclusive families of the city. This might account for his punctilio in externals, though it surely did not for his punctilio in internals, and Brother Peter was noted for both. In this employment, before the days of apartments and automobiles, when people entertained lavishly at home, he had ample opportunity to visualize the artificiality of life. His visualization was emphasized by the rugged faith he brought from the land of Saint Patrick, and he readily saw with clear vision the truism of his countryman, Thomas Moore:

> This world is all a fleeting show,
> For man's illusion given;
> The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
> Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
> There's nothing true but heaven!
>
> . . . . .
>
> And false the light on glory's plume,
> As fading hues of even!
> And love and hope and beauty's bloom
> Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
> There's nothing bright but heaven!

His heart was not satisfied. What should he do? Where should he go? Many a young man has had, and has, the same perplexing questions bothering him in the midst of the world of gayety of which he forms no part. Life is distasteful to many, but they lack the courage to inquire of those whose duty in life it is to assist others to find the niche wherein they may adorn the world—that world which Christ had in mind when He said: "My kingdom is not of this world." Many vocations are neglected for lack of direction. It was not so with Martin Gleason. He sought advice from his confessor, the Reverend Van den Dries, S.J., who was known in Cincinnati as "Father Driscoll." If we would only stop once in a while and weigh circumstances, what seems to be chance would resolve itself into a marvelous manifestation of the Providence of God, who arranges ordinary events to fit into His plans. Martin Gleason was praying for light to follow a vocation. The Xaverian Brothers of Louisville were praying for American vocations. Brother Paul and Martin Gleason met in a way that one may not call chance. One day, as Martin Gleason was visiting "Father Driscoll," his confessor, Brother Paul, who was in Cincinnati on business, made a friendly call on "Father Driscoll"—a friend of the Brothers from the early days in Bruges. As Brother Paul was ushered in, Father said to Martin Gleason: "Here is the very one you want," referring to Brother Paul. The peculiar part of this seemingly chance meeting is that Mr. Gleason had made up his mind to join another Order of Brothers, never having heard of the Xaverians and he had come to acquaint his confessor with the fact. When "Father Driscoll" advised him to go to Louisville, he actually returned that day with Brother Paul —March 23, 1864.

In those days, as now, the entrance of a postulant was a signal for a general sizing. To use a common expression "his measure was taken," and the mental verdict was pro-

nounced as to whether he would stay or not. Of Martin Gleason Brother Philip wrote: "We knew he would stay, for he generously helped us with the work." An apostle of work Brother Peter remained to the end of his days. Just as some men always carry umbrellas, and the umbrella becomes a veritable part of the man, so Brother Peter always had a dust rag under his habit, and used it on the balustrade as he would walk up or down—the dust rag was a part of Brother Peter.

At the time of his entrance, Brother Peter was twenty-two. It is a time of life when ideals run high, and the change from the refined home of Cincinnati's exclusiveness to a shack on Green Street must have been just a little more than radical. A man of lesser caliber would have withdrawn in one day, if he had had the courage even to enter on viewing the outside. However, souls especially in the case of men of God, are often knit by ties not of kindredship, and Martin Gleason, full with goodness, could not but feel the charm of the magnetic Brother Paul. Fathers, as well as mothers, constitute the home; and in the deeper home of the heart, where there is charity, naught else is wanting.

It seems strange, on consulting the register, to find that Martin Gleason had to wait a year and three months for the Habit. He entered in March, 1864, and was invested on June 29, 1865, whereas his profession occurred earlier than usual, taking place on December 26, 1866. Had Brother Peter failed to persevere, we would be inclined to judge that the delay was caused by his want of a proper spirit; but those who knew the man must agree that, whatever the delay, the fault was not his; rather it must have been his disappointment. We are inclined to lay the cause to poverty. He was invested with Brother Philip and Brother Philip used to assert that when he was invested the Community was too poor to buy a crucifix to go with the habit.

May we not conclude that it could not afford to buy the material for a habit, and that Brother Peter had to wait until such time as the available funds warranted the outlay? Poverty indeed!

During his fifty-two years in religion, Brother Peter labored in the Cathedral School and Saint Louis Bertrand's, Louisville; at Mount Saint Joseph's, Richmond, Saint Mary's Industrial School, Lowell, Lawrence, Newport News, Newark, and spent the remainder of his busy life at Saint John's, Danvers. It mattered not where he labored, or what labor was assigned to him, he was always Brother Peter. He was not a learned man as knowledge goes. He never taught beyond the third grade. He never held office in the Community, but few men have left a deeper impression on the generation in which they lived than Brother Peter. None exceeded him in the capacity of a teacher of little boys. He was a man of prayer, and therein lay his success. He was wont, zealous man that he was, to take a younger Brother, appearing for the first time on a mission, aside and confide to him that he had made it a point never to go to class without first visiting the Blessed Sacrament, and imploring the Guardian Angels of his boys to help him that day in the performance of his duty. What measures success? Results. Are we not justified, sometimes, in taking an isolated case to prove the working of a rule? Is it not true that a known effect proceeding from a known cause will result where the cause is in operation, other things being equally favorable? Some years ago in Louisville, there died a Mr. Kavannaugh around the age of fifty. He had been an exemplary Catholic, and it was known that he, in all his life, never omitted a monthly Holy Communion. On his deathbed he told his confessor that not once in his life, since he was six years of age, had he failed to say morning and evening three Hail Marys in honor of the Blessed Mother, and that he had learned the practice from Brother Peter in the days of Saint

Louis Bertrand's School. Surely *that* is teaching! Bishop Keane of Richmond, later rector of the Catholic University, came to the Brothers one September in Richmond when he heard that Brother Peter had not returned to the mission, and greatly lamented his change. The Bishop stated that Brother Peter was a marvel at giving religious instruction to the young, and that it had given him (the Bishop) no little pleasure on visiting the homes of his people to hear the children relate the Bible stories they had heard from Brother Peter, or repeat his words of instruction, the proud mothers eager to display the wisdom of their little ones before the great Bishop. The Bishop said further that he knew positively that Brother Peter had done not a little to keep alive the spirit of religion among the grown-ups in the families of the parish. "A little child shall lead them," but Brother Peter led the children. Can one hope to do better, to do more than this simple man of God? And a shallow world, to-day, would call him unlearned because he could show no appendages to his name! It was the same wherever he went. His name is a household word to-day in Lowell, while the twenty years he spent in Lawrence bear an impress that will not die out in the generation of men who can recount, on naming their blessings, the influence of Brother Peter as one. He was loved for the very goodness that shone from his honest face wreathed in smiles.

Not alone did Brother Peter excel in giving religious instructions and implanting pious practices. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all things else shall be added thereunto," are not idle words, but mean just what they say, and no one has excelled Brother Peter in teaching the rudiments of knowledge. His classroom was like a hive of busy bees, and he was the busiest. His blackboards teemed with work, and workers were at them. His tots advanced, and when they left him, their reading and penmanship was

BROTHER PETER IN CLASS

theirs for life. Progress there was, because he labored tirelessly to have them advance.

The good man labored as long as his energies lasted. By the time of his golden jubilee, he was well worn out. Always were his classes in the numbers that make moderns throw up our hands, and say "Impossible to teach!" Though retired, labor was a part of his life, and idle he could not be. While living retired at Saint John's, Danvers, he was sacristan, and had charge of keeping the Faculty house in order, dust rag in evidence.

On May 16, 1916, blithe little Brother Peter, more blithe than usual, perhaps, because he had money in his pocket to spend on Mary's May Altar, left Saint John's on foot for the electric car to take him to Beverly to purchase flowers. On the streets of Beverly he suddenly felt unwell, and was obliged to sit on the steps of a residence. The good lady of the house, a non-Catholic, assisted him inside, and he feebly whispered for a priest. One came, and Brother Peter, receiving all the rites of Holy Mother Church, died in the parlor of that house. Let us hope the Presence of Jesus in that house will bring a blessing on it, for it would be strange that Brother Peter, a blessing wherever he went, should not be a blessing to the very end.

On September 15, 1916, Feast of the Seven Dolors, Brother Edgar (Albert Fostner) died at the Novitiate, Baltimore. He was blessed with the privilege of making his Holy Profession on the day he died. He was born in Baltimore, December 23, 1897; attended Saint Patrick's School; became an aspirant at the Mount, later at Old Point Comfort; entered the novitiate as a postulant on August 14, 1915, to leave it only for eternity. Brother Edgar died of tuberculosis. Being an orphan, the Provincial charitably kept him, and thereby added one more intercessor above.

Two weeks later, Brother Gabriel died at Mount Saint Joseph's. He was thirty years of age, and had lived the life

of a religious for fourteen years. No one ever faced death as care free as Brother Gabriel. Up to the last moment he talked cheerfully, even jokingly, trying in this way to console his sorrowing mother who was at his side. Just before he died, he thanked the Chaplain for his attentions, the Brothers for their kindness, told his mother not to grieve, closed his eyes, as if about to rest, and rest, eternal rest, came. Father Gabriel said it was as admirable a death as he had ever witnessed. He thanked God that he was permitted to be there to see it, and to learn the striking lesson it presented.

Brother Gabriel was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, May 6, 1886, and as Thomas Flynn attended the Brothers' school. At fourteen years of age, he entered the Juniorate at Danvers. In August, 1902, he was transferred to the Novitiate at Baltimore, received the Holy Habit, December 3, 1902, and vowed his life to God, December 30, 1906. During his religious life, he taught at Saint Mary's Industrial School, Saint Xavier's, Louisville; Saint Patrick's, Baltimore; and finally at Mount Saint Joseph's, Baltimore. He possessed a keen mind able to grasp any subject, but had a special faculty for acquiring foreign tongues, and excelled in French, German, and Spanish. In disposition, he was vivacious, a trait which he brought with him to the class where he had the happy faculty of arousing ambition in others. At recreation he was never quiet. Few were present that escaped the pungency of his tongue, though he was never offensive. Even when the doctor pronounced him tubercular, he did not lose his ardent spirits, and this kept him alive beyond the usual course of the disease. In the hopes that the disease might be checked, he was sent to a sanatorium in the mountains of Maryland. The prospect of a cure could not induce him to remain for any length of time. He was too sensible a man not to realize that though the atmosphere was invigorating to the body, it was no

place for the soul of a religious. To be deprived of the inspiration one receives at all times from the daily contact with the Brothers was a loss he felt, but that was not all. The association was not what even a good man of the world would desire, and he felt that it was no place for one who wished to prepare for eternity. When he begged to be taken home the request was granted. Other Brothers, in other sanatoriums, have voiced the same opinion. It is not safe to vocation to go to such places in quest of health. What is done at a sanatorium can be done at home. Since man becomes religious to assure for himself greater glory in eternity, he should, like Brother Gabriel, keep the main issue in mind, and care of the body should never be at the expense of the soul.

Brother Ambrose, a link of the early days of Mount Saint Joseph's, died May 27, 1917, at the age of fifty-eight, having served the cause faithfully for thirty-seven years. Brother Ambrose, known in civil life as John Price, was born in New Haven, Kentucky, May 3, 1859. He entered the Community in 1880. He served at Lowell, Massachusetts, Saint Mary's Industrial School, and formed one of the pioneers at Abbotstown, Pennsylvania, returning to Saint Mary's where he ended his days. Brother Ambrose was of a very quiet nature. He was a man of deep piety, and especially devoted to our Blessed Mother. This devotion manifested itself in a rather peculiar way in the days preceding his end. His mind was clouded, and he insisted on having a large statue of our Blessed Mother by his side in the bed. For years, he had not been a well man. Unfortunately, he constantly poured medicine into himself so that at last medicine had no effect on his system, and caused him eventually to lose his mind. Before he went completely out of his senses, he was obsessed with that distressing notion of damnation. As is usual in similar cases of blameless lives, God mercifully rid him of the obsession

before the end, and he died peacefully, full of confidence, such as his long, useful life would warrant.

On November 4, 1917, at the age of thirty, Brother Crispin (Michael Burns) died at Mount Saint Joseph's. Fourteen years of religion are to his credit. He was born in Wilmington, Delaware, May 5, 1887, and joined the Brothers at the age of sixteen. He subsequently taught at Lowell, Massachusetts; Saint Patrick's, Baltimore; Saint John's and Saint Xavier's, Louisville; and Deep River, Connecticut. Of a very quiet nature, one would take him to be morose, but he had a sense of humor which often made him adept in repartee. While at Louisville, tubercular trouble developed. He was sent to the Mount where for a time the disease yielded to treatment, and he was able to take up the work of the Community at Deep River. While at Deep River he composed and issued pamphlets dealing with the serious question of life. "Stop! Look! Listen!" from his pen is a most striking appeal for one on the highroad of life to ponder well where he is going. The disease manifesting itself again, he was obliged to give up all work and retire to the Mount. Able to be on his feet, he made himself useful as porter and by answering the telephone. His end came quite suddenly. On the night of November 4, just before the bell summoned the Brothers for night prayers, Brother Crispin had a hemorrhage. Before night prayers were over, the tolling of the bell announced that time for him was no more.

A faithful soul of thirty-three years' standing in the Community went home to God in the person of Brother Polycarp, who died March 17, 1918, at the age of sixty-three. Brother Polycarp, Charles Mahn, was born in Grottkan, Appoln, Germany, June 30, 1854. He entered the Community from Baltimore, July 24, 1885. Brother Polycarp remained at the Mount for a few years after his novitiate. There, he was most useful in the matter of filling and

cleaning the lamps, the gas stage not having been reached. Later, he taught at Saint Xavier's, Eighth Street, Louisville, and again at Saint Xavier's when Eighth Street School closed. Apart from his duties as a teacher, he was a most dependable man in the Community for the many little offices incident to community life. So faithful was Brother Polycarp that one could tell the time of the day by seeing him in a given place. Due to the fact that he had difficulty in maintaining discipline, in 1902 he was relieved of teaching, and placed at the Mount where there are many little duties requiring just such a man as he. There he died, missed by all who had come to depend upon him, one might say, for everything. The cause of his death was never determined. A week before he died, he complained of a pain in the back and a severe headache. Before anyone realized the seriousness of his condition, he became comatose, though still able to walk about. In a dazed condition, knowing no one, and unable to comprehend what was said to him, he wandered around the house. In this state, at the doctor's advice, he was taken to Saint Agnes Hospital, where he could be watched and studied. There he died without regaining consciousness. The doctors at the hospital suspected meningitis. For precautionary measures the body was not returned to the Mount, but remained in the hearse outside, as the Mass of Requiem was sung.

One of our Blessed Mother's own children died on May 9, 1918, which happened to be that year the Feast of the Ascension. Brother Philibert, James Fallon, it was. Born in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, May 13, 1893, he entered religion at the age of nineteen, and vowed his life to God, July 4, 1914. Brother Philibert was but twenty-five when he died, but his seriousness and appearance made him seem a man well over thirty. His first assignment was at Newport News; later at Saint Patrick's, Baltimore, where failing health obliged him to give up the work of a teacher. In

January, 1918, he retired to the Mount. Tuberculosis was the trouble, though he was able to be about until a week before he died. No one suspected the end was so close, and tuberculosis itself was not the direct cause of his death. A few days before he died, meningitis appeared, and hastened his death. In great pain and discomfiture, he suffered patiently, mercifully losing consciousness for a full day before the end. His was a long-drawn agony, lasting from nine o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon. During all this time, he failed to regain consciousness, and betrayed signs of great interior struggles. One time, he frowned, shook his fist at some imaginary person; holy water was sprinkled upon him; he stopped, never more to be troubled, though the hard struggle continued. Shortly before he expired, a beautiful smile illumined his face; he stretched out his arms; his eyes were fixed on something in the air. Those about him felt that they were standing in the presence of some supernatural being, and that possibly our Blessed Mother was present visibly to him to take her faithful servant home to his Spouse.

The members of his family had been notified that the end was apparent. They had known that he was ailing but did not realize, nor did the Brothers, that the end was so near. His father started for Baltimore but did not arrive until after the death. At the good man's earnest pleading, the remains were taken to Fitchburg to be buried in the family plot. This procedure was unusual, and did not commend itself to many of the Brothers who felt that a Brother's last resting place should be among those with whom he had lived and labored, but it really matters not where the poor frame is laid.

There is an instance in connection with Brother Philibert that is worthy of record. In 1920, Brother Neri, then on earth, was suffering intensely from cancer. One night, the suffering became unbearable. The good, thoughtful

Brother did not wish to disturb anyone. In his distress, he thought of one of his companions in the habit, in eternity, and said: "Brother Ralph, if you are in heaven, tell me what to do?" Immediately the thought came to him: "Say the Salve Regina seven times in honor of Brother Philibert." He did so; the pain ceased immediately and did not return that night. Now the remarkable part of this incident is that Brother Neri had not previously thought of Brother Philibert. In fact, he had never seen him or even heard of him apart from the fact that he had prayed for him in the Community suffrages two years before, when the death of Brother Philibert occurred. Furthermore, "the Salve" and the number "seven" are significant. Brother Philibert not only had great love for and devotion to our Blessed Mother, but his devotion led him especially to honor Mary under the title of the Seven Dolors. May we not consider this more than ordinary?

Another choice soul left earth when Brother John Joseph died in Utica, New York, October 13, 1918. John Mason, his name in the world, was born in New York City, October 23, 1895. When he was a child his parents moved to Somerville, Massachusetts, and he attended the public schools of the city. Eventually he was graduated from the Somerville High School. Attending the Sunday school classes at Saint Joseph's for public school boys, he became acquainted with the Brothers and received the inspiration to dedicate his life to God as one of them. At the age of nineteen, he applied for admission and was accepted. His first mission was at Norfolk. In 1917, he formed one of the pioneers to Utica. In the fall of 1918, when influenza was raging as an epidemic, Brother John Joseph fell a victim, and was the only one of the Community in America to die directly from it. At the Catholic Hospital in Utica, he edified all who saw him by his cheerfulness, his resignation, and above all, his prayerfulness, which continued during his delirium.

The remains were taken to Malden, Massachusetts, and laid in the Brothers' plot at Holy Cross Cemetery. It was the intention, at first, to place the blessed remains at Saint John's; but the prevalence of the disease made it appear unwise to disturb the people of the town by having the body of one of its victims brought into their midst.

Brother Adrian, Richard Driver, died February 2, 1919, at Mount Saint Joseph's after a lingering illness. He was thirty-three years old and had been sixteen years in religion. He was born in Baltimore, October 26, 1885. As a boy he attended a school of the Brothers, and in 1900 entered Danvers, Massachusetts, as an aspirant. In 1902, he was transferred to the Novitiate, receiving the Holy Habit, March 19 of that year, and making his profession, July 2, 1906. For years he struggled bravely against the inroads of diabetes. When he could no longer teach, he acted as secretary and did general office work at Deep River. Finally, he was obliged to give that up, and retired to the Mount where he died on the Feast of the Purification.

Brother Matthew (William Darnell), died at the age of fifty-two in Worcester on March 28, 1919, after thirty-four years of service in the Congregation. Brother Matthew was born in Charles County, Maryland, March 7, 1867. As a boy, he attended Mount Saint Joseph's, and from there entered the novitiate as a postulant on February 2, 1885, when eighteen years of age. Retiring by nature, he did not divulge his plans to his fellow students. Great was their surprise one morning to find him kneeling in chapel with the novices. His first assignment was at Richmond. Later he taught at Saint Patrick's, Louisville, Norfolk, Somerville, Lowell, and Worcester. When Saint Patrick's, Lowell, was reopened after the fire, Brother Matthew became Superior of the newly organized Community. Though quiet to the extreme, he possessed as a teacher perfect discipline, winning the respect and love of the boys. In his

lifetime, Brother Matthew did not a little toward influencing vocations and thereby became the cause of rendering glory to God, not only by his own religious life, but likewise by rendering the added glory of the lives that were blessed by coming under his own gentle influence.

A lovable old man departed this life when Brother Arsenius died at Mount Saint Joseph's. Boniface Brady, his name in the world, was born in Zanesville, Ohio, June 5, 1844. He entered the Community at the advanced age of forty-four and died at the age of seventy-five. Two of his sisters died as Good Shepherd Nuns, and both lived beyond the golden jubilee age. Having been graduated from normal school and having taught school before entering religion account, most likely, for his having been admitted beyond the age. Despite his previous training, he was a complete failure in class as far as discipline was concerned. He taught at Richmond, Norfolk, Saint Patrick's, Baltimore, the night school at Scranton, Lowell, and finally he was stationed at homes—Saint James, Detroit, and Louisville. Poor Brother Arsenius, it was not his fault that he failed as a teacher. Failures, after all, are but mental values, and in God's sight only one thing is failure. Brother Arsenius succeeded in the one thing that counts—he was a good religious man, an inspiration to piety wherever he was. He was willing to undertake any employment that might be assigned him. Brother Arsenius was fond of playing solitaire, and he goes down in the Community as the man that used to cheat himself to make the deck come out. His last days were spent at Mount Saint Joseph's where he assisted in private tutoring when necessary and attended to light duties about the house. Pneumonia carried the good man to eternity and God rewarded his simple, obedient spirit on June 20, 1919.

The day after Brother Arsenius died, Brother Pancratius departed this life at Saint Vincent's Hospital, Norfolk, Vir-

ginia. The remains were brought to Baltimore, and a double funeral was held from the Mount on Monday, June 23. Brother Pancratius (Stephen Bryan), was born in Bardstown, Kentucky, September 1, 1869, and entered the Community at the age of twenty. His religious life of thirty years, apart from the novitiate, was spent at Saint Mary's Industrial School. At Saint Mary's, Brother Pancratius led a busy, sacrificial life—the life one must lead who enters fully into the spirit of self-denial required there to keep the machinery of the place running smoothly. The fact that his Superiors did not wish to part with him gives ample testimony that Brother Pancratius measured up to the ideal. He had charge of the tailoring department, which is, of itself, a man's work; but the busiest man is the one that can always find time for extras, and Brother Pancratius proved the rule. Musically inclined, by dint of practice, and later through formal instruction, be became acquainted with the manipulation of stringed and wind instruments, which finally led to the formation of the band at Saint Mary's. Brother Pancratius first started with the fife, and organized for his own recreation a fife and drum corps. This became so pleasing and the boys executed with such skill that it was thought wise to let the strains go beyond the precincts of the school. Eventually, a band was organized. To keep this band supplied with performers, a junior band was started, and then a baby band was formed to feed the junior. They were called upon for all important functions in Baltimore and Washington, inaugural parades included. History must acclaim Brother Pancratius as the founder of the first Saint Mary's band, for the band of to-day is not a continuance of the work of Brother Pancratius. Nothing remained either of instruments or uniforms when Brother Simon began his work of construction two years after the destructive fire of 1919.

Early in 1919, Brother Pancratius began to suffer from

Bright's disease and he was sent to Old Point Comfort for rest. From there, when the disease made its inroads through his system, he was obliged to repair to Saint Vincent's Hospital, Norfolk. Thus, mercifully, was he absent from Saint Mary's when the fire, in a few hours, destroyed every vestige of his lifelong labors, for the bands were the children of his heart.

Another to steal heaven was the young Brother Franciscus (Francis Nulty), who died on the Feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, falling that year (1920) on April 21. He was born in Hudson, Massachusetts, September 17, 1901. By the time he reached school age, he was living in Somerville, Massachusetts, and attended the Brothers' school there. On finishing the grammar grades, he went one year to Boston College High, when he decided to elect the Brotherhood as a vocation, and entered the Juniorate at Old Point Comfort. The latter part of his fourth year at the Juniorate, owing to general debility, the aftermath of influenza, he was obliged to return home to recuperate. Exceptionally brilliant, his absence from school did not interrupt his studies, since he was able, at home, to keep up the main branches. Noting his anxiety to be invested in the habit in August with his classmates, his good mother offered herself as a victim to the Lord, and asked Him to take her health, give it to her boy that he might be able to receive the holy habit.

The prayer was heard in God's own way. On August 15, 1919, Francis Nulty became Brother Franciscus. Present at the ceremony was the mother, and with beaming joy she renewed the offering. Her offering was accepted. The good lady returned home, and shortly after rheumatism manifested itself, and she has not walked since. For the past ten years she has been in a sitting posture, day and night, and at the present writing is not able to move a limb. Her prayer was literally heard. Brother Franciscus did receive

the habit, but that was practically all, as he did not survive the year of novitiate. From the time he was invested until the following March, he was in excellent health and gave promise of years. Suddenly, his heart gave out. It was a "flu-heart," and he was obliged to take to his bed. During all this time he was not aware of his mother's condition. She was then able to write, and he had no cause to suspect anything.

On Easter Sunday, April 4, 1920, though in no immediate danger, he was permitted to make his Vows in the infirmary. The family was notified, and his devoted aunt hastened to see him. In a few days she returned home satisfied that he was on the road to recovery. He improved and was able to be about to the extent of sitting on the infirmary porch. On the Feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, the day of his death, he was particularly well. The novices went for a walk. On returning, two went to sit with him for company, and he appeared well when they left him for rosary at five-thirty. After rosary, a novice went to attend to his wants preparatory to supper. Noting a change in him, he reported to the Master of Novices that Brother Franciscus was in great pain. The Master was surprised, as he had seen Brother Franciscus but an hour before. He immediately went to him, and at a glance saw that death was stamped in his eyes. Brother Franciscus was sitting in an invalid chair at the time, and it was thought prudent not to move him. The chaplain was summoned. He came into the room with the Ciborium; uncovered it, and then proceeded to anoint Brother. During the ceremony of anointing, Brother's head fell suddenly upon his breast, and in the presence of the Sacramental Jesus exposed, he went with his renewed Baptismal innocence to see His Savior as He is.

Less than a month after young Brother Franciscus, just beginning his career, was called, good, old Brother Leonard, after thirty-nine years of singularly devoted service, died.

He was then sixty-eight years of age. Brother Leonard, Daniel O'Connor, was born in the City of Cork, Ireland, August 17, 1851, and entered the Community May 28, 1881, from Saint Mary's Industrial School where he had been employed as a carpenter. Brother Leonard was a man of strong will. He had been a very heavy smoker. Knowing that he would not be allowed as a novice to indulge, he smoked on the way from the school to the Novitiate. Coming to a bridge on the grounds of the Mount, he threw the pipe over, resolving that never again would he take another smoke, and he kept his resolution.

His trade made him an acquisition to the Community. The library case, the large one, at Mount Saint Joseph's is the result of his handicraft. The ornate pews of the old chapel at the Mount were the result of his labor. Besides his ordinary occupation, he had charge of the novices to the extent of assigning and supervising offices. Because of this, he frequently referred, in a joking way, to certain "high-up Brothers," as he called them, as *his* novices, and in his droll way would assure the listener that he had taught them—to wash dishes, sweep, and scrub floors.

Eventually, Brother Leonard was sent to Saint Mary's Industrial School to assist in a general way in the work of the institution. He always lamented that he had not a class of "angels." He thought it would be fine and easy to teach the love of God to the little ones. Knowing that a dose of medicine is the best cure, Brother Dominic one day gave him a class of little ones. In less than an hour, Brother Leonard was at the office with a woe-begone face, saying: "Glory be to God, Brother, will you take me out? I can do nothing with the little rascals." Ever after, Brother Leonard was content to work and pray; his aspirations to be "high-up" ceased with his first experiment.

When the Lawrence Community was founded in 1889, he was sent there as cook; but returned in a year to Saint

Mary's. In 1900, he was sent over to the Mount to build the famous "God's House." During his stay at the Mount an amusing incident happened to his confusion as a professional wag. It happened that the faithful bell ringer, Brother Meinrad, was temporarily absent, and Brother Daniel was given charge of calling the Brothers in the morning. One morning, the bell did not ring at the appointed time, and all slept over for half an hour. At recreation, Brother Leonard took Brother Daniel to task for delaying God's honor and glory by causing prayers to be delayed. Brother Joseph, thinking Brother Leonard would be the man to call, assigned the office to him. Next morning all overslept for half an hour. Poor Brother Leonard, when taken to task at recreation, had to fall back on "God's Holy Will" which applied in his case, but not in the case of Brother Daniel. Brother Joseph in desperation took the office of calling upon himself, and he slept over. The hundredfold of extra sleeps was destroyed when the office passed to Brother Eusebius.

Brother Leonard's was a useful life. For a short time, he worked as a carpenter at Old Point Comfort. In fact, he went wherever his services were in demand. At Saint John's, Danvers, he was stationed in the same capacity. It was there that he received a slight shock, which necessitated his being sent to the Mount. Though recovering from the shock, he was unable to do any heavy work. He made himself useful, voluntarily, in sweeping the professed house. Pneumonia was the direct cause of his death which occurred on May 13, 1920. Despite his never having been "high-up," he had the distinction of being the first Brother to have an automobile funeral.

The Community received a shock when the death of Brother Patricius was announced on July 11, 1920. True, it was known that his heart for years had not been in good shape, but there was no intimation that it had been giving

him more than ordinary trouble. Though never exhibiting any athletic prowess, he had been all his religious life singularly devoted to boy-welfare, and the boys rewarded his devotedness in a surprisingly responsive way. When the camp at Leonardtown was organized, he volunteered as one of the counselors. One afternoon, while at the camp, he with other Brothers and a few boys went for a motorboat ride. They were but a few yards from the shore when the engine backfired, and the boat became ignited. The boys who could swim struck out for the shore, while the Brothers remained to help those who could not. There was positively no danger, as the boat carried, according to law, a life preserver for each passenger. These were donned by all who needed them, Brother Patricius included. As he went into the water his head sank, and he made no effort. Two Brothers held it up as they piloted him to the trailer, put him in, and rowed ashore. It must have been that the fright affected his weak heart, and that he lost consciousness as soon as he touched water. Still breathing, though unconscious, when they landed him on the wharf, he was there anointed, and expired shortly after.

Brother Patricius, James Faherty, was born in Piedmont, West Virginia, on May 4, 1874. He died at the age of forty-six, and had given twenty-eight years of his life to God. As a boy he attended Mount Saint Joseph's, entering the Novitiate at the age of eighteen. Louisville, Lowell, Somerville, Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Newport News, Saint Patrick's, Baltimore, Mount Saint Joseph's, Saint Mary's Industrial School, Worcester, and Alexandria, each in turn, felt an influence from him that was lasting. As stated before, he possessed the key to the heart of the boy, and he never used it for selfish purposes. Possessed of a wide knowledge of the classics, his work in later years lay mainly in that direction. Of a literary turn of mind, he was, while at Mount Saint Joseph's, the advisory editor of the monthly college

journal, *The Collegian*. At Norfolk, he was the Superior of the Community. When Alexandria opened in January, 1919, he was placed in charge. Though at the latter place only six months, the esteem in which he was held was evidenced by the large delegation of men-folk, headed by the priests of the parish, who came over to Baltimore to attend the funeral from Mount Saint Joseph's Chapel.

A month after the death of Brother Patricius, good young Brother Godfrey, Raymond Kenneally, was called from earth. His death was no surprise as he had been ailing for two years. Brother Godfrey spent four of his twenty-one years of life in religion. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, November 22, 1899. On completing the parochial school, he attended Saint John's, Danvers, as a day-scholar. In his seventeenth year, he entered the Novitiate at Baltimore, emitted temporary vows on July 3, 1918, God accepting them as final on August 10, 1920. Peacefully he died at Saint John's, where he had been trying to recuperate. He was laid to rest at Saint John's in the shadow of the school that had been his inspiration to dedicate his young life to God.

Brother Godfrey started labors at Wheeling, West Virginia, but did not finish the year. His health failing, he returned to the Mount where he rested and improved. After a year, he was sent to Lawrence to substitute. Health failed again, and God accepted his good will, the only strong feature the good young man possessed. When it was seen that his end was near, he was allowed to remain at Saint John's where his mother could see him frequently. One could easily say without fear of error that he was a choice soul in whom there was no guile.

While stationed at Saint Mary's Industrial School, Brother Anthony, Francis de Wild, died at Saint Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, on February 3, 1921. He was born in Scheellebelle, Belgium, November 27, 1858, but entered the Community from Boston, March 27, 1894. Of his twenty-

seven years in religion, he spent one as cook at Mount Saint Joseph's, one in the same capacity at Worcester, and the remainder at Saint Mary's. Brother Anthony was one of the heroes of the fire. He generously devoted himself to the boys during the disaster, and remained with them through the distressing days of Camp Holabird. When the school was ready for occupancy, he returned to his post. In fact, he died at his post, though it was due to just a little imprudence on his part. He went to the yard on schedule time to prefect. It was a cold, raw day and he had just come from a warm bath. Pneumonia set in, and he was unable to resist it, dying within three days after the attack. Brother Anthony was a man devoted to duty, of an accommodating nature, ever ready to help in emergency. He was greatly missed at the school, which was then in a more or less chaotic state, but God decreed that life's labors were over for Brother Anthony.

Still active, hard-working Brother Hubert, John Duncan, answered the final summons, March 15, 1921. Brother Hubert died at the age of sixty, though he appeared a much younger man, and still had the life and zeal of a man of twenty. He had been thirty-four years a religious, and spent those years at Mount Saint Joseph's, Lowell, Lawrence, Richmond, East Boston, Somerville, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Wheeling, Old Point Comfort, and Somerville again.

He was born in Baltimore, and attended a school taught by the Brothers. He entered the Community at the age of twenty-six. Before entering religion he had been in service in the army as a cavalryman. It was in this way that he gained first-hand knowledge of military tactics which caused him to be of invaluable aid in such schools in which drilling formed part of the curriculum. Though quick and ardent by nature, he possessed a patience in dealing with boys that won for him their love and respect; while as a community man, he was ready to help where he could, and made life

wherever he was the more pleasant by his presence. In later years, he became partially deaf. Although this would have been a handicap to another man in teaching, his personality obviated any disorder.

Brother Hubert will be remembered in the Community as a marvel of neatness. Never did one see any disorder in his attire, the arrangement of his class, or his desk in the study room. He also made it a specialty to teach his boys to be neat and orderly. The last nine years of his busy life were spent at Somerville, and there the end came from heart failure. Bravely Brother Hubert stood at his post, and gave up only when it was literally impossible to stand any longer. Realizing that life's labors were at an end, he calmly resigned himself to God's Holy Will, and was grateful that he had been permitted to labor so long. In the hope that he might receive treatment which would cause him to rally, he was sent to Carney Hospital, South Boston, but in a week he died. He was buried from Saint Joseph's Church, Somerville, the interment taking place at Saint John's, Danvers.

On June 16, 1921, Brother Cajetan, Jeremiah Dahill, died at Mount Saint Joseph's. Brother Cajetan was born in Ballypureen, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1889, but entered the Community from Whitman, Massachusetts, May 5, 1910. Having not the least semblance of control over boys, Brother Cajetan was a complete failure in class. As a result, no Superior wanted him, and he did not remain long in one place. Though he was a man of excellent intentions, it was simply impossible, an injustice, to entrust a class to him. The poor man was not physically strong enough to be put to other labor, and it was always a problem for the Provincial to find both place and occupation for him. His life presents a striking lesson: man did not want him; but God did, and finally took him after months of patient waiting, for he was dying on his feet. He was in bed but a few days before the end came. In his unconscious moments,

shortly before death, he kept repeating aloud what might well be termed a fitting deathbed sermon: "Act well your part, there all honor lies."

On August 4, 1921, the news of the sudden death of Brother Boniface, Bernard Gruber, who was on a visit to Louisville, came as a shock to the Community. Brother Boniface was then seventy years of age and had seen fifty-seven years of service. His death was a tragedy. He was in Louisville visiting his relatives. As it was summer there were but two Brothers in the large house at Louisville. Brother Boniface had been assigned a room on the second floor at a distance from where the other Brothers slept. The room is at the end of a corridor, and next to it is a flight of stairs. On going to his room in the dark the fatal night, he must have miscalculated the distance and going beyond stepped into what he thought was the room, but fell down the stairs. Neither of the two Brothers heard him fall, consequently nothing was known about the accident until he was found dead the next morning at the foot of the stairs.

Brother Boniface was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, October 19, 1851. He entered the Community from Louisville where he was living at the time. As noted elsewhere, he was the first to be received at the Fourth Street House. His early labors as a teacher were spent in the schools of Saint Boniface and the Immaculate Conception, Eighth Street, Louisville. In 1874, he was sent to St. Patrick's, Baltimore, and remained there for nineteen years, for the last eleven as Superior. In 1893, he went to Lawrence as Superior. Pleading to be relieved of office, he was assigned to Worcester, his last mission, where he remained twenty-six years.

Brother Boniface was a musician of note. He composed several Masses, most of which are too difficult for the ordinary organist, and would not, to-day, come under the sanction of the *Motu Proprio*. Though he was not able to sing

himself he was nevertheless an expert teacher of singing, and in this respect he endeared himself to the late Monsignor Griffen of Worcester. As a teacher, Brother Boniface excelled with the younger boys. Of an engaging personality, he was able to come down, without effort, to their level. The affection of the little ones for him was strikingly manifest, and Brother Boniface was never seen on the street without children clinging to him. When he died, the children of Saint John's, Worcester, lost a kind, indulgent friend. He was buried from the Brothers' house, Louisville. The Community being absent, the funeral services were held at Saint Boniface Church, the church of his First Holy Communion. The Knights of Columbus formed the pallbearers, the first time in the history of the Community that Brothers did not bear the body of one of their own to its last resting place.

The years of Brother Theophile, James Keane, were few—twenty-two of life and less than three of religion. He was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, July 29, 1899. In March, 1919, he entered the Community. He was invested August 15, 1919, and professed with temporary vows August 15, 1921. On December 21, 1921, God called him home to Himself. Brother Theophile, on the completion of his novitiate, was assigned to Elm Grove. His health failing, he was later sent to Saint Mary's Industrial School merely to assist in light duties. For Christmas holidays of 1921, he received permission to visit his home. In anticipation of this visit, he hid his feelings, and no one realized he was as sick as he really was. He arrived home, but collapsed shortly after, and died in a few days. The Brothers were severely blamed by his family and neighbors for allowing him to travel in that condition. It was most natural for them to feel that way but they were not acquainted with circumstances that certainly relieve the Brothers of all blame. Saint Mary's is a large place, and there is only one

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responsible head. To him, Brother Theophile should have made known his state; but in his eagerness to pay a first visit, and at such a time, he did not. He knew that any revelation as to sickness would mean a postponement. With a false strength he buoyed himself up, with the result that the journey caused a fever from which he failed to rally. However, in God's plan, it was Brother Theophile's way to go to heaven; and directly to heaven he surely went for he was a fervent young religious with the seal of baptismal innocence stamped upon his soul by recent profession.

Brother Neri, of whom mention has been made in the account of Brother Philibert, died in Clarksburg, West Virginia, July 10, 1922, and was interred there in the Catholic Cemetery. In civil life he was known as Terence Hughes. Born in Elk Garden, Maryland, he entered the Community at the age of twenty-three, and lived for fourteen years in the Congregation. He labored first in Lawrence, and in 1914 formed one of the pioneers to Clarksburg.

Brother Neri was a deeply religious man, had an engaging personality, and was a power for good. Especially zealous, he extended his sphere of action beyond the strict confines of duty, and each Sunday he walked a distance of four miles to an Italian settlement outside of Clarksburg, where he gathered the little ones for instruction in religion. While at Clarksburg, cancer of the stomach developed. As he had faith in the doctor there, he was allowed to remain, though relieved of all duty. Of a strong will and great courage, he kept on his feet as long as possible. He ever strove not to be a burden, as we gleaned from the night that he was in great agony, and appealed to his novice companion, Brother Ralph, for help. Daily, he took short walks. He looked the picture of health, very tall, erect, ruddy of face, though not stout of body, and one would never think that the good man was literally dying on his feet. When June came, and it

was time for the Community to break up and repair to Baltimore for the retreat, Brother Neri was unable to travel that far, and remained in Clarksburg. He went to Saint Mary's Hospital of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, where the end mercifully came to the saintly sufferer. His death was as his life, holy and edifying. Priests and Sisters marveled at his patience, his piety, and union with God's Holy Will. At his death some Brothers of Baltimore and Elm Grove were present. We may be sure that he went to God, greeted Brother Ralph, and met Brother Philibert for the first time.

On March 26, 1923, the Community lost one who had ever been active and prominent in important affairs, Brother James. Deserved mention has been made of Brother James in the history of Saint Xavier's. Having spent twenty-nine of his thirty-eight years in religion at Saint Xavier's, he helped to form its history as none before or after him. Brother James, Philip Garrity, was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, May 22, 1865. There being no parochial school for boys at the time, he attended the public school and was graduated from the public high. Mention has been made also, in connection with the late, lamented Brother Thomas, of his teaching Sunday school at Saint Patrick's, and thereby gaining inspiration to follow in the narrow way as a reward of the sacrifice of his time. Also, we have learned that he entered religion with two others, Brothers Thomas and Paul. Brother James was the youngest of the group. His teaching career began at the Mount. In those strenuous days, teaching and housework went hand in hand. It is related that in the act of wiping knives and forks, he would have his book open beside him, preparing the lesson he was to teach.

From the very start, Brother James was a stern, exacting, unrelenting man. He seemed born to command. His severity was not harshness, still less, meanness; there was not a

mean trait in his admirable character. He was simply earnest, and possibly, lacked the backing of genuine boyhood to counterbalance this trait, for no one, knowing Brother James, could ever conceive of his having been a boy in the real sense of the word. He had a high standard of duty. He exemplified it in his own life, and he expected others to measure up to the standard he set. That his methods achieved results, no one can deny. If his boys feared him, even dreaded him, they also admired and respected him, and worked *under* him, if not *for* him.

In 1888, Brother James was sent to Louisville to replace Brother Joachim as head teacher of the Institute, the latter being too ill to continue. At that time, Brother Stanislaus was Superior. As he was getting old, Brother James was placed in charge of all the classes in conjunction with his own, and he began a system of construction that was to make itself felt throughout the school to the present day. When he began his work in Louisville, he was still young, twenty-three; but, as inferred, he had an old head on his shoulders always. He made himself a power to be felt. He established a system designed to instill the spirit of study in the school, and he succeeded admirably with the coöperation of those under him. For all classes he made a standing rule that failure to respond satisfactorily in two given questions during a recitation constituted a complete failure. The missed lesson would have to be studied, and recited after school without credit in the monthly report. A boy, detained, was obliged to study for half an hour before the teacher would hear him recite; and if he failed then, he would be obliged to study for another half hour. In this way, Saint Xavier's became famed for study. The hundred per cent mark for all recitations during the month, even for the year, was no exception, which was unbelievable to many until experience at Louisville taught them the truth. As a stimulus, he established the monthly reading

of marks, and woe to the poor fellows that stood at the end of the class if their marks were below the bare passing mark of seventy-five. He would look at the mark; look at them; look at the mark again, and if he said nothing, that nothing was even worse than if he had spoken.

In 1891, when the Institute was removed from Fourth Street to Broadway, he had the name changed in a new charter by which it became Saint Xavier's College with all the rights to confer collegiate degrees, but the number wishing to take advantage of higher education never warranted the opening of the classes or equipping the institution for the same. In his day but few, comparatively speaking, especially in the earlier days, went so far as completing a high school course. Work was the order of the time for most boys; still the finishing class grew from a paltry dozen at the beginning of his career to over the forty mark when he was retired from the scene.

In 1903, Brother James became Superior of the Community and retained charge of the classes. The new building on Broadway, finished three years before his term of superiorship began, made the school grow by leaps and bounds, and this was before education became popular in the public mind. From one hundred and fifty in 1901, it grew to three hundred in 1902, and to over five hundred in 1917. These numbers must not be confused with the present status of Saint Xavier's. The reader has learned from the history of Saint Xavier's that in Brother James' time, the school embraced all classes from the first grade up. To-day, its roster is larger than when he left and has high school students only; still, the growth during his time is marvelous when one compares the numbers at the beginning of his career and at its end, and considers also that the need of education was not realized by parents until after the war.

Brother James spent twenty-nine years in Louisville, and during that long time he changed somewhat with the

changes of the times. We have noted in the history of Saint Xavier's the change in his stand regarding athletics, but he also changed in his manner of dealing with youth. He learned to smile. Hitherto, he seldom smiled in his dealings with boys. Some may have questioned this attitude. With him, it brought results—though it is not to be thought that such an attitude is desirable, far from it. What works well with one man may work havoc with another. The work should be made as pleasant as possible, and the teacher that can meet his class with a smile, and still maintain discipline, has an asset admirable indeed. On the other hand, it is unwise to force one's self into an attitude that is not natural. How he regarded the matter, or why he assumed it, if it was assumed, is not known. It was not his nature at all times by any means. In Community, he was jovial. He had a very hearty laugh, so much so that at times it was difficult to say where the genuine ended and the artificial began. As a Superior, he was exacting. Some found him hard to approach. He was unbending, but not harsh, and still far from being tyrannical. He was exacting with himself; he expected the same from others, and no one should complain of that. One might not always agree with his plans or methods, and it might be hard at times to submit; but subsequently one had to agree that Brother James was right. He had a prudent gift of foresight that saved him from error in administrative affairs, and if ever a man was cautious, it was he. Of him it might be truthfully said that he was often "the last by which the old was laid aside."

The last year of his career in Louisville was marked by his becoming diabetic. How long the disease had been in progress is not known; but for years he had a craving for ice water, and no one, himself least of all, attributed it to anything out of the ordinary. Then, when the least cut on his hand led to blood poisoning, the doctor became suspi-

cious, and after examination, pronounced him a victim of diabetes. This did not frighten him, nor deter him from being active. The picture of health, for Brother James was ruddy and of vastly above ordinary weight, he continued in his usual strenuous work—and even more strenuous—for seven years.

In 1917, he was removed from Louisville and appointed Superior of the Mount. If he felt the change from Louisville after a connection of so many years, no one was aware of it. The work of the Mount was entirely new to him, but it was not in his nature to balk at problems. At the Mount his disease was in no wise arrested, but he kept on to the end. However, the last two years of his life a noted change came over him. Whether he noticed it himself or not is doubtful, but the Brother James of old was no more. He seemed to lose his grip; trifles upset him to a degree hitherto unknown, while things of greater moment seemed to escape his notice. This was so unlike him that it caused universal surprise. He lost his affability in Community, and at times appeared almost pettish. This was to be excused, and allowance was charitably made as the disease was sapping his vitality. He was not one to give in; and when one tries to deceive one's self, something must suffer, for nature will not be cheated.

He kept on going downhill until a severe cold attacked him in the early spring of 1923. Had he given in to that, something might have been done to prolong his life. There was no one to check him, or to tell him what he must do. Finally, he was forced, through sheer inability to do otherwise, to keep to his room. Pneumonia developed, and it was with great difficulty that he was persuaded to go to the hospital. He kept putting it off until "to-morrow," saying that he was satisfied with the care that he was receiving from Brother Arcadius, and that he could receive no better at a hospital. At last, he consented to be taken to

BROTHER JAMES

Saint Joseph's Hospital. Taken on a Monday, he died the following Wednesday. As it was Holy Week, he was buried without ceremony on Holy Saturday.

Brother James was a great man. He was a good man. He was loved by the Brothers at the Mount—loved for his very goodness and justice—and all agreed that a tower of strength had fallen and that his place would be hard to fill.

Peace be to good Brother James! "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Just a week to the day after Brother James was buried, Brother Eusebius of the Mount was laid to rest beside him. He died April 5, 1923. Brother Eusebius, John Sheehan, was born in County Cork, Ireland, August 12, 1861. From Lynn, Massachusetts, he entered the Community in September, 1896; was invested, December 3, 1896; and professed July 8, 1898. For many years after profession, Brother Eusebius was cook at Mount Saint Joseph's and later at Old Point Comfort, and Danvers; but he spent most of his religious life at Saint Mary's Industrial School. No one, save heaven, knows the virtue of the man, considering his years of isolation from Community in the kitchen. He cooked at Mount Saint Joseph's, day in and day out, summer and winter, with none of the modern appliances to make labor easy—if that did not make a saint, then saints are not made from labors on earth. To be so many years on his feet necessarily had a telling effect on Brother Eusebius, and for the last few years of his life, he was unable to labor, though his will was there. He had spent twenty-seven years in religion laboriously, and we may be sure he has merited a place among the numerous saints of God, whose lives, though not spectacular before men, are for that very reason the more glorious, as they resembled most perfectly His own cherished hidden life at Nazareth.

Brother Meinrad, another type of the hidden life, died from the infirmities of age on December 4, 1923. He was

then sixty-eight, not so old as to be infirm, it is true; but he had lived a most laborious life of forty-three years in the Community. The marvel was that he was able to keep up as long as he did, and only tenacity of will made it possible.

Brother Meinrad, Edward Strube, was born in Baden, Germany, April 28, 1855, and entered the novitiate at Baltimore at the age of twenty-five. Brother Meinrad was a gardener and florist. During his years in religion, he labored at Mount Saint Joseph's, Old Point Comfort, Saint John's, Danvers, the latter place only a short while as the climate was too severe for him, and the years find him alternating between Old Point Comfort and the Mount. His greatest pleasure was to raise flowers for the altar, and though he reserved to himself the privilege of picking them, he was most generous and anticipatory. He never acquired the art of correct pronunciation of English, and everything was "she" (*zie*), so he would say to the sacristan: "She want some flowers. Ya! I get she some." His flower beds were things of beauty, and they should have been for he understood their culture, and labored from sunrise until long after its setting.

Brother Meinrad had a keen mind, and had his education been more complete in English, he would have been a marvel. Being alone and close to nature, his knowledge of the stars was equal to that of the shepherds of old. He was for years the faithful bell ringer in the morning, tending to the heating of the house as well. He had abnormally big feet, and no store size could fit him. One day in an emergency, the Superior bought him the largest pair possible, and he returned them promptly saying: "She no good; she lady-shoes." If one slept near Brother Meinrad, one needed no bell for the "first call," as his heavy tread would waken the soundest sleeper.

Brother Meinrad was a very devout man, exact in details, and no one ever knew him to be late for an exercise.

Though working in the fields, far from the house, he always anticipated the time, and an old alarm clock, as faded in face as he was tanned, was his constant companion. His devotion toward our Blessed Mother was particularly marked. Having read the life of Father Paul of Moll, he was an ardent admirer of the great priest, and strove to imitate his way of spreading devotion to our Mother of Sorrows. To please him, the Provincial had leaflets printed, and these Brother Meinrad distributed among the Brothers and boys. At the end of an entertainment or commencement at the Mount, he would station himself at the foot of the stairs, and pass them out to the people as they left.

The good man worked up to the very end, but in his later days he became easily fatigued. His first siege of weakness was the result of an operation. Outside of regulation time, he had never been in bed before, and it was an experience not to his liking. His will had been too long his own to be thwarted now, so he got up the day after the operation, but did not get beyond the foot of the bed. He learned, from what might have been a serious experience, that his will was not his to command after all. Returning from the hospital he worked as before, but Brother Meinrad was a beaten Brother Meinrad, and God finally gave him what he had never known nor desired to know on earth—rest.

On July 5, 1924, Brother Denis, Henry Hayden, died suddenly at Saint Mary's Industrial School. Brother Denis had been forty-three years in the Congregation, and was sixty-three years of age. For some time he had been subject to high blood pressure; and, as he had general permission to absent himself from exercises, such absence caused neither surprise nor anxiety. On the evening of July fifth, he did not appear at supper. After the meal, the Superior went to his room to see him, and found that he had gone to meet his Maker.

Brother Denis was born in Bardstown, Kentucky, July 1,

1861. At the age of twenty, he joined the Brothers. His first scene of labor was at Mount Saint Joseph's where he was prefect of discipline. Later, he taught in Lowell, Somerville, and East Boston. In 1899, he became Superintendent of Saint James' Home and remained in that position until 1907. While at the Home, he established the savings bank account for the boys. For a short while, he was in charge of the industrial school at Millbury, Massachusetts; also, at Abbotstown, Pennsylvania. In time deafness rendered his active services with boys out of the question, and he was allowed to follow his hobby, that of bee raising. By study and practice he had acquired facility in this respect, and he generously gave the benefit of his knowledge to other institutions in the neighborhood desirous of engaging in the industry. Though his end was sudden, there was every outward sign that it was not unprovided; that morning he had been to Holy Communion, in the afternoon he had gone to Confession, and the last time he was seen alive, he was making a private visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

Brother Justus, John Hespelein, died at Saint Agnes Hospital July 22, 1924. He was thirty years of age, and had been in the Congregation for four years. Brother Justus was born in Baltimore, December 20, 1894. He came of a very religious family. On his father's side, an uncle, the Reverend George Hespelein, is a Redemptorist; on his mother's side, two aunts are Franciscan Sisters; and his own two sisters are Franciscans, likewise. As a boy, he attended Saint James' Parochial School, Baltimore; later, Mount Saint Joseph's, and Leonard Hall. When the war broke out, he enlisted and saw service overseas. Returning home after the armistice, he made arrangements to enter the novitiate. In the fall of 1920 he was admitted. He was invested in the holy habit the following March, and emitted temporary vows, August 15, 1921. His short religious

life was spent at Saint Mary's Industrial School. A sudden attack, resulting in high fever, took him to eternity. During his delirium, he became quite violent, and his language was anything but proper. This should not scandalize anyone, for the same is recorded of that saintly soul, whose cause has been introduced, Sister Benigna, the Pearl of Como, styled the "Secretary of Jesus." "In her agony," writes the author of her life, "she uttered words that had never passed her angelic lips." In the case of Brother Justus, this can be explained: the words he uttered had been embedded in his mind during his enforced association in the army, and never having found expression in his life, he vomited them forth, without blame, before he reached eternity.

The last of the novices to be received at Fourth Street was Brother Basil. He died at Saint Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, September 23, 1924, at the age of seventy, after forty-eight years of the religious life. Brother Basil, John Hutchins, was born in Owensboro, Kentucky, August 18, 1854, and entered religion at the age of twenty-two. During his long period of service, he held many posts of distinction; and Louisville, Baltimore, Richmond, Norfolk, and Somerville came in for a goodly share of his labors. Richmond, the last scene of his active labors, saw him three times: once at Saint Peter's, once at Saint Patrick's after an absence of fifteen years from Richmond, and again at the Cathedral School after a further absence of eighteen years. When the Somerville Community was formed in 1893, Brother Basil was the pioneer Superior and remained there six years. Also, he was Master of Novices for six years. He was a great organizer, and a thorough religious. Strict with himself and others, firm to the point of being unbending, he possessed a will that countenanced no opposition where duty or principle was at stake. If his heart held human affection, he was so much the master of himself that no one knew it. A veritable soldier of discipline, all had to

conform to his code—Brothers and boys. He was a lover of tradition, even in the matter of clothing, and when black straw hats were no longer on the market, Brother Basil always had one by having a white hat dyed. Though strict, he was appreciative of duties performed under him, and his sanctuary boys were always sure of a picnic that was a picnic. The novices, likewise, could always look forward to one day's outing during the year, at which nothing was spared in the way of comfort and amusement.

His methods were not always in agreement with those of others. That the Brothers should think him oversevere was most natural, but both Pastors and people often complained of his unyielding attitude. Brother Basil was as stout of heart as he was of body, and faced opposition calmly, reserving to himself the privilege of still retaining his own line of thought, when he considered that the well-being of religion was on his side. However, no one can say that he had one rule for others and another for himself. No one took the business of living more seriously than he, and the pleasures of life were a stranger to him.

When Brother Basil started to go downhill, no one knew. He kept up to the very end, that strong will of his refusing to admit to himself that he was getting old. He loved his vocation; consequently, he loved the class. When it became noticeable that he was easily fatigued, and retirement was suggested to him, he refused to acknowledge that he was unfit for duty, and bravely assumed charge of his class at Richmond in September, 1924. Scarcely had school opened when he took a severe hemorrhage and was obliged to return to Baltimore. Arriving at the Mount, he looked well. He took and gave the chaff that was always in evidence when he was around, and no one suspected that his end was near. A few days before he died, he was persuaded to go to Saint Agnes Hospital for rest and treatment. There, a second hemorrhage occurred and he was anointed.

He rallied the next day and was able to receive visitors. To one who came to visit him he said: "Everyone round here was excited last night, except myself. They all thought I was going to die, but I did not think so. I have two more years to live to complete my fifty years in the classroom, and after that, I am ready to die." Zealous Brother Basil! He wanted to live to do more! He had a strong will. It carried him through many a storm in his long life; but a stronger Will decreed that when, in the course of time, August 18, 1926, his golden day, should come, it would find Brother Basil wearing a golden crown indeed.

A man that could ill be spared, as human reckoning goes, was Brother Antoninus, who died January 26, 1925, at the age of thirty-nine and after wearing the religious habit for twenty-four years. Brother Antoninus, Samuel Jacquay, was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, February 14, 1886. As a student of the Brothers in Wheeling, he became attracted to the life, and on the completion of the grammar course was accepted as an aspirant at Saint John's, Danvers. There he was invested, but made his novitiate at the Mount under Brother Basil. The first assignment of Brother Antoninus was at East Boston, where he developed into a teacher of note. Possessing a wonderfully pleasing personality and the kindness of disposition that goes with it, he was a power for good. As soon as his age warranted it, he was placed at Old Point Comfort among the older students. While on the staff at Old Point, in 1914, he became Superior and remained in office there until 1918, interrupted by one year when he qualified for the Master's degree at the Catholic University. In 1918, he was named Principal of the Wheeling School, and remained there until 1923, when he succeeded Brother James as Superior of the Mount.

At the Mount, Brother Antoninus busied himself for a greater Mount Saint Joseph's. The new building, greeting one as he comes in from the road, and Gibbons Field are

the result of his dreams. Providence decreed he should see but the beginning of his plans as far as earthly sight goes, for Brother Antoninus died before either of his plans materialized.

Cancer was the cause of his death. Its appearance manifested itself suddenly. Its inroads were swift, and affected his whole body. In December, 1924, he was still able to travel. Having implicit faith in a doctor at Wheeling, the doctor of his childhood, he was allowed to go to the Hospital of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, Wheeling, for care and treatment. By early January all hope to arrest the progress of the disease was abandoned. Contrary to expectations, he expired peacefully and Sisters, doctors, and nurses were surprised. He practically slept away, and his case was one in which the patient usually becomes violently insane from the terrible pain, but God mercifully spared him that agony.

During his illness he edified all who saw him. Shortly before he died he chanced to glance at his habit, which was, in accordance with his request, hanging where he could see it. To the Brothers who were watching by him, he gave a discourse on the religious life. He extolled the beauty of the habit he had learned to respect as a boy, and had worn with honor as a Brother; and then stressed the consolation he felt at seeing the garb before him which he knew was to be his shroud in a few days. There was even more than a striking lesson in this discourse of one of God's chosen ones, for it came as the result of his having learned by letter that his companion in the habit had discarded it the first of that year. This distressed him. At the time it was thought an imprudence that anyone should have written the news to him; but it was a providential act, since it evoked his last, powerful instruction. He kept murmuring: "Poor —— he will one day be lying as I. Oh! what a difference! Poor ——! If he only knew the happiness I now feel! Poor ——! Misguided ——!" Then he turned to the Brothers

present, and warned them to be faithful to their vows. That was the one thing that consoled him, and it would surely console them likewise, if . . .

A martyrdom of prolonged suffering was mercifully ended on March 26, 1925, when Brother Lambert, Francis Wohning, died at Mount Saint Joseph's. At the time of his death, Brother Lambert was seventy years of age, and had been in the Congregation forty years, the last ten being years of enforced inactivity. Brother Lambert was born in Billinghausen, Germany, June 16, 1855, but entered the Community from Baltimore in 1885. Short of stature, but commanding in appearance, he had all the marks of German military training. Nevertheless he was most gentle in his dealings with boys. Especially adapted was he for the teaching of little boys, in which capacity he was eminently useful at Louisville, Norfolk, East Boston, Somerville, Worcester, and Lawrence. At Old Point Comfort, Saint John's, and Saint Mary's Industrial School he performed secretarial work when partial paralysis rendered him unable to cope with classroom duties.

At Saint Mary's he became totally crippled. For ten years he was unable to be about or to take care of himself. He was in the infirmary on the upper floor, close to the seat of the fire that wrecked Saint Mary's, but he was taken out safely by his faithful custodian, Brother Robert. Naturally, his nerves received a severe shock, so for a few weeks he rested and received treatment at Saint Agnes' Hospital. From the hospital he was brought to the Mount, where the last seven years of his life were spent in quiet preparation for the end which he faced unafraid like the brave soldier he was.

Brother Ralph, Frederick Wagenknecht, died at Saint John's, Danvers, July 20, 1925, after weeks of intense suffering from septic poisoning. He was forty-two years of age and had been nine years in religion. Brother Ralph was

born in Toledo, Ohio, July 16, 1883, and at the age of thirty-three entered the Brotherhood. His first assignment was at Deep River, Connecticut. Later he was transferred to Saint John's, Danvers, where he labored as procurator. Brother Ralph is a case of man's proposing and God disposing. For years he had labored amidst the greatest of inconveniences at Saint John's. The small kitchen, and the still smaller quarters for storage, the impossibility of keeping desirable help for any length of time owing to the same conditions which hampered laboring with any degree of satisfaction, caused him no little trouble. He had long been urging the erection of more commodious quarters; but the spring that saw the initial work on the new dining hall and kitchen building found him incapacitated.

Though of huge build, weighing over three hundred and fifty pounds, he was active, surprisingly light on his feet and graceful in his movements. He was a man of deep piety, his devotion manifesting itself in his care of the chapel, which he supplied with costly vestments, and everything in keeping with the honor due to the Blessed Sacrament. Especially was he devoted to our Blessed Mother and to Saint Terese of the Child Jesus. He is responsible for the first statues of Saint Terese in the houses, placing one at Saint John's and another at the Novitiate, even before the right to have them in the chapel existed. He is also the cause of our having statues of the Founder. Through his friends, he had a model made, and a statue is now at Saint John's, the Novitiate, and the mother house in Bruges. Prayers were offered for his recovery. It was hoped that the Little Flower might intercede to prolong his useful life, but it was not to be. Heaven was satisfied with his few years in religion, and he went to receive the reward due for zealous labors well performed.

CHAPTER XXIV

PROVINCIALATE OF BROTHER PAUL

What? Is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress? Twilight leads to day,
And e'en within the burning zones of earth
The haziest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers give birth;
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

WORDSWORTH

IT has already been learned that Brother Paul was appointed to the office of Provincial at the close of the General Chapter, August 15, 1925, which was coincidentally the fortieth anniversary of his investiture in the holy habit, When Brother Isidore left Baltimore in July, 1925, to attend the General Chapter at Bruges, on going he said to Brother Paul, his First Consultor, on whom the office of Provincial fell in his absence: "Here is the list of appointments for the fifteenth; use your judgment in making any changes that may arise later." Neither then realized that the final changes would *ex officio* devolve upon Brother Paul.

Brother Paul was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, March 3, 1864, and baptized in what is now the Xaxerian Brothers' Chapel at Lawrence, but what was then the Chapel of the Priory of the Augustinians in charge of the Immaculate Conception Church. Later, the family of Brother Paul moved to Lowell where as Peter Scanlan he lived and entered the Xaverian Brothers in 1885, with two

companions, known and honored in the Community as Brothers Thomas and James. On August 15, 1885, the trio, with three others, were invested, pronounced the vows in 1887; and all six persevered, five having attained the final crown.

A year after profession, Brother Paul was placed in charge of Saint Joseph's School, Baltimore. The Brothers teaching at Saint Joseph's resided at Saint Patrick's. At Saint Joseph's he labored until 1891. Then he was the appointed Master of Novices which position he held until 1898 when he was sent to open and direct Old Point Comfort, Virginia. From Virginia, he was sent to California as one of the pioneers, being placed in charge of the mission, a year later. In California he remained until the Brothers were recalled in 1907, when he was placed in charge of Saint Mary's Industrial School, whence he became Provincial.

Twenty-six years before this appointment, at the General Chapter of 1899, Brother Paul being present, Brother General John Chrysostom, noting that Brother Provincial Alexius' age would hardly carry him through another term of Provincialship, had in mind the appointment of Brother Paul as Provincial. On speaking to him of his intention, Brother Paul pleaded to be excused from the burden on the score of his age, he was then but thirty-five. The Superior General harkened to this plea; but in the designs of Providence it was bound to come.

Brother Paul was notified of his appointment by letter. He said nothing; pigeonholed the appointment for a few days, deliberating in the meantime as to whether he would accept or not. A religious is justified in considering acceptance or otherwise to superiorship, and only when the higher Superior commands is he bound to obey. After thinking it over, the remembrance of the earlier near-appointment came to him; and, feeling it to be God's Will that he accept,

BROTHER PAUL, PROVINCIAL, 1925-1928
PRESENT SUPERIOR GENERAL

he wrote to that effect to the Superior General. He then imparted the news of his appointment to Brother Dunstan, Superior of the mother house in Baltimore, so that he might notify the other houses. When the news reached Archbishop Curley in Ireland, His Grace wrote:

ATHLONE, IRELAND
September 8, 1925

DEAR BROTHER PAUL:

Congratulations and regrets. I am truly glad that you have been elected to guide your Congregation in America, and I am just as truly sorry that you are leaving Saint Mary's. I am sure, however, that your interest in the old school will not wane. I hope that God will bless you in your new and greater field of work. Whatever else you do, or leave undone, do not neglect the religious spirit of the Congregation. See that it is kept alive by strict observance of rule in each and every house. Everything else in the Brother's life and work is dependent on that.

I shall see you in October. Meantime, my renewed good wishes.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) ✠ MICHAEL J. CURLEY,
Archbishop of Baltimore

Of all the eligible men for the office, Brother Paul was the least known to the Brothers at large. For eighteen years he was virtually chained to the desk at Saint Mary's. Never had he visited the houses; seldom was he at public gatherings of the Brothers; and if few knew him, he knew fewer. He was not in touch with the general work; but he was always a man of adaptability. With this in his favor, it seemed at his first round of visits that he had been the Provincial for years at least. If the work was strange to him, he did not appear strange to the work. His affability

soon won all hearts, even those to whom a stranger in authority is a bugbear.

Contrary to unfounded fears, he did not, as had the lamented Brother Dominic, remain at Saint Mary's. Winding up his affairs there, by the middle of September, he had Brother Benjamin installed as Superintendent, and began to visit the houses of the Province. His grasp of affairs and knowledge of men made him master of the situation. In his systematic way he soon had the data of each Brother noted so that he could easily put the right man in the right place, and no upheaval by reason of a change of captains of the ship took place, not even the least ripple of the waves.

Though only retaining the Provincialship for three years, for reasons already divulged in these pages, yet in that time the note of progress, already sounded, continued. Three high schools were opened, and general confidence existed throughout the Province.

Keith Academy, Lowell, Massachusetts
1926

One afternoon, in the month of September in the year 1924, Lowellites were somewhat startled by the cry of "Extra!" On purchasing the sheet to see the reason for the cry, they found that Cardinal O'Connell had purchased Lowell's old jail on Thorndike Street. "What was the Cardinal going to do with it?" was the next question. Various were the surmises, but His Eminence kept his counsel until the time was ripe to divulge his plans. Finally it was announced that the old jail would be renovated and fitted as a high school for boys. The purchase of the buildings was effected from the Paul Keith estate bequeathed to His Eminence in memory of the mother of the testator. The Cardinal used the bequest in favor of the city of his birth by establishing academies for both boys and

girls, naming the boys' school, Keith Academy; the girls', Keith Hall.

The property purchased from the city of Lowell consisted of two buildings; one having been used as the warden's residence; the other, for purposes incident to its character. The place was thoroughly renovated; no expense was spared to place it in first class condition; and to-day, no finer appearing school building exists than the one time jail, with its massive stone front and twin turrets commanding a view of Lowell from the heights. The interior is even more of a revelation. If jail it had been, one would have to be informed of the fact, for a beautiful chapel and large auditorium greet the visitor on the ground floor. The upper floors have nicely arranged classrooms, with every modern device; electric clocks in each class, all timed from the one main clock; automatic signals for change of periods; and telephone connection in each class with the office of the Principal. The warden's house has been fitted up as a Community house, and required little change for the purpose.

When the renovations were almost completed, speculation was rife as to the teaching bodies for the schools—Keith Hall for girls is farther up the street, and is in no way connected with the academy for boys—His Eminence announced that the Xaverian Brothers would have charge of the boys; the Sisters of Saint Joseph, the girls. A board, consisting of His Eminence and the Pastors of Lowell, is responsible for the upkeep of the schools.

The academy for boys opened on September 13, 1926, with Brother Norbert as the Principal; Brothers Aubert, Aurelius, and Fidelis formed the other members of the staff. Seventy-three students presented themselves, and after a prayer, the national banner was raised to the top of the staff, Brother Norbert made an address, the students saluted the flag, pledged allegiance, and classes were formed.

Sunday, October 13, 1926, Holy Mass was celebrated for the first time in the chapel by the Reverend Thomas Reynolds, Director of Charities in Lowell. Subsequently, Father Reynolds became chaplain of the Brothers, making Keith Academy his home.

To-day, in its third year of existence, Keith Academy has a registration of one hundred and fifty-two with eight Brothers on the staff.

Mission Church High School, Roxbury, Massachusetts
1926

The Mission Church, Roxbury, a sectional part of Boston, Massachusetts, is under the care of the Redemptorists. Its official title is The Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, but as the Redemptorists, from their special vocation, are called Mission Fathers, the church at Roxbury is known by no other name than that of the Mission Church. If one wishes to see a school that is a credit to school architecture and to the Catholicity it represents, a school of no mean proportions, one has only to visit the Mission Church Parish. A school building, three stories in height, occupying the length of a block, built in buff, pressed brick, and trimmed in stone, greets the eye. The Catholic visitor, knowing as he does that all Catholic schools have the same scholastic excellence, whatever their incidental equipment, will be proud of the religion that can produce so beautiful a school building. The non-Catholic visitor will pause and wonder. If not familiar with Catholic schools, he will receive a shock at the possibility of Catholics possessing as fine, and in many respects, a finer school building than the rich city. City schools are erected, equipped, and carried on by taxes from Catholics as well as from—well, Catholics are of admitted citizenship when it comes to taxation. They share equally the burden with the bigot and shoulder

willingly the double burden of taxation that their children may receive a true love for country built on the foundation of the love of God, and a desire for righteous living by being taught to live aright.

This is the living monument of the testimony of the Catholics of the Mission Church Parish, Roxbury, to right education. It is but one of the many throughout the country, a silent mentor to emphasize the fact, if emphasis be needed, that the Catholic Church is foremost in every movement for civic betterment. It silently testifies that she carries on her system, education being in the foreground, without asking a cent from the state she benefits, without endowments from the wealthy, but relying upon the working class, the poor, whom Christ said we have always.

The school in question was erected through the tireless zeal of the Very Reverend John O'Leary, C.SS.R., Rector of the Redemptorist Convent, and Pastor of the Mission Church. A flight of many steps leads one to a large portico from which three doors open to a spacious lobby leading to a wide corridor; to the left, is the girls' department; to the right, the boys'. This is in reality the second floor of the building, but the first is used for class purposes. The second floor corresponds to the first in outlay, and there you find large, airy, recitation rooms; libraries, science rooms, equipped with all necessary apparatus for physics, chemistry, and biology. Nothing is lacking in detail, and those who have seen it call it the "last word" in a school.

When Father O'Leary consulted Cardinal O'Connell, as to the selection of the teaching body for the boys, the Parish having had for years the services of the School Sisters of Notre Dame for the girls, His Eminence referred him to the Xaverian Brothers. The Rector immediately wrote to the Provincial, Brother Isidore at the time, who agreed to accept the school if the Rector would wait until a year from the

following September. Father O'Leary graciously agreed to wait. In the meantime, the nucleus of the high school was formed in 1925 by the Sisters retaining their Eighth Grade boys for a first year high, and when the Brothers opened the school in September of 1926 they found two years of high awaiting them.

Brother Gilbert, with considerable experience in organizing, having opened the high school in Utica, New York, and having successfully directed Old Point Comfort College, and Leonard Hall High School, was appointed for the initial work at hand, with Brothers Xavier, Stanislaus, Mauricius, Roger, and Venard as co-laborers.

The Brothers have always been heartily welcomed wherever they made establishments, but never have they been so formally and expressively welcomed as at Roxbury. Greeted privately by Father O'Leary on their arrival, they were vaguely told that they would be officially accepted into the Parish on the following Sunday at the Parochial Mass. Lack of prior experience could give them no hint as to what was meant by "officially accepted into the parish," and the wildest of conjectures would never have brought to their minds just the ordeal through which they had to pass on the Sunday following their taking up their abode at Roxbury. At quarter before ten that Sunday morning, Father O'Leary called at the Brothers' house and said that he was ready to escort them to the church, a short distance away. With something akin to heart-sinking, they sensed the unusual. To their dismay, as they came to Tremont Street, where stands the church, they found it densely blocked with people, so much so that traffic officers were detouring those whose business carried them farther. How they were to get through that crowd was a momentary puzzle, but, in the words of Brother Gilbert: "At our approach, the great sea of pulsating heads and wriggling bodies parted even as did the Red Sea for the Israelites." On entering

the church, they found the spacious edifice crowded to its utmost capacity, which accounted for the throng on the street of those who had failed to gain admittance. Down the middle aisle they were escorted until they reached the seats reserved for them directly under the pulpit. The organ then burst forth in jubilant peals which seemed to shake the edifice to its foundations, the choir taking up the refrain. Holy Mass began. At the appointed time, the Rector ascended the pulpit, read the customary announcements for the week and the Gospel and then gave a brief history of the founding of the Xaverian Brothers, stressing the point that it was under the Redemptorists that the Founder received his first training in the ways of the religious life. Father O'Leary eulogized the work of the Xaverian Brothers in various parts of the country, and urged the parents to place their boys under the care of men dedicated by vow to no other work than that of training youth for the family, the Church and the State.

The school opened on the following day with one hundred and sixty-two boys of Freshman and Sophomore high school standing. Patronage soon came from outside the Parish, necessitating the addition of another Brother to the staff. The work began in earnest. From the start the boys took to the Brothers, and the Brothers to the boys. In the second year of the school's existence, the boys, but Juniors in high school, formed a debating team, went to Brooklyn, New York, to debate with one of the public high schools of Brooklyn, and carried the honors of the debate back to Roxbury. A quarterly magazine called *The Spur* is issued by the students, both departments, boys and girls, being contributors. *Spur* is an excellent name for it, for it shows remarkable effort on the part of the boys and the girls. It contains about fifty pages, of the ordinary sized school magazine, and teems with matter worth while, showing research on the part of the students, as well as a knowledge

of the burning topics of the day; short stories and the funny side of life are not neglected.

The Brothers live at present on Delle Avenue, a street up from the church and in the rear of the school. This house, though but temporary, has been fitted with an eye to the comfort and convenience of the Brothers. At this time it is too small to accommodate all the Brothers requisite for a four-year high school course, and the Sisters teach the boys in the first year of high, but as soon as the heavy debt on the new school and the Sisters' convent for the high school Sisters is somewhat decreased, work will begin on the erection of a suitable house for the Brothers, of whom there are now ten.

Saint Michael's Diocesan High School, Brooklyn, New York 1926

No greater champion of Catholic education exists than the Right Reverend Thomas E. Molloy, Bishop of Brooklyn. The system the Bishop established embraces a central high school system, and no parish high school is allowed to function. At present there are in the city three such high schools for boys, and five for girls, apart from many private high schools conducted by communities of priests, Brothers, and Sisters. The central high school conducted by the Xaverian Brothers, Saint Michael's, so named from the parish within whose limits it exists, was formed in 1926. Freshman students only were admitted the first year in accordance with the plan outlined by Monsignor McClancy, Supervisor of the Catholic schools of Brooklyn, who desired that the school work its way by degrees until it attained a natural growth of four years. Well might it be termed "Saint Michael's" as it actually functions in the school building built by Monsignor Patrick Cherry, Pastor of Saint Michael's Parish, who generously offered free space for the

school until such time as a high school building could be erected. At great expense, Monsignor Cherry fitted up the vacant classrooms for high school work, taking as much interest in the work as though it actually formed a part of his parish plant. No greater advocate of the Catholic schools is there than the whole-hearted Monsignor of Saint Michael's. He equipped libraries, laboratories for science, and gave recitation rooms as required until he could give no more.

The school opened in September, 1926, with Brother Samuel as Principal, assisted by Brothers Luke, Maximus, Patricius, and Faber. One hundred and fifty first-year students from various parishes embracing the circle mapped out for Saint Michael's Diocesan High, presented themselves. Due to the mid-year promotion system of the Brooklyn schools, Brothers Justus and Ralph were added to the staff in February, and one hundred and forty students were enrolled as mid-year Freshmen.

During the first term, a Mr. Smith of the State Department of Education inspected the school, and gave his unqualified endorsement to the work being done, the curriculum, and the equipment. This was followed by a letter of felicitation, and a certificate of recognition from Doctor Avery Skinner, head of the Department of Secondary Education.

September, 1927, the second year of the school, finds ten Brothers, two lay-teachers, and three hundred and thirty students. In February, 1928, the staff was increased by three Brothers, and the student registration totaled four hundred and fifty. By September, 1928, the number of Brothers reached fifteen. The school then had to stop its growth in registration, as ten of Monsignor Cherry's classrooms were being used, and no more could be given despite his good will. Saint Michael's only hope is to have its own school as soon as the finances of the diocese will permit.

Apart from its purely scholastic features, the school is represented in athletic events. Frequent student entertainments in the line of debates, oratorical contests, and dramatics likewise serve to increase student activity. It issues a monthly four page sheet called *The Michaelog* in which the various activities of the students are noted. The paper gives ample opportunity to ambitious students to improve in the art of writing, while it keeps parents posted, by inference, as to the progress of their sons, the diligent being named and commended.

The Brothers live in two houses adjoining the school—a temporary arrangement. Bishop Molloy personally visited them there in September, 1926, and welcomed them to the high school system of Brooklyn. He expressed himself well pleased at what he saw, and gave Monsignor Cherry authority to bless the chapel; to reserve the Blessed Sacrament; to have the Stations of the Cross erected, and to have Mass and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament at stated times. Shortly after the Bishop's visit, the Monsignor dedicated the chapel and celebrated Holy Mass. On December 3, 1926, a Franciscan erected the Stations of the Cross.

The Silver Jubilee of Brother Samuel occurred on October 23, 1928. Monsignor Cherry would not let the occasion pass as a community celebration as is the custom with the Xaverians, so a Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated at Saint Michael's Church by the Monsignor on the Sunday preceding the day itself; Monsignor McClancy, Supervisor of the Catholic schools of Brooklyn, preaching on the occasion. Present were Brother Provincial Osmund; Brother Gilbert, natural brother of Brother Samuel; many other visiting Xaverians; all the Brothers of the four Xaverian schools of Brooklyn; a delegation from the Christian and the Franciscan Brothers of Brooklyn; Sisters of Saint Joseph, and Saint Dominic; the father and mother of Brother Samuel, and his ten brothers and sisters. At the

close of the Mass, autos conveyed the guests to the Knights of Columbus building where a banquet was held, and the whole-hearted jubilarian was fittingly toasted. He responded in a very touching manner, and rededicated his life to God in service through the Xaverian Brotherhood.

Chapters

The one Provincial Chapter under the presidency of Brother Paul, the twelfth in notation, was held during the Christmas holidays at Mount Saint Joseph's, 1927, fifty-one being present. This Chapter has a note of historical interest. It opened in chapel. This is not in itself the note of special interest, as all other chapters have opened in like manner, but present was His Grace, Archbishop Curley, by invitation, to address the body convened.

His Grace's Remarks

It is a pleasure and an honor for me to come here to-day to welcome you, the delegates to the Provincial Chapter, to the Archdiocese of Baltimore. I welcome the delegates to this Chapter and to this city. It is fitting that I welcome you, the delegates of this Chapter, because you have come here interested in the great and noble work of forming the Christian character in the youth of our day, than which there is no greater work. It is the *opus Divinum*, a divine work, Christlike in its aims and deserving of the best of our minds and hearts. Realize that the success of the work of the Church in America depends upon the men of to-morrow. Here in this Archdiocese, Catholic education depends in a large measure upon the work which you have to do.

The work of you Brothers in this Chapter has to do with Xaverianism, that is, the welfare of your Congregation. Your love for your Congregation should be like the love of a mother for her children. Your work, therefore, into which you should enter with zeal and zest, should be marked with

a love of your Congregation. Give the best that is in you. Eliminate yourself. No Brother should come here with any particular scheme or any pet scheme that something needs reform, and that we or I am about to reform it. The desire to advance the work must be founded on faith, and by faith I mean belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ and His message. Your Congregation is engaged in the great work of the salvation of souls; therefore, it is not what the individual wants but what is for the best interests of the Congregation. Be sure that the God-Man will be with you in your Chapter if your aim is for Him and the real good of the Congregation.

Sometimes I am afraid that we in this country look upon success in a mere material sense. We are too much inclined to depend on what I call the mechanistic side of the Church, that is, on efficiency in equipment of material things. This mechanistic spirit is in too much evidence in the Church in America. This is an age of Big Business, Efficiency, Methods. We speak of a certain man as being a great success because he is a "go-getter." Another's success is brought about by his great business ability. I am afraid that for the purpose of getting results we are too dependent upon money, and what money can do. I am not condemning work, degrees, equipment; but it is well for us to remember that in our particular line of work we can accomplish nothing without spiritual aid. What we need is a greater spirit of prayer. Let us act as if nothing depended on prayer; let us pray as if nothing depended on work. Let us remember, therefore, that wherever we may be we must bring into our work the spirit of prayer. We religious must keep uppermost the spiritual side. Let us never forget that we need God in our work above all else. In our community life we must keep the spiritual side in the foreground.

Some of your men have this degree and that degree, which is splendid. I am not at all opposed to degrees; the

more of them the better. But what is most important for a religious teacher such as you, is: be a good Brother, a good religious. A priest proposed to the aged Archbishop Hughes a young man for the priesthood. He stated to the venerable Archbishop that the young man was from a well-to-do family, was talented, had many friends, was in a position to do much as a priest. The Archbishop simply asked if the young man had common sense. On being answered that he had, the venerable prelate said that he would take him.

What I would ask concerning a Brother who is proposed for this or that is not what are his degrees, what is his material efficiency, but is he a good religious? I do not care for all his degrees if he is not a good religious. If we have not the spirit of God we are not worth the proverbial "hill of beans."

In Florida I knew a Sister whose name was Sister Mary Ann. She could neither read nor even write her own name. She did more for the Catholic Church in Florida than all the Bishops, than all the priests, than all the Sisters. She was a saint. She made no distinction of persons; with the rich, with the poor, with the learned, with the ignorant, she was always the religious—the good Sister Mary Ann. She was idolized by all, simply because she was always a true religious. I was present at her funeral. The eyes of the Protestant, of the Jew, and of the Catholic were moist; because of her genuine religious life she drew souls to her and had thus a tremendous power over souls. If we wish to be a power in God's cause for the real education and training of youth, let us imitate the humble, the obedient, the pious Sister Ann.

Let us have degrees, but get rid of the degrees if they interfere with our being true religious. A virtuous life, your personal sanctification, will enable you to do much more effective work in your Congregation than all manner of mere degrees. Perhaps you will not agree with me, but I

maintain we could have an effective Catholic school without even directly teaching the catechism; for the force which goes out from the chair of the religious teacher is what makes for genuine education and character training—this alone creates the real religious classroom that effects much for God and for country. Would you see how effective your degrees are? Then take off your religious habit, throw away the real marks of the religious, and your effective force will be diminished almost to the vanishing point. I know a Catholic school which, twenty years ago, was taught by religious only. The school then was a great drawing power for clients to the priesthood. Finally they began to have the idea of numbers, of efficiency, of a greater and better material equipment. Lay-teachers were brought in. It is true they, too, were Catholics, and were good Catholics; but they outnumbered the religious teachers at the school, so the effective influence of the *religious* teacher was then greatly diminished, for the presence of lay-teachers tended to laicize the school. With the advent of the lay-teachers in this college, the great power that the school had had for drawing candidates to the priesthood gradually diminished.

The secret of your power in teaching boys is in your habit, in your religious life. You may be brilliant men, you may have all manner of degrees, but when the religious life is not kept up, your real efficiency goes. Neglect your rosary, neglect your meditation, neglect your rules of the religious life—your power is then gone and you will be unhappy; and you may just as well lay off your habit and go out into the world where you will be more unhappy. You cannot be happy in the religious life if you neglect the obligations of the true religious. Give up your material work if the religious side of your life demands it, but do not give up the religious life. Say not that you are too busy with study, with the works of education and therefore have

no time for your meditation and other spiritual exercises. If you give up the spiritual side of your religious life, you will be unhappy, the religious state will be burdensome to you and you will do like some religious I have known. They were so busily engaged that they could not attend the religious exercises; they then lost their spirit for the religious life, became unhappy in the religious life, gave it up, and went out into the world where they were more unhappy.

I have the profoundest sympathy for your life. I was educated by Brothers; I know their life, its hardships, its trials. It is a great life, a noble life; the work you do for the Church is necessary, it is an excellent work. We need religious teachers, but they must first be religious. In order, then, to carry on, you *must* lead your religious life. The religious exercises of the Community are a chain that connect you with God. Therefore, beloved Brothers, let me advise you to-day that you take back with you to the Brothers this little message: Be Brothers, be simple, humble and obedient. There is no need for me to speak of the need and excellence of chastity, or of the rampart of poverty; but of obedience: "A man who speaks of victory is an obedient man." Do not think your Provincial has made a big mistake by taking you from one school where you consider that your presence is a necessity and placing you in one that you consider an unimportant place. He knows what he is doing, and it is your part to obey him. Set aside self and follow obedience. Think not that you are necessary for the Congregation, and that the Congregation would go to ruin without you. If you think thus and if there are many others who think like you, then indeed will the Congregation go to ruin. A pope dies and the first thing they say is: Let us get another pope. Thus no matter how great the pope was who has died, the Church goes on as if he had never lived. It is the same with you and with me—when we are gone we will not be missed, but others will take our

places and the work will go on. The Brother who allows obedience to be questioned, is taking the first step to unhappiness. You as a superior require obedience, you as a teacher require obedience of your pupils; you, then, as a subject to your Provincial should render perfect obedience, and not question his orders. God and the graveyard are everywhere. Be good religious and there is no doubt but that you will be good teachers. God will prosper the work if you are good religious and He will bring others to join your ranks. Young men are not attracted to the religious life by your learning, by your efficiency; but they are drawn by your example as a religious and by God. Your first work is not education, but it is your personal sanctification. The individual is drawn to your Congregation that he might sanctify himself, that he might save his soul; and if one fails in this, his life is truly a failure. Then it is the good religious who draws others; therefore, be a good religious and you will be one who draws others to your life by your good example and not by your high education.

Therefore, dearly beloved Brothers, I am glad to see you here in the old city of Baltimore; go, give your thought to your Congregation and its needs. Be good Brothers; be simple; be obedient.

This Chapter will also pass into history as the last attended by our veteran Brother Philip, he having assisted at all previous Provincial Chapters held during the seventy-five years of the Xaverians in America. At this Chapter, greater strides were made along educational lines in order to keep abreast with the times, and the plan, outlined by Brother Giles, was adopted by which in a series of rotation, Brothers would be pursuing higher studies at the Catholic University. Brother Samuel proposed at this Chapter the inauguration of an institution, similar to that existing

among other religious bodies, to be known as "Xaverian Day," the day selected being the Monday of Holy Week, on which, or prior to which, if more feasible, but culminating with that day, subscriptions be solicited from the students of the various schools for the maintenance of the Novitiate and the Juniorate, subject to the approval of the Reverend Pastors.

Extraordinary General Chapter

Owing to the death of Brother Bernard, Superior General, in May, 1928, an Extraordinary General Chapter was held in Bruges in the following August in order to elect a successor. The American delegates were Brother Provincial Paul, Brothers Isidore, Norbert, Osmund, and Julian. The Chapter convened with His Lordship, Monsignor Gustavus Waffelaert, Bishop of Bruges, presiding as Delegate of His Holiness, Pius XI. After reading the document authorizing his presiding, His Lordship announced the Chapter open for the election. A preliminary meeting had been held after the *Veni Creator* had been chanted in the chapel, at which scrutators had been elected and the oath binding the electors to choose in conscience the one most suitable for the position had been administered. The meeting proper to the election did not last over fifteen minutes, an absolute majority having been attained at the first count in favor of Brother Paul of the American Province. This was the first time in the history of the Brothers, if not in the history of the Church, in which an American had been chosen as a Superior General of an international religious body. His Lordship declared Brother Paul the duly elected Superior General. After a few moments, overcome with emotion, Brother Superior General Paul made his obeisance to the Bishop; the Brothers greeted their new Superior General; the bell of the chapel peeled in jubilee, and all hearts—Belgian, English, and American—were glad, while the note

of rejoicing was no less marked when the American delegates returned to England where the Superior General was warmly acclaimed.

During the short period for which Brother Paul was Provincial in America, he kept up the good work of his predecessor, Brother Isidore, along educational lines. Summer courses became more prominent, the Brothers taking up residence at Fordham, Boston College, and Notre Dame during the periods. The Brothers continued in regular sessions, not only at the Catholic University, but likewise at Holy Cross and Detroit University, the proximity of the Xaverian Houses in both places being a decided advantage. During the last year of his Provincialship, a house for Brothers resident at the Catholic University was acquired on Newton Street near the University grounds. Hitherto, through the courtesy of the Paulists, the Brothers at the University boarded at the Apostolic Mission House, but in 1927, the Mission House was obliged to discontinue such accommodation as it was taxed beyond its capacity with students pursuing the courses for which it was founded. During the sessions of 1927 and 1928, the Brothers leased the house of Doctor Purcell of the University Faculty, who was absent for the year in Europe for special research, and this solved the problem of housing for one year. Imperative was it to effect a long-treasured dream, that of having a regular House of Studies at the University. Upon his return from Europe, Brother Superior General Paul found everything in readiness and fittingly closed his Provincialship with the founding of the house at Washington, where, in future, science, art, and religion will receive its impetus to be spread by the Xaverian Brothers in the work of training youth to godliness and citizenship.

CHAPTER XXV

BROTHER PHILIP

> Be what God and Nature intended you to be, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.
>
> BISHOP SPALDING

THE reader is already acquainted with the name of Brother Philip, the first American-born Xaverian. Brother Philip was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, which was then a municipality of its own, but is now a part of Boston. Of his early life we know next to nothing, except that he must have come to Louisville before he was six years of age, since that age finds him a pupil of the Brothers on Eighth Street. Strange as it may seem, John Griffin—his name betokening Irish origin—at the age of six, if not before, was an inmate of the German orphanage first attached to the Immaculate Conception, and later near Saint Boniface Church on Green Street. In this way, he attended the Brothers' school where the orphans formed part of the classes. This also accounts for his fluency in German which he spoke with a more correct accent than many natives. A German, meeting him for the first time, would inquire whether he was from Berlin or Vienna, and he would proudly reply: "Neither, my father and my mother were born in Ireland." His parents landed from Ireland shortly before his birth, so short a time before, that he frequently used to say that he came very near having no country to claim as he was all but born at sea. What circum-

stances led his parents to come to Louisville, we do not know, the Xaverian Archives have only the following concerning Brother Philip:

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.
June 16, 1868

To MR. JOHN GRIFFIN,

The following is the certificate of your baptism as copied from the records kept in Saint Mary's Church in the City of Charlestown, Massachusetts:

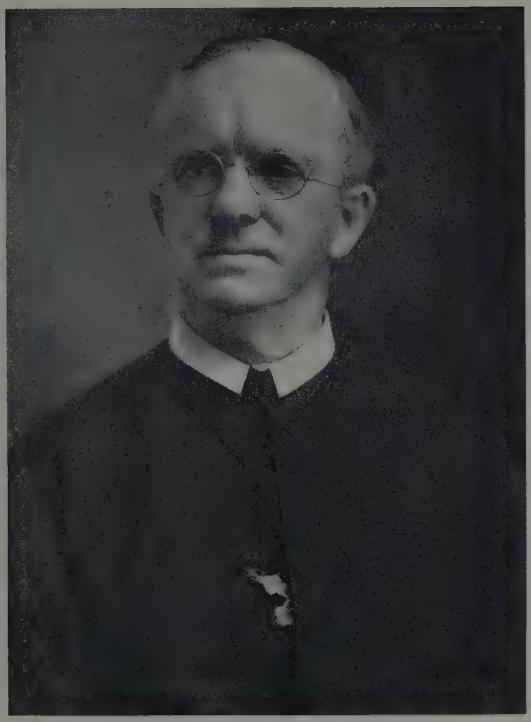
March 7, 1850, I baptized John, born yesterday, of John Griffin and Catherine, his wife.

(signed) MICHAEL MCGRATH

I am glad to learn that another of our Charlestown youths has chosen the better part. Many have already done so and I heartily thank God for the grace he confers on our city. May He bless and make you worthy of the high and holy state to which you are called.

Yours truly,
(Rev.) GEO. A. HAMILTON

But it is with Brother Philip, the Xaverian, that we are dealing. It is as such we knew and loved him. This period of his life covers sixty-six years, double that of the average span of man's life on earth. When we consider that these years were all for God and souls, the measuring of them becomes a problem all too vast for finite minds, but we can learn from the life by comparison what Bruce learned from the spider as he sat hounded and discouraged in the cave. What others have done—Brother Philip, to be specific—we can do. Though not having the temerity to do more, considering the opportunities that abound, it would be a shame to do less. Anyone can live in a house; but not all have the bravery to start to build on nothing. If Brother Philip does not share largely in the building of the Xaverian



BROTHER PHILIP, FIRST AMERICAN-BORN XAVERIAN

Brothers in America, in what does he claim recognition and renown?

Those who knew Brother Philip only in his later days can form no estimate of his admirable traits; while those who have had the good fortune of knowing him in middle life can testify to his seething mass of energy and the good it effected. What must he have been as a boy? In his day, boys did not play much; and he never did. To old-fashioned parents of the day when Teacher-Parent Meetings were unknown, expression formed no excuse for youthful pranks, if pranks be the word. Parents then may not have understood the psychic element in boy nature demanding an outlet for pent up energy, play being the means; but they did see that their boys had plenty of opportunity for work. Both work and play amount to the same thing as far as the expenditure of energy is concerned; any difference that there may be lies in the mental attitude, play being regarded as pleasurable and labor as irksome, but both expend energy. Brother Philip's way of exhausting boyish energy, and he had plenty of it, was in helping the Brothers in their little garden after school hours. In this way, the Brothers became intimately acquainted with him, and he with the Brothers. One day, Brother Paul casually said: "When are you coming to join us, Johnny?"

"Now, if you take me," he answered.

We can imagine the quick response; a thing, characteristic of him, which he retained as long as he lived. He was then only twelve years of age. "Too young" the worldly-wise will say. The Church of God has among the martyrs youths who are younger; and if one is not too young to die for God, surely one is not too young to live for God. Events have proven that the Brothers did not make a mistake in accepting Brother Philip at that age; Brother Philip, still less. He might have lived his life in any other of the many honorable careers open to men, successfully too, as the world

gauges success; but it would have missed the eternal touch, the Divine touch. What does it matter now had the world smiled upon him who has the smile of God forever? "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends" and happy he who, like Brother Philip, allows his ends to be shaped by that Divinity, and thus feel the force of Ruskin's words: "The proper reward of the good workman is to be 'chosen.' "

Brother Paul accepted Brother Philip for the twenty-first of November, Feast of the Presentation. A few days after the verbal acceptance, he was told that he could not be received until December third as there was no bed for him. What did this imply? It might have meant that some one was expected to leave, such not being by way of exception; or it might have meant that the Community could not afford to buy a bed that week. Whether Brother Paul knew of credit, or if knowing, had a horror of it, we do not know. The first proposition does not lend itself as a reason, for no defection occurred at that time; so we are inclined to believe that the poverty of the Community was the sole reason why Johnny's entrance was delayed for twelve days, and he had to wait until the monthly salaries were due.

That the Community was poor we learned from a consideration of the early days, and we must bear in mind that the real establishment was but two years old when John Griffin applied, so they could not have advanced beyond the hand-to-mouth existence. That their poverty amounted to penury may be gleaned from the following: Brother Philip was a stickler for principle in minor as well as in major things. Though the crucifix was always worn by the Brothers, he would never wear one until it was officially declared a part of the habit on the principle that he did not receive one with the habit, adding that the Community could not afford to buy one at the time. Poverty indeed!

And with this poverty, too apparent to be hidden, a boy of twelve cast his lot! Surely, there are epitaphs never to

be written this side of eternity, and our Brother Philip's is one of these. It is as he would wish. Never did a man loath ostentation more than he, and one would be safe in writing tributes of him only with the knowledge that he is now in eternity. We feel that he now shares the sentiments of the Saint of Lisieux: "You must make me known." He would be known now. Though he never loved Brother Philip, he did love his Congregation, and what might help his younger Brothers in their upward struggle, would be to him an added joy with the Blessed. Dear Brother Philip!

As he was but twelve when he entered, the reception of the habit was deferred until after he reached fifteen. On the feast of Saint Paul, June 29, 1865, patronal feast of his guide, Brother Paul, he was invested, taking the name of Philip in memory of a friend of his boyhood, Philip Englert, later, Father Peter Baptist of the Franciscans. Brother Philip was young, but he was old enough to appreciate the act as he showed some thirty years later when, at the close of the annual retreat in Baltimore, he came to the Novitiate porch to congratulate one of his Richmond boys, Brother Thomas, on his investiture. In his trenchant way he said: "Congratulations, my boy! Make a vow as I did on the day I was invested that you'll never take it off; let it rot with your bones." With such a spirit, need we wonder why poverty, hardships, call them what you will, meant nothing to him in comparison with what he had in the garment that marked him as God's own only?

We have stated that Brother Philip was a live wire, and this but accentuates his perseverance. He never played as other boys played. Perhaps it was the lack of opportunity, for, when he entered there were but sixteen in the Community; twelve were of the European pioneers, and four were Irish. If there had been time to play, there would have been no inclination on the part of the others to whom

life was serious, and naught but serious. For them, playing days had long gone by, if they had ever existed. This accounts for his lack of enthusiasm in sports. Years later when, as he was reading in his room overlooking the campus at the Mount, he would hear yell after yell as the rooters cheered the team, he would stop and ejaculate: "Crazy things!" Yet he could be as noisy as the noisiest, while humor and Brother Philip were synonymous. If we could collect all his sayings, we would have a volume that would outrival any humorist, and it would teem with sense as well.

Two amusing events are left to us: The Brothers then wore the conventional dress of the day on the street, Prince Albert coat and high hat, the hat that marked the old time coachman as well as the gentleman. This outfit was not imposed upon the young, but we may well imagine that Brother Philip did not care to be classed as young, and he could be dignified. One day clad in this garb, he went out with a young companion—Brother Isidore, for that matter—and we know that Brother Isidore neither by age or inclination would assume the airs connected with a Prince Albert and tall hat. They walked to the country, not far in those days, and came to a stream. As the day was warm, the water was tempting, and one proposed to wade in the stream. Undoubtedly, the proposition came from Brother Isidore. Brother Philip forgot his dignity, took off his shoes and stockings, and enjoyed the wading. When the sun admonished them it was time to return—watches then were only in the shop windows as far as the Brothers were concerned—they proceeded to get ready, but found their feet so swollen that they could not put on their shoes. What was to be done? Brother Isidore would not have minded; but for Brother Philip to walk barefooted through the streets, dressed in a Prince Albert coat and tall hat, was unthinkable. They decided to wait until dark, and avoid

the streets by running through alleys. In this way, they finally reached Fourth Street.

The second incident is no less ludicrous. The Ohio River generally overflows its banks in spring, and every seven years the water is remarkably high, reaching as far as Main Street, which is at the top of a steep incline. One day Brother Philip and Brother Isidore went to see the flooded district. Having viewed it from the top of Fourth Street, they decided to go over to Third to see the havoc there. To avoid the main street, they went up an alley, but found their progress stopped by water. They paused, and were about to return when they heard a voice:

"Alle!"

Looking, they saw an elderly man in high boots.

"Alle, what?" asked Brother Philip.

"To get on me back, to be shure."

Brother Philip, nothing abashed, it was an alley, straddled on the man's back, Prince Albert coat and high hat, and was ferried across. The man returned for Brother Isidore, and thinking he had done a good work that merited compensation from a man with a high hat, he asked for something "to warm him up." Needless to state, neither Brother had the price, not even a part thereof.

These events occurred when Brother Philip was about twenty. Though he had to wait until he was fifteen before he received the habit, he was not idle in the meantime. Postulants, too young for the habit, received a cassock which was bestowed with ceremony on special feasts to make the day memorable. The boys were used as pupil-teachers. Many of the Brothers, before coming to America, had been in England where the Lancasterian system was in vogue, and they had brought it to America. Under the supervision of an older and experienced teacher, the pupil-teacher taught sub-classes. This system, good in its day, eminently useful where classes were large—and when were

they small?—was discarded as soon as the Brothers became acquainted with the American system. Nevertheless, it produced good results, even if, to our way of thinking, it was distracting to have classes simultaneously conducted in the same room, and if Brother Philip had a voice in the sixties, he surely had one in his teens.

As pupil-teacher, Johnny Griffin began his career at Saint Martin's when it opened in 1863. The chronicler states that Saint Martin's was opened by one Brother. The pupil-teacher was never counted as he received no salary from the Parish, and Brother Bernardine was the one Brother. While at Saint Martin's, Brother Philip received the habit, and when he returned to class, the boys could not understand why Johnny Griffin was to be called Brother Philip. As has been stated, Brother Philip received the habit on June 29, 1865. That year it fell on a Thursday, so he went, presumably, to class the same day and taught as Brother Philip for two days before school closed for the summer. In 1867, Brother Philip was assigned to teach at Eighth Street. From 1868 until 1872 he taught at Saint Boniface. In 1872 he was assigned to the Institute on Fourth Street, and remained there for six years. At the Institute, with fewer boys to handle, and with mature age on his shoulders, he began the real rôle of the teacher, that of inspiring.

If Brother Philip had a hobby, it was thoroughness. No detail escaped his critical eye; no error in grammar, punctuation or spelling was ever allowed to pass. He had such a ludicrous way of pointing out errors that pupils were impressed, and careful not to come under his scorn or pretended righteous indignation. His boys loved him, for harsh he could not be. His name remained ever in their hearts, and in the race of life they did not forget his exhortation to live aright, his own life being the exemplar. One of them—Mr. Jeff Bannon, a name that stands high with Catholics and non-Catholics—wrote from Louisville: "I have

many a blessing for which to thank God, and to have had Brother Philip as my teacher in youth is not among the least." Mr. Bannon is not alone in his estimate. Many a parent echoed, in a Christian way, the sentiments of Philip of Macedon, who, when news was brought to him in battle that his wife had given birth to a son, replied: "I thank the gods, not for having given me a son, but for having given him to me in the days of Aristotle," and thus the renowned Aristotle became the teacher of the future Alexander the Great, and unknown Brother Philip became the teacher of many who brought eternal renown to themselves.

In 1878, Brother Philip was sent to Baltimore to open Saint James Home. To one of Brother Philip's temperament the life at the Home could not have been congenial. He was but twenty-eight years of age at the time, full of energy, eager to do, and a born teacher. At the Home, actual teaching would be only for about two hours in the evening, and the day would be spent in visiting the concerns where the boys were employed or in looking for employment for boys who were idle. This would never satisfy a young man fitted by nature for action. Brother Philip must have felt the loss of his class work keenly, so it is not a matter of surprise that after two years, he was allowed to follow the bent of his heart, and follow it until age refused to allow the old-time energy to assert itself.

When the West Troy Mission was opened in 1880, Brother Philip was selected to head the band that went there. After one year this Mission closed, but the failure was not due to lack of zeal on the part of the Brothers. If the men of Richmond knew of it, they would consider the failure a blessing as it brought Brother Philip into their young lives the following year. When the Richmond Foundation was accepted in 1881 Brother Philip was sent there as Superior, and remained in that capacity for nineteen years, consecutiveness being broken by one year, 1890, spent in Lowell,

Massachusetts. In Lowell, he apparently did not get along so well, and as a Superior he would not get along anywhere unless his unique personality was understood by the authorities concerned. He had a way of asserting himself which would lead one to think that he was too independent; but if the man, whose motives were always above question and never for himself, were known, his very independence would be the appealing quality, for it meant naught but dependability. Because he happened to come from the South, Father Michael O'Brien of Lowell always referred to him as the "little Rebel." There is no doubt that he rebelled, and rebelled for the good of the cause. From Lowell, Brother Philip returned to Richmond in 1891, and remained there until 1901.

It is at the Richmond school that Brother Philip made the deepest impression. Impressive he would be anywhere; but he remained there the longest. Here is what a few of his pupils wrote either to him, or of him, on the occasion of his jubilee. To reprint all would be but repetition:

> The prayers said thirty-three years ago asking that you have rheumatism so we could get a holiday were not often heard. May the prayers we now offer for your future good health be heard and a generous response shown.—Louis B. Ratke.

> I was in his class for two years. I consider that one of the fortunate events of my life. His Friday "sermons" and his "pills" had a salutary effect. God bless him and spare him many years.—James M. Finnegan.

> A past master in the art of handling boys with the occasional aid of "Old Black Peter." From his throne on Shockroe Hill, he ruled the product of Richmond's Seven Hills and his subjects are a credit to him. Long life to him!—P. J. Ryan.

I have a warm spot in my heart for Old Saint Peter's and Brothers Philip, Michael, Raymond, and other Xaverians. God bless them all, especially Brother Philip.—THOS. A. DAFFRON.

The many shafts of wit, and I might use the term sarcasm, on some trifling incident that would occur in class seemingly unnoticed by him, then when everything was going on in an orderly manner, to hear him in his original way bring in the incident to illustrate a point was wonderful.—H. E. TRESNON.

God's blessing on you to-day on the occasion of your diamond jubilee. Sixty years of loyal, faithful service in the Lord's vineyard, teaching and instructing youth —what a record you have to be proud of! May you be spared many more years.—CHAS. MAHONEY.

Never Give Up! NEVER GIVE UP! NEVER GIVE UP! This was the favorite slogan of good Brother Philip. Each time the phrase was uttered with a crescendo effect until the third rolled forth in stentorian tones that shook the school room.

What an excellent slogan for the young man starting in life to apply to both secular and religious affairs, for it is equally valuable to either. As regards worldly affairs, no one will question for a moment its value; and when it comes to "The Great Beyond," we know that

> Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
> But we build the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
> And we mount to its summit round by round.

Hence, to gain the heavenly kingdom, we must have that indomitable spirit so splendidly illustrated in the slogan of Brother Philip.—JAMES C. O'KEEFE.

If ever there was an enemy to fads, Brother Philip was that enemy. He frowned on anything not directly connected with school work. "Teach School! Teach school! Teach school!" each repetition with the rising inflection referred to by Mr. O'Keefe, and reminding one of the *Ave Sanctum Oleum* heard on Holy Thursday; and teach school he did, as his pupils knew. However, he was not averse to outside activities if such were for the benefit of the boys, and tended to the real end of Catholic education. In Richmond, Brother Philip organized a Sacred Heart Sodality, boys remaining as members for years after they left school. In time, it grew so large that it necessitated a division into Senior and Junior Sodalities. If not in theory, at least in practice, this sodality still functions at Saint Peter's and other parishes of Richmond where men approach regularly the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. If the Brothers are not at Saint Peter's to-day, their work is transmitted through the city from father to son. A unique custom was inaugurated by Brother Philip in Richmond, that of commemorating the anniversary of First Holy Communion by receiving Holy Communion in a body as thanksgiving. Low Sunday was First Communion Day at Saint Peter's, and in time, it became the custom for the whole parish to approach the altar on that day. Is it not true that influence, whether for good or evil, once set in motion, never stops?

Brother Philip was no mean singer. Tenor was his voice, and true to the note. He was a real artist in this respect. Nothing disturbed him more than false notes. If the singing went well, he was pleased; if it did not, the one in charge heard about it in no uncertain language at the next meeting. It mattered not whether Brother Philip was in authority or not, he always was Superior for that matter. In music, he was strictly liturgical. He detested operatic singing in Church, and nothing was more amusing than to get him to imitate the airs and repetitions, and this was

before the day of the *Motu Proprio*. His knowledge and appreciation of liturgical music made old Saint Peter's famous for its *Tenebræ*. Three nights a week during Lent Brother Philip would assemble the young men of the Parish, his own boys, to teach them the singing of the psalms, which were rendered devotionally during Holy Week. If his motto was "Teach school!" he adapted it in its broadest sense, and spared no pains or labor to effect its purpose in every way for the good of the soul. It was not so much to have the *Tenebræ* that he sacrificed his evenings as it was to have a chance to gather his growing boys, speak a word to this one or that, and to hold them to the Church by giving them an opportunity of devoting their time and gifts to the glory of God.

In 1901, Brother Philip, to the surprise of all, was taken from Richmond, and sent to Louisville to be Superior of the large Community there. It was a surprise, for Richmond and Brother Philip were regarded as synonymous—this was before the day of canonical regulation of terms of Superiors in places, and many Superiors were looked upon as permanent rectors. Whether Brother Philip felt the change or not, none could tell. To Louisville he went without a good-bye to Richmond.

As a Superior, Brother Philip was kind, especially to the sick. Though he was a father in the full sense of the term, yet he never let anyone forget that he was the Superior. He was not overbearing, though he was exacting; "bossy" might be the word to apply. The general goodness of his heart, and his strict attention to duty concerning himself, overbalanced his natural manner which could not but result from his long term in authority, while his interest and zeal for the welfare of the cause could never be questioned.

After two years in Louisville, he was sent to Old Point Comfort College, Virginia, to act as Superior. This was his first experience at a boarding school. He remained at

Old Point but one year, and it was a year of constant strain and trial. Old Brother Meinrad, the gardener, used to say of his experience at Old Point, with his quaint German accent: "She may be Old Point all right, but she no Comfort." And Brother Philip found it far from being a comfort. His one year there was one of misery, not from the students, for the Brothers relieved him of them, and students are as the teachers form them, and certainly not from the Brothers; but if one pipe burst, all did. If one portion of the basement—the kitchen being the chief concern—was flooded from rising tides and backwater, then all portions were the same. Pipes would break and when mended, a storm would cripple the windmill, and the water supply of the house would fail. So poor Brother Philip, harried beyond endurance, no longer young, though far from old, sought relief from office. Reluctantly was his petition granted, and he was assigned to the staff of the Mount. With his old-time enthusiasm unabated, after an absence of only three years from active class work, he started once more to teach and put into practice his happy faculty of imparting his own enthusiasm to others. The boys of his class were noted for work. He did not drive, he led. After the morning study period, it was no uncommon sight to see his boys group around the porch waiting for him to come, and greet him with: "O, Brother, I got them all," as they would wave a paper triumphantly before him, and he, smilingly would lead the way into class where work would begin, and pleasure in the work reign.

When the Golden Jubilee of Brother Philip was drawing near, he requested of the Provincial to be allowed to spend it quietly in Louisville where he first entered. The request was granted; but only in part, though Brother Philip was unaware of that. He went to Louisville. To his dismay, it was not to be quiet. The "noise," as he would call it, was let out by degrees, and if he did not become accustomed to

it, at least, his patience in toleration grew. First, on the day itself, December the third, there was Solemn High Mass in the chapel of the Brothers, the officers being one-time pupils. At noon, a banquet was held, his boyhood friend, the Reverend Peter Baptist Englert, O.F.M., being one of the guests. This was quiet enough for Brother Philip; but when the speeches began, he uttered: "Torture." The morning of the next day, he was ushered to the school auditorium, where the student body was gathered for an entertainment in his honor which consisted of speeches dealing with the various phases of his life, illustrated by tableaux, the speakers being sons of his former pupils. That same evening, his old boys tendered him a reception at the Seelbach Hotel. Though he was truly glad to greet his old friends, yet he was ill at ease as speeches once more became the order. He always detested speeches, and would never allow them when he was in charge. For once, however, he had nothing to say. If the truth hurts on bad occasions, to the upright it hurts likewise on good occasions, and Brother Philip was nothing, if not honest.

In Louisville, he was told that he was wanted in Richmond. The poor man groaned, and said it was like going from Pilate to Herod. To Richmond he went, and he was glad that he complied. Not for his own sake was he pleased —he received no personal pleasure from the going—but for the pleasure he gave to others who were genuinely eager to see him. His presence in Richmond proved to be a veritable triumphant ovation; his old boys flocked to see him. Many invitations were pressed upon him to go and see the families he had a hand in raising, but he declined all. Brother Philip never was a social visitor. Even if the inclination were, he could not possibly do justice to all, and to avoid giving offense, he went to none. On his return to the Mount, he went to the Provincial, and with tears in his eyes, said: "Brother I never realized before the beauty of

our profession and the great good we are doing in it. Our former boys have grown to fine manhood; they remained true to the faith, married Catholic girls and their numerous progeny are reared in the Faith. They are on the firing line of all that is good and noble. They are an honor to our Faith, to the good old state, and rank among the foremost of the city of Richmond. I never felt so proud in all my life. God bless them all." And—God rest Brother Philip!

As a golden jubilee gift to his Brothers, Brother Philip carefully compiled from each morning meditation a saying, short and suitable, which he arranged in a little book, calling it *Thought for the Day, or Spiritual Nosegay.* If the reader has not been made acquainted with the character of Brother Philip from what has been hitherto written concerning him, let him reveal himself in the foreword of his little book.

> Brother General Chrysostom, at his last visit to America, asked Brother Provincial Isidore to revive a practice so dear to our Venerable Founder, namely: *Thought for the Day, or Spiritual Nosegay.*
>
> The undersigned, during his leisure hours went into the Spiritual Garden and made the buttonhole bouquets. He acknowledges not one as original, for he has no poetic turn of mind; he simply gathered the flowers and trimmed them to suit the taste of a Xaverian who now celebrates his golden jubilee.
>
> If you meet with any bold or straightforward thought, excuse his independence, for he is the first American who celebrates his fiftieth year in the American Province.
>
> During his fifty years as a religious teacher, and during that time, nearly thirty years Director, he experienced the joys and sorrows of the religious life. For the encouragement of others, he publicly proclaims

that the joys far outnumber the sorrows; and when the "blues" came, he cheered up at the consoling words which break the silence of the Canon of the Mass: *Nobis quoque peccatoribus*—which he trimmed thus: I am a sinner, but nevertheless, O Lord, I am still Thy servant.

Ten years later, his diamond jubilee was fittingly observed at Mount Saint Joseph's, Arshbishop Curley being present. Brothers James and Gilbert spoke on the occasion, eulogizing Brother Philip, making him rather uncomfortable; but such discomfort is necessary for the rising generation, and let us hope it served as Brother Philip's purgatory, for suffer he surely did. Later, he went to Old Point Comfort to see the Novitiate. Further celebration was never for a moment in his mind, but his own Brother Thomas was then in charge of Old Point Comfort College, and he could not let the occasion pass unnoticed. On hearing that Brother Philip was coming, Brother Thomas got in touch with the old boys of Richmond and they came down to greet him. While at the Point, Brother Philip accepted an invitation to go to the Novitiate on condition that he would not be asked to speak. The assurance being given, he went, and spoke for twenty minutes. On being charged with having broken the condition himself, he replied: "Brother, I could not help it. When I saw such a large number of fine appearing, promising young men, I just could not keep quiet. I felt inspired and impelled to speak." Feel he did, as his bearing betokened; inspired he was, as his words bore testimony. He spoke from his heart, and his heart was filled with gratitude toward God for His goodness to the Congregation which he loved with every fiber of his soul.

In his last days, Brother Philip had ample time to enjoy to the utmost a hobby of his: that of visiting cemeteries and reading the inscriptions on the stones. Every after-

noon, weather permitting, he would go out for his favorite walk. Soon it became evident that he too would be an occupant of the grave. He had to pay the usual penalty of living long. Troubles, incident to age, crept on him, and for the last three years of his life, he was frequently at Saint Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, where a few weeks at a time would give him apparently a new lease on life. On March 8, 1928, it pleased the good Lord to release him from suffering. Dying in the month of March may or may not have been significant, nevertheless, it is worthy of record that Brother Philip was largely instrumental in resuscitating the evening devotions to Saint Joseph during the month of March. He imbibed a great devotion to the Saint from the early Brothers, who in turn imbibed it from the Founder, and when March came around, Brother Philip always devoted a part of the time for public spiritual reading to reading a work treating of Saint Joseph. Prior to the month, he also exhorted the Brothers to try to cultivate devotion to Saint Joseph among their pupils.

Some may term Brother Philip "a crank," but we must remember that age exacts its penalties. It may well be that failings come to the old to keep them humble. There is nothing so dangerous as adulation, and the old are reverenced, as they should be, for they have "borne the heat and the burden of the day." In giving way to natural weakness, realizing it themselves, they have occasion to humble themselves on reflection. God is wise and careful of his saints. True, Brother Philip was particular, overparticular, if you will. Sometimes he had his say when it was no longer his concern. Who will question his motives? He was of the old school, the school of hardships. Well he knew that prosperity was not due to the present generation, but was purchased, built, by the personal sacrifices, mental and physical, of the pioneers, now with God. He was eager that traditions bought at such a price should be regarded,

as they are, priceless, and should be preserved at all hazards. Was he wrong?

Brother Philip's going leaves a void. Let us fill it. Happy we, yes blessed, if our work, like his, remains in the hearts of men. Priests at the altar, Brothers in the classroom, fathers in the family, are the better men and true to the Church because they are faithful to the memory of—Brother Philip.

CHAPTER XXVI

GOD'S OWN ALWAYS OF THE FOURTH PROVINCIALATE

Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

SAINT JOHN 15:13

BEFORE Brother Provincial Paul had an opportunity to know his men, death called a staunch supporter of the cause when it called Brother Placidus from the post of duty at Louisville, September 16, 1925. Brother Placidus was then forty-five years of age, and had worn the habit for twenty-eight years. He was born in Carbonier, Newfoundland, May 23, 1880. While he was still of school age, the family moved to East Boston, Massachusetts, and Joseph O'Brien, his name in the world, attended the Fitton School. Finishing the school at the age of fifteen, he entered Saint John's, Danvers, as an aspirant. There, at the age of seventeen he was invested, and when twenty-one years old, he made his profession. His first assignment was at Louisville where he remained for five years and laid a foundation that was to be firm and lasting. 1902 finds him at Saint Patrick's, Richmond, where he labored for one year; the next six years find him at Wheeling; fourteen is the toll at Saint John's Preparatory School, Danvers; and in 1923, he was named the Superior of the Community and Principal of Saint Xavier's, Louisville. The last six of the fourteen years at Saint John's, Brother Placidus acted as the Prefect of Studies. In this capacity, untiring and devoted was the zeal he displayed, taking upon himself the Herculean part

of the labors, sparing others the odium that is often attached to disciplinary matters in a large school. Zeal was ever in his make-up. He did not know what rest was. Whether the school was in session or not, there was no surcease for Brother Placidus. Vacation found him directing and teaching summer extension courses for the younger Brothers. We may say that zeal consumed him. The cause of his death was recorded in the history of Saint Xavier's, and on reading, it was learned that, had he given up in time, a precious life might have been spared for greater labors, but one could never associate the give-up-spirit with Brother Placidus.

He was a man of ripe scholarship, well equipped mentally and physically for the strenuous line of work that had been apportioned to him. Fully alive to educational needs, he was abreast of the times, and brought to bear an influence all his own on the work at Saint John's and Louisville. At the conventions of the Catholic Educational Associations, he frequently gave the assembly the benefit of his thought and experience as couched in the papers he read or discussed. At Provincial Chapters, he eloquently pleaded for the adoption of plans he formulated for the advancement of the cause in which he laid down his life all too soon.

Brother Placidus, the man, the scholar, the administrator, was also Brother Placidus the religious, and herein lay the source of his power for good. Vain would have been his mental gifts without the strong personality of a man of God to direct them. No selfishness ever animated him; he was all for the glory of God. He was exact to the point of scrupulosity. He never swerved from the line of conduct he had mapped out for himself in the beginning, and middle age, death, found in him the fervor and eagerness of the novice. He was a man, and he never forgot it; he was a religious, and he ever remembered it.

When forced to give up, because he could no longer

stand, the doctor was called, and he ordered him to Saint Anthony's Hospital, Louisville. There he died, uttering in his unconscious moments the ejaculations for a happy death that had formed a part of his night prayers for the twenty-eight years of his religious life. The remains were taken to Saint John's, Danvers, where they rest in the spot that had been the cradle of his religious life and the longest scene of his manhood's labors.

Brother Ferdinand, Ferdinand Brinkman, died of the infirmities of age at Mount Saint Joseph's, December 31, 1925. Brother Ferdinand was eighty-one years of age, and had been in the Community for forty years. He was born in Delft, Holland, but joined the Brotherhood at Baltimore from Louisville, his home since the days of childhood. As a youth, he attended Saint Joseph's College of Bardstown in the days when it was under the management of the diocesan clergy. Upon being graduated, he continued his studies at Innsbruck and Rome. For some years, he was a professor at Saint Mary's College, Lebanon, Kentucky. It was not until the age of forty-one that he decided upon his vocation. Though an accomplished scholar in Latin, Greek, German, and French, his learning could not be utilized to advantage for the outer-works of the Community, as despite his willingness to be of service, he could not control a class of boys. He was of invaluable service in the matter of coaching privately; and younger Brothers, engaged in study, found him ever willing to help. In the latter capacity his erudition was an asset, as the Brothers, with a purpose in view, paid attention and profited thereby. During the early part of his religious life, and for a period of fifteen years, he held the post as secretary at Saint Mary's Industrial School. For neatness of execution and exactitude as to details Brother Ferdinand was unsurpassed.

Though eighty-one years of age when he died, it would be hard for one to believe it. Active of body, he was younger

in his ways and looks, and he retained to the end the brilliancy of his faculties. Looking at him, and judging from his manner of acting, one would be hazarding to give him even sixty years. The last sixteen years of his life were spent at Mount Saint Joseph's, where he was Porter. His education had, naturally, produced a culture of mind which included a love for the beautiful which manifested itself in his love of flowers, and the parlors were always, in season, kept bright with blooms, while in the matter of cleanliness, neatness, and order they were things of beauty, reflecting Brother Ferdinand's own mind.

Not many years of service were given to Brother Ephrem, who died, January 26, 1926, while assigned to Saint Mary's Industrial School, at Saint Agnes Hospital, from the result of an operation for intestinal trouble. Brother Ephrem, John Fitzpatrick, was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, January 17, 1905. He joined the Brothers, September 18, 1922; was invested March 19, 1923; and emitted temporary vows, August 15, 1924. After completing the novitiate, he substituted at Elm Grove for a few months, and in August, 1924, was assigned to Saint Mary's. Brother Ephrem was of a nature serious beyond his years, which made him look and act older than he was. He was noted especially for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and kneeling at private visits, he was a source of inspiration to his fellow novices. Likewise, he loved our Blessed Mother, and it was hearing Saint Ephrem frequently quoted as a lover of Mary that led him to ask for Ephrem as a name. The Christmas before he died, his good father, mother, brothers and sisters had the pleasure of a visit from him. He was then in perfect health, and they little thought that in a few weeks the religious they saw would be a religious forever.

On July 23, 1926, another young Spouse went to celebrate the eternal espousals in the person of Brother Theodore James. While assigned to Saint Joseph's, Bardstown, Ken-

tucky, Brother Theodore James died of typhoid at Saint Anthony's Hospital, Louisville. He was born in Lowell, May 6, 1905, and as Anthony Regan—"Tony" always—he attended Saint Patrick's School. On completing the course at Saint Patrick's, he enrolled among the aspirants at Old Point Comfort. After the four-year classical course he was transferred to the Novitiate, receiving the holy habit August 15, 1923, and emitting temporary vows, August 15, 1925. His first mission was at Saint Mary's Industrial School, where his ability as a musician caused him to be assigned as assistant to Brother Simon. Brother Theodore James was a pianist of no little note, and as organist at the Novitiate, the expression of his love for our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist and His Blessed Mother found vent in the harmonies he daily evoked. After a year at Saint Mary's, he was transferred to Bardstown, whence he went on his eternal mission. Leaving the Novitiate after profession, he buoyantly prophesied that he would return the next year to witness the reception of a younger brother. True to his prediction he did see his younger brother invested, but it was from his spirit place above that he saw him receive the same name, Theodore James, through which he had brought glory to God, and happiness to himself for all eternity.

The reader will learn in Chapter XXIX that Brother Raymond went suddenly home to God as his Brothers were in the midst of honoring his fifty golden years as a Brother. What a fitting climax to a glorious career! What they tried to do—give fitting expression to fifty years of service—God finished—or is it, began?

Brother Raymond, Maurice Lynch, was born in Andover, Massachusetts, November 1, 1853. At the age of twenty-three he entered the Community and lived seventeen days over the fifty years. He has, as noted before, the distinction of being the first novice at Mount Saint Joseph's Novitiate. He loved the old place, and was averse to the removal of the

novices from there. His reasons were based on sentiment, and there was naught else to do, as the Mount had outgrown its usefulness for the purpose for which it had been established. During his long career, Richmond, Norfolk, Lawrence, Arlington (New Jersey), California, Deep River (Connecticut), Newton Highlands, Saint Mary's Industrial School, formed the sphere of his zealous, fruitful labors. Lawrence, Arlington, California, and Deep River formed for him pioneer work as Superior. His undaunted, loyal spirit was ever ready for any task assigned, and he never disappointed the hopes placed in him by the Provincials under whom he labored, and by whom he was trusted.

Brother Raymond was of a very excitable, nervous temperament. Seldom at ease when in office, he was the happiest man in the world when allowed to do his duty unmolested by cares of which he felt the responsibility keenly. He did not, would not, shirk; but it was real charity to the man to take him out of office. This was not always possible, and he ever submitted with the good grace that was religiously his.

While at Newton Highlands, Brother Raymond had an operation performed for empyema. After returning home, he did not improve, but daily kept getting thinner, and complained of terrible pains in his chest. Medical care brought no relief and it was thought that he would die as he was withering away. In the last emergency, an X-ray was taken. The presence of a safety-pin and a tube, which evidently had escaped the notice of nurses and doctors when the first operation was finished, was revealed. These being removed, he regained health; grew very stout, and lived for twelve years afterwards in perfect health.

Fifty years in God's service is monumental work indeed. Too sublime for the pen of man to portray, and any attempt to eulogize the life must fall far short of the reality. Suffice it to say that when Brother Raymond went home to

God, October 27, 1926, he went laden with merits, leaving behind him a memory of deeds worthy of emulation. He is a type of the "Old Guard" fast disappearing, and those of his Brethren, still younger, must so live as to face him on the last day, able to say that the work he loved more than life itself has been safe in their hands.

In the designs of God some lives are taken from earth when the stock is teeming with ripened fruits as is the case of Brother Raymond; other lives are transplanted ere the bud opens, as instanced in the young lives noted here and there through these pages; again, others are taken when the blooms are fairest, and in the last class belongs Brother Patrick, Patrick Mohan, who died November 7, 1927, being then fifty-eight years of age and twenty-six years in religion.

Brother Patrick was born in the land of saints and scholars, County Fermanagh, Ireland, April 22, 1869. He entered the Community in Baltimore from Lynn, Massachusetts, when he was thirty-two years of age. His first mission was at Saint Mary's Industrial School, where his geniality and kindness gained for him the good will of the boys to whom he was ever helpful. Later, he taught at Lawrence. After five years in class, his nerves became affected, and he was transferred to Saint James Home. At Saint James Home, he remained for eighteen years during the last eight of which he guided its destinies, and proved a real father to the homeless boys. While at the Home, his personality gained for the institution many friends; and in his own quiet way, he improved the Home vastly in the interior. The chapel, especially, received his attention. Its marble altars, stained-glass windows, are unrivaled but they do not show to advantage, owing to the lack of proportion in the chapel.

A busy life Brother Patrick led at Saint James Home. His time was occupied in caring for his boys, soliciting aid

to make the Home homelike; looking out for the interests of the unemployed; scrupulously seeing that the boys laid by their earnings that they might have a start when the by-laws of the Home no longer permitted him to care for them, as the Home shelters only boys under twenty-one. To-day, many a man may look back, and thank God that Brother Patrick came into his life when all else had left it; that due to him, he is now on the road to prosperity; and has, over and above, the saving grace of religious and moral principles to guide him. In this respect, Brother Patrick leaves a memory that no philanthropist can claim, for Brother Patrick gave to the homeless boy more than money, he gave his heart.

In 1925, Brother Patrick was removed from the Home and placed at Saint John's, Danvers, as procurator. In this important position, he did not belie the hopes reposed in him, for his was just the sturdy, dependable character for such an important post. In connection with his duty, pneumonia attacked him, and he was removed to the Salem Hospital. Everything was done to restore him to health. He was on the road to recovery, ready to return to Saint John's, when a relapse set in. Being very short and stout, the inevitable, in such cases, happened, and Brother Patrick's labors were over.

Even at the hospital, he did good. That might have been expected, for he was Brother Patrick. One Saturday, his nurse brought him some chicken, and he refused it. She was pained, and he noticed it. It was not in him to pain anyone needlessly; so to reassure her that he was not unmindful of her solicitude; that it was not stubbornness on his part, he revealed to her a secret of which his Brethren were ignorant. He told her that in honor of the Blessed Mother of God, he never ate meat on Saturday. True, he was now sick, and dispensed from all promises he might have made in health, but he would be Brother

Patrick to the end. This made an impression upon the nurse. She was a non-Catholic; had never heard of the Mother of God; but it made her inquire, with the result that she received the gift of faith, attributing it to the impression made upon her by a dying man refusing, from a religious motive, that which would have done his body a world of good.

The Congregation lost a good man in Brother Patrick. It lost a useful man, and it could ill afford to do so, but God knows best. May Brother Patrick, from his throne above, pray the Lord to supply his Congregation with many others imbued with his childlike spirit of devotion.

On December 12, 1926, it pleased the good Lord to take from earth good, faithful, zealous, Brother Lawrence after a week of coma due to a stroke of paralysis. Brother Lawrence was seventy-four years of age, and had been forty-five years in the Community. He was born in New Market, Ireland, August 12, 1852, and was the natural brother of Brother Provincial Dominic. Richard O'Connell was his name. As a young man he emigrated from Ireland to Australia. From a worldly point of view, he prospered and arrived at that state when he could return to Ireland to settle in the homeland without fear of future wants. As he was about to carry out this plan, he learned that his older brother, Brother Dominic, who was in America, had given up his position as a school teacher in the secular ranks, and had become a religious. This sacrifice of earthly prospects made an impression upon Richard O'Connell, who was then twenty-nine. Like Saint Francis Xavier, he pondered on "what will it profit" with the result that he came to America, ostensibly to visit his brother. The seeing what his brother had done made an impression deeper in his mind than the hearing with the result that he entered the ranks under his brother as Master of Novices.

Tradition has it that Brother Dominic did not spare his

younger brother. Brother Lawrence, too, was not of ordinary mettle, and went through the trying days when Mount Saint Joseph's was still in its infancy. 1881 and 1882 find Brother Lawrence in Louisville at Saint Louis Bertrand's School, and for the next fifteen years he had charge of Saint John's School, Louisville. To Father Bax, there was but one man in the world and that man was Brother Lawrence. While in charge of Saint John's, Brother Lawrence was also the assistant Superior of the Community. When Brother Stanislaus was incapacitated by reason of age, he was named Superior. In 1900, Brother Dominic changed him from Louisville, and placed him in charge of the East Boston House. From there he went to Elm Grove to assume charge when the institution was but five months old.

As Superior Brother Lawrence was exacting in all that concerned religious observance. If at times in his zeal he offended, he humbly made amends. He was the soul of generosity, resembling, in this respect, his whole-hearted brother, Brother Dominic. He was particularly kind to the ailing, and no remedy was too costly for a sick member of his Community. In fact, all who ever lived under him acknowledged that he was most fatherly in his dealings. Of a quick nervous temperament, office bore heavily upon him, and he was released in 1910. Idle he could not be, and as his nerves would not admit of his teaching, he offered himself as a carpenter at any place needing his services. In this capacity, he labored at Saint Mary's Industrial School until 1921, when hearing there was a shortage of teachers, he offered himself for service, and was assigned to Somerville. But good will was all that remained of old Brother Lawrence. After two years, a slight shock obliged him to give up teaching, and Saint Mary's finds him once more, this time at the desk. There he labored to the end as the registrar. In early December, 1926, he received a second

shock resulting in complete coma from which he never emerged. Like good Brother Raymond, his going left one less of the pillars supporting old-time traditions, but active Brother Lawrence will still labor for the cause he loved, and labor the more, as its wants will be clearly seen by him in the light of Beatific Vision.

Brother Wilfrid, Thomas Mazza, died February 7, 1927 at Newton Highlands, Massachusetts. Brother Wilfrid was twenty-six years of age, and had been nine years in religion. He was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, December 25, 1900. At the age of seventeen, he applied for admission, and was admitted in 1918, receiving the holy habit, March 19, 1919; emitting temporary vows, August 15, 1920, and sealing the compact with finals three years later. The first assignment of Brother Wilfrid was at Alexandria, where he endeared himself to Pastor and people by his gentle ways and his skill in handling sanctuary boys. While at Alexandria, tuberculosis, the aftermath of influenza in his case, developed, and he was obliged to relinquish class work and repair to Newton Highlands where it was hoped that the invigorating atmosphere might arrest the disease. It did for four years. At Newton Highlands, he was assigned light duties. In this way, he became the chauffeur, and was kept in the open. He never complained; was always willing to oblige; and since he did not look sick, one would not take him to be on the sick list. He was active until two days before the end. When death came, he answered the call without a struggle. Gentle in life, he was gentle in death.

A well-spent life terminating in a death that God only witnessed was that of Brother Rudolph who died May 23, 1927. Brother Rudolph was forty-eight years of age, and had been in the Congregation twenty-nine years. Known to the world as John Shea, he was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, July 29, 1878. On finishing high school at home, he enrolled at Mount Saint Joseph's College as a

student. At the close of the first semester, he entered the Novitiate as a postulant, pronouncing his vows July 14, 1900. Brother Rudolph, after his noviceship, was assigned to Saint Mary's Industrial School, and employed as secretary. For some years, he taught at East Boston; later at Portsmouth, Virginia, until 1920, when a cold left a persistent cough that sapped his vitality, and he was obliged to give up teaching. He repaired to Saint John's, Danvers, for rest and recuperation. At Saint John's, he rallied, and was able to assist in the office for six years.

He was a gifted man in many respects, being well read. In fact, he spent most of his spare time reading. He was of a very quiet nature; he spoke rarely and only when addressed. A stranger might put him down as morose; but he was most affable, and needed only to be drawn out; then, one could glance into the index of his well-informed mind. His teaching career was confined to smaller boys. He was too gentle to handle larger boys, but was in his element with those of the innocent age, and he, himself, reflected the class for his beautiful soul was as crystal. In the line of instrumental music, Brother Rudolph excelled, being a one-time student at the New England Conservatory of Music. Retiring by nature, even to the extreme, he never made a display of his gift, but if the honor of God demanded it as organist, he was not backward, and his soul poured itself out in the harmonies he improvised.

To become a religious was the ideal of Brother Rudolph in his youth, and middle age found him just as eager to conserve that ideal. From his early fervor he never swerved, and even the most critical would fail to find a fault in his flawless character. Quiet, unostentatious, he lived a hidden life in a busy world. "Dear, good Brother Rudolph" was the name by which he was spoken of while living, and it has clung to him after death. Thoughtful of others he ever was, and his thought proceeded from a nature that was

mindful of God. That it should follow him to the grave is not surprising. His valuation of the spiritual brought out his thoughtfulness a half an hour before he died. He had passed an uneasy night. The Brother Infirmarian had sat up with him; but when morning dawned, Brother Rudolph knew that it was time for Holy Mass. He entreated the Brother not to miss Mass on his account, as he was feeling better. He urged him to go and pray for him. Brother did so. Was this an arrangement on the part of God that He might have His servant all to Himself at the end? When the Infirmarian returned at the close of Mass to announce to Brother Rudolph that in a few minutes his Sacramental Lord would come to visit his soul, he found that Brother Rudolph had gone to pay the Eternal Visit.

Brother Simeon died suddenly July 17, 1927. He was seventy years of age, and had been twenty-eight years in the Congregation. He was born in Quebec, and known as Ludger Jolivet. Brother Simeon was a man of varied gifts. By profession he had been a physician, having been graduated from the University of Paris with the degree of medicine. At the age of forty-two he turned his thoughts from the acquisition of earthly fame to that of acquiring the more lasting in eternity. At the advice of his confessor, he applied for admission to the Xaverian Brothers. In 1899, he was admitted at Louisville, and made his profession July 13, 1901. During the course of his teaching career, he taught classes at Saint Xavier's, being there twice; Mount Saint Joseph's, Old Point Comfort, and Leonard Hall, leaving in each place an impression among the students of a man of profound knowledge.

For the last six years of his life, he guided the destinies of Saint Joseph's Home, Detroit. On a Sunday evening, he was sitting in his usual place at a window overlooking the boys' yard, when he suddenly felt ill. By rapping on the window, he was able to attract attention and call a Brother

from the yard to his aid. At his request, a priest was summoned, but he died, apparently, before one came. The call, though sudden, was not unexpected to him. Neither did it cause surprise throughout the houses, as it was known that Brother Simeon had heart trouble. The good man was fully prepared, as would be expected, from a life of devotedness to duty which he ever manifested. Apart, he had during his life invoked our Blessed Mother hundreds of times for just this very moment, as it was known that he recited, as a private devotion, the whole fifteen decades of the rosary daily, adding ten extra to the usual community exercise of five.

Brother Simeon was a whole-hearted man; the cause of God and the good of the Congregation ever lay next to his heart. Inheriting a large fortune from a relative, he did not wait until death to leave it by will, but disposed of most of it during life, with permission, for the benefit of the Congregation. Mount Saint Joseph's, Leonard Hall, the Novitiate, and the Juniorate, were the special objects of his solicitude, and no want that the Community could not afford to supply was ever let wait if it came to his notice. But what are money benefactions compared to the wealth he expended in brain and blood in the service of God? If he gave largely of earthly goods, it was because he had something to give, and was already giving more largely of the goods of the soul in the same cause. We are extolling the latter, rather than the former, as cause is more than and prior to effect. All have not Brother Simeon's opportunity to give of the goods of earth; but all have his opportunity to give generously of the goods of the soul, the only thing God and the Congregation expect.

Brother Simeon has gone. His life as well as his sudden death, presents a striking lesson. Had Doctor Jolivet died, as die he would in the course of time, would he have had the glory of a Brother Simeon? Is not Brother Simeon a strik-

ing example of the truism: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his soul?"

Two weeks after the death of Brother Simeon came that of Brother Alfred, August 20, 1927. Brother Alfred, William Drury, was born in Big Clifty, Kentucky, December 31, 1890. He died in his thirty-seventh year, and had been fourteen years a member of the Congregation. On December 3, 1913, he became known as Brother Alfred, and ratified God's choice August 15, 1916. Brother Alfred was preceded in the Congregation by his brother, Brother Martin, who is still living. During his fourteen years of service, Brother Alfred gave proof of being a most useful member, not only by reason of his assiduous labor, but also because of his quiet, unassuming piety, which alone makes the useful member before God. Often obliged to be absent from community exercises because of the nature of his duties, he was never known to fail to make them privately, and this kept alive the spirit of the religious for which he gave up his earthly home and prospects at the age of twenty-three.

His first six years in the Community were spent as cook at Mount Saint Joseph's. In that trying position, he was a model of cheerfulness, generous in sparing neither time nor labor to please the large family he had to serve. After a severe attack of influenza, he returned heroically to his labors in the kitchen, but it was soon evident that life in the open would be conducive to his general health, and he was put in charge of the farm at the Mount. In 1924, the Mount discontinued the farm, and Brother Alfred was assigned to the farm at Leonard Hall. With his usual love of labor, he kept the farm there up to the standard, and gained the respect and confidence of the farmers in the vicinity for his intelligent methods. Brother Alfred was an intellectual man; a genius, as shown by the dexterity with which he was able to work puzzles, and devise others more intricate than those he worked. Had he an early opportunity to

develop his natural talents, he would have been a marvel. But who will say that in his humble sphere he did not do a vast amount of good? He sanctified his own soul, and that is all that counts.

Working zealously, as usual, in the heat of August in southern Maryland, he caught a severe cold which quickly developed into pneumonia. He was brought to Saint Agnes Hospital, Baltimore. As his heart was already weakened from his previous attack of influenza, and both lungs were affected, nothing could be done to save him—God wanted him.

Brother Alfred is another type of the hidden life. Humbly, he labored, caring naught for the applause of the world, undisturbed by its noise or glamour. He is an example to all. Man may sometimes become dissatisfied with the obscurity of his duties, and idly dream of a larger sphere where labors will be recompensed, and honors fall; but is he not then as a child crying for toys which his Father does not wish him to have? The life of Brother Alfred brings out the truism uttered by Father Faber: "The calling does not dignify the man; the man must dignify the calling." Does Brother Alfred now regret that he was not guided by false standards? Does he not praise the Eternal Father that he was preserved from that which first opened hell, the petty spirit of ignoble pride? Position was not his, but love of God was. Which would one choose at the end of life?

With sixty-one years of the religious life to his credit, at the age of eighty-three, Brother Michael died at Mount Saint Joseph's, January 30, 1928. Patrick White, his civilian name, was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1845. He came to America while the Civil War was in progress and enlisted in a regiment of Ohio. He always had a militant bearing, endowed by nature, rather than by service. His was a unique character, and there never will be another Brother Michael. At the close of the war, he happened to

pay a visit to Louisville to see his brother who was a member of the Community at Fourth Street. In the designs of Providence, this proved to be the call for Patrick White. Shortly after, he applied for admission, was admitted May 24, 1867, received the name of Michael on October 17, 1867, and sealed his choice by vows, July 9, 1869.

Small in stature, active in body, quick of tongue, extremely fastidious was Brother Michael. How he persevered was always a source of wonder to those who knew him only later in life, and he never changed. The wonder ceases as you consider that where the will is good, God's grace is abundant. With that coöperative will, difficulties but serve to strengthen; and Brother Michael's will was not only good, but indomitable. Furthermore, his real secret lay in his being a man of prayer; Brother Michael never omitted the fifteen decades of the rosary daily.

Brother Michael was always first. In his old age, he used to recount the fact with no little degree of importance, which could be excused if you knew the good-hearted old man, that he was the first to be sent out from Louisville in parochial work, being assigned to assist saintly Brother Joseph in opening the parochial school of Saint Patrick's, Baltimore in 1872. In Baltimore, he labored for nine years; and if Saint Patrick's boasts of a large circulating library, we may attribute its foundation to the zeal of Brother Michael. In 1878, he opened Saint Joseph's School, Baltimore; and in 1881, he formed one of the pioneers to Richmond. At Richmond, he labored for nineteen years, interrupted by two, one of which was spent in Lawrence, and the other as Superior at Saint Patrick's, Baltimore. Wherever Brother Michael went, he brought credit to the Community by his works. In the matter of training altar boys, he was unexcelled in his day. In teaching dramatics, he brought out the best in the boys, and their interpretations were perfect. In class work, he was what would be called a "live-wire"

and never knew rest. Often he would say that the teacher who was not tired at the end of the day had not done his duty. This energy was not confined to himself, for he imparted the spirit of work to his boys. His classes were always centers of industry and interest, and had to be the "best in the country." No one ever would associate pride with Brother Michael; it was simply the nature of the man to be bubbling over with enthusiasm, and had he not been, he would have done less good.

In 1900, he was removed from Richmond and placed at Saint Xavier's where he taught with his usual energy until in 1915. Then his eyesight, never strong, failed. He was obliged to give up class, and he retired to Mount Saint Joseph's where he lived until the end came.

Brother Michael was the soul of generosity, and he was never happier than when he had some trifle to give to others. He was polite to the point of punctiliousness. Impetuous by nature, retaining the trait to the very end, he might give offense; but none was quicker than he to realize it, and none more ready to make amends by apology. His faults were all on the surface; his heart was right; and he might well say with Saint Francis de Sales: "Lord, if at judgment, I am to receive a hundred strokes, let ninety-nine be for being over-kind."

Long-lived, worthy Brother Philip died March 8, 1928, a little over a month after Brother Michael, his companion-in-arms for nineteen years in Richmond. The worth of Brother Philip, we tried to outline in the short sketch of his life. God grant him, and all the colaborers with him, eternal rest!

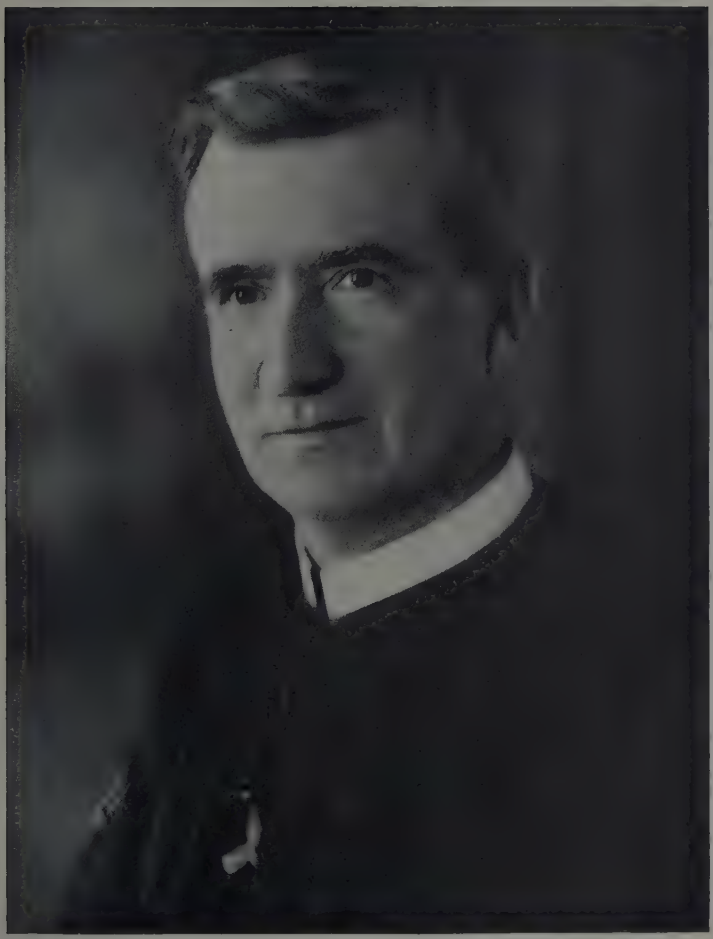
CHAPTER XXVII

PROVINCIALATE OF BROTHER OSMUND

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His Hand
Who saith a whole I planned,
Youth sees but half: see all, trust God, nor be afraid.

BROWNING

THE Fifth Provincialate began August 15, 1928, when the announcement of Brother Osmund as Provincial was formally proclaimed. It has already been learned that the Extraordinary General Chapter held at Bruges, August 1, 1928, elected Brother Paul as the Superior General. This necessarily orphaned the American Province. Brother Superior General left Europe with the other American delegates, and landed at New York, August 10. Before leaving Bruges, he held a meeting of his Councilors, and they left the selection of a Provincial to his judgment. At the Cunard dock in New York there was a delegation of Brothers to welcome the arrivals, and to greet the first American General. As soon as baggage was released from the customs, the party separated; some went to Baltimore; others to Massachusetts. With the latter was Brother Osmund, his home being the House of Aspirants at Peabody. Sunday, August 11, Brother Osmund was called on long-distance from Baltimore by Superior General. Over the phone Brother Osmund learned that he had been selected as Provincial. He began to expostulate, but the connection was suddenly broken by the hanging up of the receiver at the



BROTHER OSMUND, PRESENT PROVINCIAL

Baltimore end of the line, and the Provincial of the American Province, in the person of Brother Osmund, became a fact.

Brother Osmund was born in Portland, Maine; but entered the Community from Somerville, Massachusetts, where his family was living at the time. As he grew older, he became interested in church work; in this way became acquainted with the Brothers shortly after their arrival in Somerville, 1893. Viewing their work at close range and noting the change for the better in the boys, from admiration sprang a desire for affiliation, and he thus became the first of a long line to be enrolled among the Brothers from Saint Joseph's Parish, Somerville. At twenty years of age, he applied for admission through Brother Basil, the pioneer Superior of Somerville. Upon acceptance on the part of the Baltimore authorities, Charles Gallagher repaired to the Novitiate in December, 1893; was invested, March 25, 1894; and vowed his life to God January 1, 1896. His first assignment was at Louisville, where he taught at Saint John's. Later he taught at the Cathedral; again at Saint John's, as Principal from 1898 to 1903, when he was removed to Saint Patrick's, Baltimore, as Superior. In 1908, he became Superior of the Lowell Community until 1918, when he was assigned to the staff at Saint John's, Danvers. In 1919, Brother Osmund was appointed Supervisor of Schools for the New England section of the Province, and in 1920, General Supervisor of the schools of the Province. The selection of a site for a Juniorate was left in his hands, and when Peabody was agreed upon, he was appointed to get things in readiness. Later, he was appointed Superior of the Institution, with the understanding that he was to continue the good work he had inaugurated as General Supervisor. Finding that he could not do justice to both positions, he relinquished the supervisorship, and devoted his whole thought to the good of the Juniorate. With such a

varied experience behind Brother Osmund, the Fifth Provincialate augurs well, the blessing of Almighty God assured.

Naturally, the Fifth Provincialate presents no history, as history belongs to yester-year, and we are of to-day. Though it presents no history, it teems with mighty problems—but when was existence ever other than a problem to a father of a large family with little means? Foundation time has past; the superstructure is in the course of erection; and day by day, year by year, workers must work. The work of religious societies is of the soul; and as the workman in the natural order must have the strength of physique, so the workman in the spiritual order must have strength of soul before he can begin to strengthen the souls of others. The Church of God, from which religious orders derive inspiration, and a place within her ranks to labor, alone has the promise of perpetuity to the end of time. To partake of the endurance of their Mother, the orders must show that virility of spirit which alone will perpetuate them through the ages. With God's help, then, each Xaverian of the present will help to make the future a history worthy of the glorious past. Each, in his own way, is a maker of history, and should strive to make it the fairer by reason of his having been. Though history is a record of events, it must not be lost sight of that men make events, and the latter are glorious, or inglorious, according as the spirit is which vivifies them to life enduring or decays in life passing.

To make a history worthy of the past, to perpetuate the works on a larger scale than the simple, unostentatious founders ever dreamed of beholding, a House of Studies at the Catholic University began to function the first year of the Fifth Provincialate. True, for the past twenty years, Brothers have been in regular attendance at the University, as has been learned from a perusal of the works of the Third Provincialate, under Brother Isidore, the apostle of higher

education; but the year 1928 finds a house, the property of the Xaverians, in proximity to the University. It was purchased, as learned, under the Provincialate of Brother Paul; but opened for its work at the dawn of Brother Osmund's Provincialate, with Brothers Ignatius, Aurelius, Sixtus, and Mark as the initial Community, Brother Ignatius being in charge. This is not the first Community at the University; the year previous Brothers Noel, Pascal, Mauritius, and Ronan, with Brother Noel in charge, constituted the Community living in the rented house spoken of in the Fourth Provincialate, while for twenty years past, the Brothers had boarded at the Apostolic Mission House. The Community at the University is migratory, as necessitated by the fact that usually one year is all that is necessary to obtain the Master's Degree. September, 1929, found a regularly constituted Superior in the person of Brother Giles who has been offered by the Right Reverend Monsignor James H. Ryan, Rector of the University, a Professorship in Latin and Greek at the University. Brother Giles had spent three years at the Catholic University, earning at the end, the doctorate in Philosophy. While there, he attracted the notice of the board for the thoroughness of his work, so the honor is well merited.

Diamond Jubilee of the Arrival of the Xaverian Brothers in America

The Diamond Jubilee of the coming of the Brothers to America was fittingly celebrated on August 1, 1929, at the Mount.

Account from the Baltimore Catholic Review

The Right Rev. John M. McNamara, Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore, pontificated at the Solemn High Mass at Mount Saint Joseph's College yesterday, in celebration of the

seventy-fifth anniversary of the coming of the Xaverian Brothers to the United States.

The Diamond Jubilee services were attended by about one hundred and fifty members of the order in the United States and about thirty priests.

The Very Reverend Brother Paul, C.F.X., Superior General of the Order, with headquarters at Bruges, Belgium, was present as one of the guests of honor. Brother Paul, who was to have sailed for Europe several weeks ago after a visitation of the houses of his Order in the United States, was urged to remain for the Diamond Jubilee.

The Very Reverend Brother Osmund, Provincial of the Society in the United States, was another guest of honor. Every one of the Xaverian institutions in the United States was represented.

Bishop McNamara is an alumnus of the Xaverian Brothers. He studied under them at St. Joseph's School, Baltimore. It was Brother Paul who urged the future Bishop to go to Loyola High School about thirty-five years ago to begin his studies for the priesthood.

The young pupil and his counselor never dreamed that one would pontificate as a bishop at the Diamond Jubilee of the Order in the United States, and that the other would assist at the celebration as the head of the Xaverian Order throughout the world.

Another Xaverian boy, the Reverend Carroll Kerr, secretary to Archbishop Curley, delivered the sermon. Father Kerr is a graduate of Saint Patrick's School, Baltimore. Other Xaverian boys were included among the officers of the Mass.

The Reverend Martin P. J. Egan, Pastor of Saint John's Church, Westminster, was assistant priest. The Reverend Francis Murmann, C.P., and the Reverend Urban Manley, C.P., members of the Passionist Order, whose priests officiate at Saint Mary's Industrial School and Mount Saint

Joseph's, were deacons of honor to the bishop. The Reverend Harry A. Quinn, Rector of the Cathedral, was Deacon and the Reverend Paul Myer of Saint Mary's Church, Govans, Subdeacon. Father Myer is an alumnus of Mount Saint Joseph's.

The Reverend Joseph M. Nelligan of Saint Gabriel's Church, Washington, was Master of Ceremonies.

Representatives of the Redemptorist Congregation, the Society of Jesus, the Society of Saint Sulpice and the Passionist Order were present in the sanctuary, in addition to the secular clergy.

Following the Mass, a banquet was served. The Reverend Brother Dunstan, president of Mount Saint Joseph's College, was toastmaster at the banquet. Those who know Brother Dunstan will tell you that he blends the serious with the humorous in the best of taste. He loves his Order, his Church, the boys over whom he has been placed. He is not afraid to smile—not afraid to joke. They say the members of religious orders are the happiest people in the world. No doubt about it, if Brother Dunstan can be taken for proof.

Bishop McNamara, Brother Paul, Mayor Broening, Brother Osmund, Provincial of the Order in the United States; Brother Isidore, the grand old man of the Order, who has been a member of the Order for sixty-four years, who knew its pioneers, who was the youngest boy ever admitted to the ranks of the Xaverians and who served for many years as Provincial in the United States; Brother Julian, for twelve years Master of Novices; Brother Clement of Bruges—these were some of the speakers.

Bishop McNamara said that there have been few banquets which he has attended that have been graced with the genuine eloquence and deep thought which marked the speeches at this Xaverian feast.

"Yours, dear Brothers," said the Bishop in his talk, "is

the noble work of making men, men worthy of their Church and their country. You have done splendidly in the past and you will continue to do splendidly in the future. There can be no doubt concerning the years ahead of the Xaverian Brothers in this country, if the spirit of Brother Paul and Brother Isidore continues to direct its counsels.

"In selecting Brother Paul for your Superior General you have done something that will go down in history. You have made no mistake. You have given him this responsibility and this honor because he has given himself to God, to the Church, to your Order and to you. You know what his giving of himself has meant to you.

"That gift has been of immeasurable service to your Order and to all of you individually. It is a real tragedy when a man gives himself up to the work of Christian teaching, but gives nothing to those under him. Such a charge can never be laid against Brother Paul.

"Brother Paul was my teacher and I can say that he always shared himself with those under him. He gave himself to us and his gift helped us to do our work. You have been most successful in the past, but with such a leader as Brother Paul to direct you, I am doubly sure that the future of your Order will be even greater than its past."

Mayor Broening in his address conveyed his felicitations to the hundred and more Brothers of the Order present and to the other members of the Xaverian Brotherhood in the United States. The Mayor recalled the pleasure that had been his as State's Attorney of Baltimore in his relations with Brother Paul. "It was always a pleasure to talk with him," said the Mayor. "He was ever willing to coöperate in anything looking to the future welfare of the boys of Baltimore."

The Mayor said he had been impressed by the talk given at the banquet by Brother Osmund, Provincial of the Order in the United States. "When men sacrifice themselves to

work as you men are working in the cause of education, when they are serving their fellow men because they love God and their fellow men they are performing the greatest possible mission.

"Because," declared the Mayor, "the members of your order are doing such great things I have hope that it will continue to expand and bless the world. When Brother Paul goes back to Belgium I hope he will tell the Brothers there how much we in Baltimore and the other parts of the United States appreciate all that the Xaverian Order has done for us."

Brother Isidore was delightfully reminiscential in his talk. "Love," said he, "is founded on knowledge of that which you love. I have been a member of the Xaverian Order for sixty-four of the seventy-five years of its existence in this country. I know the Xaverian Brotherhood. That is why I love it."

Brother Isidore said that he has lived long enough in the world to realize that in spite of much badness there is much of good in the world. We hear much of crime waves, he said, but little of the spirit of sacrifice and devotion. He traced the history of the Order which has already been sketched in *The Review*. He pictured France at the end of the Eighteenth Century in ruins, with masses uneducated. On the lack of education of the masses was placed the blame for the sad, chaotic and ruinous conditions.

The results of the rebellion were still visible when Theodore Ryken was a young man, declared Brother Isidore. Mr. Ryken became imbued with a desire to educate the masses and to develop peace founded on love for God.

I heard Brother Clement, General Secretary of the Xaverian Brothers in Bruges, make a most delightful speech at the banquet. Brother Clement is a polished and cultured speaker. Thus we heard him, who comes from a land that has given so many missionaries to the world and which gave

us the Xaverian Order, praising the United States and its people. He made a most pleasing impression on all of us. May I quote you some sentences from his address?

"When Brother Gabriel and myself started on our voyage to this great country," said Brother Clement, "we certainly were prepared to see many wonderful things, and especially the imposing vision of towering buildings made by giant hands on the banks of the mighty Hudson. Within the short space of twelve days, we have seen these and so many other remarkable things that our baffled memory is incapable of retaining them all. . . . But there is one thing that has pleased us beyond expression, and that is the exquisite reception at the hands of our own Brothers. To whatever Xaverian House we have been we have felt ourselves at home from the very first instant.

"We have been happy to meet such a number of religious men, wearing the same habit as ourselves, saying the same prayers, observing the same rules and customs. We have been conquered by the dignity of the old Brothers, the earnestness of manhood and the enthusiasm of our young men, and we shall carry back to the Belgian mother house the remembrance of their solid piety and their earnest desire of learning."

He paid a glowing tribute to the Brother General, and closed by saying: "May you live for many years to come, and lead the destinies of our beloved Congregation in the ways of religious and temporal welfare."

Brother Osmund held the banqueters' attention as he pictured the arrival of the original band of Xaverian Brothers in the United States. "Seventy-five years ago," he said, "six humble souls landed on the shores of America. There were no crowds to greet them, no bands to hail them, nothing to indicate that their arrival meant anything at all.

"Overland they journeyed to Kentucky, keeping in mind as they journeyed the purpose for which they had come—

to plant in the souls of American boys the virtues and lessons of religion. The members of this pioneer band carried with them no earthly possessions, only sterling hearts, burning with zeal. Hardships they had in abundance, but these hardships they had expected and them they spurned and disdained.

"At this time of Diamond Jubilee we see the fruits of their labors. We behold in Kentucky splendid types of Catholic manhood. We behold in other parts of this land splendid types of Catholic manhood, molded by the successors of the pioneer band. Think of what that group from Belgium did! Think of the inspiration that comes from them to us to-day, urging us to carry on the work that God has called us to do! As I think of them and their work, as I think of you Brothers and your work, I feel proud indeed to be the leader of the American Xaverian Province."

When Brother Paul rose to speak he received a veritable ovation. Belgium may have him as its resident, but Baltimore claims him as her very own and will never relinquish that claim.

In his address Brother Paul spoke feelingly of Brother Isidore. "He is the most beloved Brother in this Province," he said. "He is the one link binding the present and the past. It is an honor and an inspiration for us to have him with us to-day. He knew some of our pioneers. If those pioneers in heaven to-day could communicate to us a message, it would be this: 'Carry on in the name of Our Savior. Carry on for the glory of your Church and country.'

"While we are trying to improve ourselves in mind, we must not lose sight of our real work—as Brother Isidore has reminded us to-day—the art of instilling into the minds of the young the spirit for which we gave up the world. You Brothers, thank God, have that spirit. Keep it and carry on."

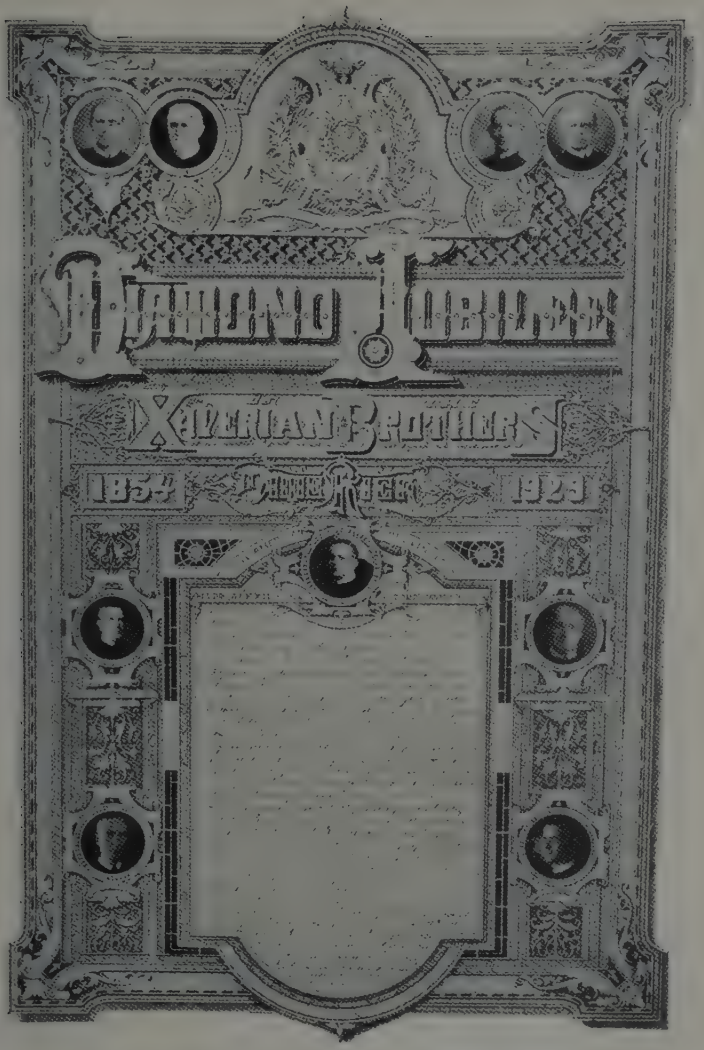
Father Carroll C. Kerr, who was taught by the Xaverians

at Saint Patrick's School, Baltimore, and who preached the sermon at the Diamond Jubilee Mass, said that in casting about for a reason for the success of the Order, he found it "in the close attachment of the members to Saint Joseph."

"From the time of entrance into every Xaverian School, Saint Joseph is always put before the minds of the students for imitation. The virtues of the 'Just Man' Saint Joseph, seem to be the portion of the Xaverian Brothers. They have given up everything to follow Christ."

Many messages of congratulation were read at the Jubilee, among them one from Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, who was one of Brother Paul's boyhood playmates in Lowell. Governor Ritchie sent a very cordial message of felicitation and appreciation.

Of the many constructive problems facing Brother Provincial Osmund, the first to occupy his mind was that of housing the numerous aspirants at Peabody. Plans were drawn, the approval of His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, was obtained, and likewise the required permission of the Superior General; ground was to be broken the first of July, but this record of seventy-five years of achievements cannot record its erection. To finance this construction at present is out of the question, so temporary buildings for chapel, class, and dormitory will have to be erected. Time and patience will solve the problem; and Providence, who permitted the work of seventy-five years ago to start in Louisville, will see that its culmination in Massachusetts does not suffer for want of means. The founders in America trusted with simple faith; and, if they left naught else to their children but that trust, they would have left a heritage indeed.



JUBILEE PEN-WORK OF BROTHER CONSTANTINE

CHAPTER XXVIII

GOD'S OWN ALWAYS OF THE FIFTH PROVINCIALATE

Father I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given Me may be with Me.
SAINT JOHN 17:24.

No one is necessary to life; hence, death is never a loss, no matter how valuable the services of one may be. In the Church of God, and in her religious Orders, this truth is strikingly manifest. That God's work does not depend upon man is clearly seen; when a worker drops out, by death or otherwise, the work goes on; though it may be hampered for a time, still it never stops. God was not dependent on man in the beginning of the Church; and surely He is not now, or it would never have reached its present stage. It is to be expected that deaths increase as numbers grow in an organization. If the one year of the Fifth Provincialate that alone can be embodied in the history of the seventy-five years of the Xaverian Brothers in America presents but little matter of record, at least, it is rich in its harvest for heaven. During that year, the Congregation lost, lost in a restricted sense, four good, active members, each peculiarly necessary to the post to which he was assigned; but all ready and willing to lay down the work at the command of the Master Workman.

The first to go was indeed a man successful at his post, and as necessary to the well-being of the Congregation as any of the various posts that men fill—Brother Hyacinth, who died, January 5, 1929, while assigned to the procurator-

ship of Saint John's, Danvers. Brother Hyacinth was forty-six years of age, and had been twenty-nine years in religion. Coincidentally, he succeeded Brother Patrick to this important position, and was his companion in the reception of the holy habit. Ernest Damour, by name, was born in Ulrick, Canada, but joined the Brothers from Salem, Massachusetts, when he was seventeen years of age. A sister, as a Little Sister of the Poor, preceded him to heaven. Brother Hyacinth from the day he entered until the day he died was an indefatigable worker. Saint Mary's Industrial School, Arlington, Lowell, Lawrence, Somerville, as well as Danvers, received the benefit of his zeal and labors. Whether he was sacristan at Saint Mary's, in charge of the servers at various places, a teacher in class, or procurator at Saint John's, he worked with his whole heart and soul, stamping the work with himself. When Brother Patrick died, and the Provincial had to fill his place immediately, he selected Brother Hyacinth as *the* man for the position, and it took no time to realize that the selection was wise.

Brother Hyacinth loved teaching. His position at Saint John's meant leaving the classroom for an indefinite space of time, if not permanently. It meant the relinquishing of his class in the middle of the term; but he loved obedience more than he loved his own inclinations, and if he felt the change, no one knew it, for he started in at Saint John's as though he had been there at that particular work all his life. With his accustomed energy, without previous experience other than a working knowledge of cooking, he began, and systematized it in such a way that the menu became varied and balanced, repetition occurring only once in every three weeks. He was in the position only two years when appendicitis forced him to the Salem Hospital. An operation was performed shortly after Christmas. Before he was able to regain strength, peritonitis set in, and he suc-

cumbed under the second operation. A good, useful life was taken all but suddenly. Full of faith and confidence, Brother Hyacinth wanted naught but God's Will. Though willing to live and to labor, he was just as willing to die and to continue labors even more effectively in eternity.

Less than two weeks after the death of Brother Hyacinth, Brother Jude of Saint Mary's Industrial School died of pneumonia at Saint Agnes Hospital, January 17, 1929. Brother Jude was thirty-two years of age, and had been thirteen years in religion. Very frail of constitution but hardy, he might have been well able to withstand the attack of pneumonia had not valvular heart trouble been his for years. John O'Sullivan (his civilian name) was born in Franklin, Massachusetts, January 24, 1897, and entered the Community in his nineteenth year, after completing the course at Franklin Academy. His first assignment was at Norfolk; later he went to Newport News where he had to give up teaching in 1919 due to his weakened heart. After a few months rest at the Mount, he was able to report at Newton Highlands for duties of a nature that did not embrace teaching. At Newton Highlands, he improved, and remained on active duty there until 1924, when he was on the staff at the Juniorate in Peabody. 1925 finds him teaching at Saint John's, Worcester, and in 1926 he went to Saint Mary's Industrial School, where his knowledge of the mechanism of autos made him of assistance in supervising the auto repair shop at Saint Mary's.

Brother Jude was, in every way, a dependable man; one whom Superiors were eager to possess, and loath to see go. He was a religious man, and met death in a way that would be surprising to one unaccustomed to see religious die. He was young; he did not love life less, but God's decrees more. Conscious to the end, he consoled his sorrowing mother and brother who were with him. In the act of bidding them good-bye as calmly as though he were but leav-

ing for the day, a Brother of Saint Mary's dropped in to visit him. Brother Jude smiled at the Brother and said: "Well, Brother, it's all over now"; closed his eyes, and died. No, Brother Jude, it just began.

Brother Augustine, Andrew Koerber, died February 16, 1929, while assigned to Saint John's, Danvers. He was sixty-two years of age, and had been in the Congregation thirty-five years. Born in Germany, he entered the Community in Bruges in 1894, was invested a year after he entered, and professed in 1898. In June, 1903, he was sent to America, and labored as cook at Mount Saint Joseph's for four years. In 1907 he was assigned as cook to the Community at Saint Xavier's, Louisville. There he remained until 1914, when he was removed to Saint John's, Danvers. While at Saint John's, he took a course in nursing at the Carney Hospital, South Boston, and became the ordinary infirmarian at Saint John's. In Louisville, Brother Augustine acquired the art of chaining beads. Spare time found him engaged in that occupation, the result of which is that he chained many a chaplet whereby our Blessed Mother was, and is, honored, and he generously made use of this blessed labor to supply annually the Novitiate with habit beads.

In 1914, he was permitted to go to Germany to visit his father and sister. A natural brother, Brother Boniface, was then at Bruges, though he is now with the Community in America. Shortly after he landed on German soil, the war broke out. Knowing that he would soon be obliged to retire from the land, he paid a hurried visit to his sister, a Sister of the Divine Redeemer. He was with her exactly five minutes, when word came to the parlor that she must go to the front. Earlier she had volunteered for service, and the detachment of which she was a part was ready to start. Brother Augustine then proceeded to try to get out of Germany and return to the States; but the entry was

more easy than the exit. Being a German citizen, he was detained at every stopping place. He had with him discharge papers from the German army which showed that he had been honorably discharged because of disability, his left arm being slightly paralyzed, so the only discomfiture he experienced was the loss of time, and the uncertainty as to when he would be able to get back to his religious house. Finally, he crossed the border to Holland. After that, he experienced no trouble in returning to the United States.

Brother Augustine was active up to the time of his death which resulted from pneumonia. At the Carney Hospital, South Boston, he received every attention, but his heart was in a bad condition. He left behind the one thing to be treasured—the memory of a faithful religious.

An earnest, indefatigable worker passed away when Brother Etienne, Stephen Lantos, died on April 29, 1929. Brother Etienne died at Leonard Hall, though he was a member of the Saint Mary's Industrial School Community. At the time of his death he was at Leonard Hall for rest from a recent nervous breakdown. Pleurisy, which, owing to kidney trouble, became aggravated, developed while he was there. Though not considered dangerously ill at the time, the Superior, Brother Ambrose, acting on one of those inspirations which reveal the goodness of God, had him anointed. As Brother Ambrose was driving the priest back to the rectory, Brother Etienne calmly breathed his last.

Brother Etienne was born in Biskard, Czechoslovakia; but entered the Community from Hazleton, Pennsylvania, sixteen years ago when he was twenty years of age. His religious life was spent at various times at Elm Grove, Old Point Comfort, and for the last ten years at Saint Mary's Industrial School. At Saint Mary's he had charge of the sweepers, which meant incessant labor in supervising the boys and seeing that the work was done satisfactorily.

Genius he had, and with a working knowledge of English he would have been a success in any line of work. Though opportunities to acquire English were not lacking during his religious life, he failed to master the tongue and was the only one of his nationality to fail in this respect. He showed a keen mind for mechanisms of every sort. He had an adeptness for music, and by dint of practice, was able to manipulate the pipe organ at Saint Mary's, substituting on occasions to perfect satisfaction. Despite his talents, he was satisfied with his humble occupation; and—the important thing—God was satisfied with him.

The remains were taken to Baltimore, and from Saint Mary's Chapel the funeral was held. Brother General Paul, at the Novitiate when the news of his death arrived, appreciative of Brother Etienne, who had labored faithfully under him while he was Superintendent of Saint Mary's, curtailed his visit at the Novitiate to be present at the funeral. Also present were Brother Provincial Osmund, Brother Isidore, who had admitted Brother Etienne to the Community, Brother Ambrose, Superior of Leonard Hall, and Brother Sixtus, a friend at home. Thus, good Brother Etienne received merited recognition from his Superiors. As they followed his mortal remains to Bonnie Brae, we may be sure he had already received the merited recognition from One who can never forget because He is the All-Perfect God.

CHAPTER XXIX

GOLDEN AND DIAMOND JUBILARIANS

Rabonni:
When I am dying
  How glad I shall be
That the lamp of my life
  Has burned out for Thee.
. . . . .
My cherished Rabonni
  How glad I shall be
To die with the hope
  Of a welcome from Thee!

FATHER MCCARTHY, S.J.

THE world honors its celebrities. Should God's heroes be ignored? To celebrate the jubilee of a religious is an absolute necessity. In paying honor to a man for having reached a certain epoch in the religious life, it is not so much the individual to whom the honor is paid, as it is God from whom all graces flow. His grandest of graces, that of perseverance, is signally manifest in the jubilee occurrence.

Events have lessons or history would be vacuous. In recognizing the jubilee of a religious, the object is to point to the lessons his life presents so graphically for those who have yet to reach the eternal goal, all but in the grasp of the jubilarian. Though the means may be personal, the end is general. Whether we are but beginning, plodding, or nearing the goal, we all need to be buoyed by hope of what is to come in seeing what is. A jubilee of a religious

reminds us that the rewards tendered to the heroes of earth are temporary, and very temporary at that, so quickly earth forgets; while those of the heroes of heaven, though not apparent here, are eternal, because God, the Rewarder, is eternal.

Fortunate the Brother jubilarian! More fortunate they who join with him in his hymn of jubilation and praise, receiving from him inspiration to carry on to a noble finish the work entrusted to them! Humility is so stressed (rightly so) as the outstanding virtue in lives given to God, that there is danger, in conceiving a lowly opinion of self, that religious think slightingly of the work simply because they do it. We must distinguish between the work and the man. The work is high and holy of its own intrinsic nature, simply because it is God's. It remains for man to lift himself, by means of God's grace, to the work, to keep it in his hands on the plane where it rests. And when such has been done for a period of years beyond the ordinary span of man's life, one must pause; give it due recognition, and realize for his own good the truism of Bishop Spalding: "If any man devote himself to a noble purpose, he may at the end think he has failed, but such a life can no more fail than God, Himself, can fail."

Silver jubilees, thank God! are not rare with the Xaverian Brothers, and each year adds to the list. When a man has climbed the hill and reached the silver mark, he realizes the amazingly quick passage of time. No matter how buoyant he may feel, and contact with youth has a tendency to keep one young at heart, he cannot close his eyes to the fact that he is on the crest of the hill, and must begin the descent physically, though not spiritually, as the way of the religious should be upward. The silver-jubileed religious cannot but feel that the passage to the golden span, God willing, will be even more rapid, and that all too soon he will have naught but the will to labor.

BROTHER RICHARD

Few religious reach the golden mark; fewer still, the diamond. It pleases the good Lord to give this privilege to a few only. They are His special shining gifts left to the Community, that others, plodding, may see, and in seeing, continue to do.

The first golden jubilarian of the Xaverian Brothers in America was Brother Stanislaus. His jubilee was held in April, 1892, an account of it was inserted in the short sketch of his admirable life. Likewise, it is known that he reached the diamond mark at an age when the passing things of earth made no impression on his enfeebled mind, and the day went by unnoted on earth.

Brother Stephen, the Saint John of the Province, lived the longest of the pioneers. His golden jubilee occurred on December 8, 1898; his diamond ten years later. Both jubilees were restricted to the Community, the usual custom, and were celebrated with Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving in the chapel of Saint Xavier's, Louisville, former pupils officiating at the altar. At noon occurred the usual banquet with the toasts that surely scorched the good old man, who would much rather be at his desk or sewing machine; but it was necessary for the glory of God and the good of his younger Brothers that his virtues and traits of character be emphasized.

The golden jubilee of Brother Alexius, Provincial, occurring in August, 1895, has been noted in the pages dealing with his career—a jubilee, golden indeed with visible fruits.

The fourth to be blessed with golden years was Brother Martin, one of the Europeans. Strictly speaking he was not a pioneer, as he came to America in 1869. His golden jubilee occurred in April, 1897, and was fittingly commemorated at Saint Xavier's, Louisville, where he was living retired at the time. The Right Reverend William George McCloskey, then Bishop of Louisville, and a number of the

clergy, united with the Brothers to render the occasion festive.

December 3, 1912, was indeed a gala day for the whole American Province, when Brother Philip, the first American-born Xaverian, rounded out fifty faithful years of service. Both the golden and diamond jubilees were duly noted in the pages of his valued life.

From then on, all the jubilarians are of the American Foundation. The next in order of time was the loving and lovable Brother Peter, whose golden anniversary occurred in March, 1914, at Saint John's, Danvers, where Brother Peter was at the time. Apart from the usual religious observances, an entertainment was given by the students at which the Governor of Massachusetts, the Honorable David I. Walsh, was present. His Excellency spoke to the students on the occasion, and stated that he was proud to be allowed to pay a tribute to the worthy man, Brother Peter; first, as a private citizen, while as Governor, he felt it his duty bound to thank Brother Peter in the name of the state for the aid he had been to the state, during the course of his fifty years in giving citizens worthy of the name.

The next in line of golden jubilarians was Brother Boniface. His jubilee came in August, 1914. He was permitted to return to Louisville, the cradle of his religious life, to celebrate it among his Brothers and relatives. The celebration was, in a way, a departure from custom. It was first celebrated publicly in the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul, whose Pastor at the time, the Reverend Andrew Thome, was a one-time pupil of Brother Boniface, and it was likewise the parish of many of his relatives. After the Mass, the clergy, Brothers, and relatives of Brother Boniface assembled at the home of his sister, Mrs. Pryor, where an outdoor picnic was held all day; his sisters, brothers, nephews, and nieces leaving nothing undone to make the

occasion festive. The next day, a community celebration was held at Saint Xavier's, the male members of Brother Boniface's family being present. A third celebration awaited the jubilarian at Worcester, Massachusetts, where he was then stationed and had been for the past twenty-one years. The Reverend Pastor of Saint John's, Worcester, Father Donahue, would not allow the auspicious occasion to pass without some recognition from the people of Saint John's. A fitting celebration was held in church, followed by a reception of the alumni to testify their esteem and affection for Brother Boniface.

Following Brother Boniface as a jubilarian comes Brother Isidore, the oldest living member in point of service among the Brothers in America. Brother Isidore's golden jubilee occurred in August, 1916. Being then Provincial, he belonged to no house in particular, but to all, so the affair was commemorated at centers, the days awaiting his convenience. At Mount Saint Joseph's, it was dual: the first was held on the twelfth of August, and consisted of the gathering of hundreds of the alumni of Mount Saint Joseph's to honor their one-time teacher and all-time friend. In commemoration of the day, each guest wore the college colors of purple and cream with a pendant attached, a bronze medal likeness of the jubilarian.

The afternoon was pleasantly spent by the old boys wandering through the grounds, rehearsing old days, Brother Isidore the center of attraction. A large photo of the assembly is to be seen to-day at the Mount. In the evening, a banquet was held in the college dining hall, and honor was given duly to one to whom it was due.

On August 15, the community celebration took place with Mass of Thanksgiving at six o'clock, at which fifteen novices pronounced Vows, and eight Brothers emitted the Vow of Stability. The profession was held over from the closing

of the annual retreat, earlier in the summer, in order to add joy to the heart of the jubilarian. At ten o'clock the same day, the Brothers repaired to Saint Mary's Industrial School where the Brothers there contributed their share. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the late, lamented Bishop Corrigan, the Reverend J. F. Hanselman, S.J., Assistant Priest, the Reverend C. McKinny, C.M., Deacon, and the Reverend Lawrence Kelly, S.J., Subdeacon; the Reverend Thomas Kenny of Saint Peter's, Baltimore, preached on the occasion. Many of the priests of Baltimore and Washington were present, Christian Brothers, Brothers of Mary, representatives of the teaching orders of Sisters also, who testified by their presence the esteem in which the jubilarian was universally held. At the conclusion of the Mass, the guests were entertained by military drills in the yard given by the boys of the school, the ever-ready band of Saint Mary's being called into requisition.

That same evening, the Brothers assembled in the auditorium of the Mount and rendered the following program:

Orchestra
Chorus ..... Brothers
Jubilee Greetings.....Brother Gilbert
Presentation Pen-work Testimonial
Brother Constantine
Solo and Chorus, *Jubilee Ode* (Brother Thaddeus)
Brothers
Orchestra
Novitiate Greetings.....Brother Sylvan
Presentation (Spiritual Bouquet).....Novices
Chorus (*The Heavens and Earth Display*)..Brothers
Orchestra
Response.....Reverend Brother Isidore
Chorus (*Jubilee Hymn*).....Brothers
Orchestra

At Saint Xavier's, Louisville, the celebration was no less elaborate. Solemn Mass was celebrated in the community chapel by the Reverend Louis G. Deppen, the Reverend Charles Raffo, Deacon; the Reverend George Connor, Subdeacon; the Reverend John Hill, Preacher; all one-time pupils of the Brothers, Fathers Connor and Hill, former pupils of the jubilarian. At dinner, the usual jubilee festivities occurred, and the jubilarian was toasted by various Brothers. On the same evening, the alumni of Saint Xavier's tendered him a banquet at the Seelbach Hotel at which Mr. Robert Watson, a member of the last class that was graduated under Brother Isidore, acted as toastmaster. The affection of the old boys for Brother Isidore was clearly manifested on the occasion by the thunderous applause with which he was greeted as he rose to tender his thanks and appreciation to the assembly, reiterating his deep love for the boys of Louisville.

Brother Isidore's festivities at Louisville were not at an end. The Reverend Linus Braun, Pastor of the Franciscan Church of Saint Boniface, Confessor to the Brothers as well, on hearing that Brother Isidore was a child of Saint Boniface Parish, insisted on having a commemoration in the church. Solemn High Mass was duly celebrated there, the Reverend Guardian, Father Braun, the Celebrant; the Reverend Patrick McArron, O.F.M., Deacon, and Frater Ewald, Subdeacon; the Brothers of Saint Xavier's were present.

It was a gracious act on the part of Father Linus, and silenced, once for all, any intimation that a breach continued between the Franciscans and Xaverians owing to the trouble of 1872.

From Louisville, Brother Isidore went to Danvers, Massachusetts, where the Brothers of the New England section were eager to pay him their respects. The celebration was both religious and literary, the following program being carried out:

6:45, High Mass....Celebrant, Reverend J. Cashman
Choir ..... Brothers
9:30
Jubilee Greetings.....Brother Thomas
Piano and Violin, *Adoration*.....Borowski
Brother Giles and Brother Simon
Address, Loyalty.....Brother Samuel
Solo, *My Task*.....Brother Ernest
Address.....Brother Marcellus
Piano and Violin, *Fifth Air Varié*.....Dancia
Brother Giles and Brother Ernest
Address.....Brother Benjamin
Solo, *I Come to Thee*.....Cara Roma
Brother Ernest
Presentation of Resolutions.....Brother Fabian
Address.....Reverend Brother Provincial Isidore

In 1926 occurred the diamond jubilee of Brother Isidore. This event found him relieved of his onerous duties as Provincial, though still active in body, and young at heart. August 15, the day itself, the diamond jubilarian spent at the Novitiate, Old Point Comfort, Virginia, where he fittingly commemorated the jubilee by witnessing the scene, ever dear to his heart, of the investiture of eleven postulants and the profession of fourteen novices. In the evening, the novices tendered him an entertainment consisting of speeches and tableaux dealing with the various phases of his life. Returning to Mount Saint Joseph's, the formal celebration took place, the usual religious emphasis of the occasion being Solemn High Mass. In the evening, the alumni gathered for a banquet in his honor at which Brother Provincial Paul and Brother Gilbert spoke eulogistically of the life and labors of Brother Isidore and the general esteem in which he is held by the Brothers.

Brother Michael observed his golden jubilee on May 24,

1917. As Brother Michael was then living retired at the Mount, the celebration occurred there with all his student priests of the city present for the occasion. It consisted of the usual religious significance, a banquet, and an entertainment given by the students of the Mount. Having spent all his religious life, except one year, in the South, there were many of the northern missions he had never seen, so the Provincial brought the good old man on a tour of visiting which delighted and amazed his zealous heart.

Ten years later brought the diamond jubilee of Brother Michael. Though he was still in the height of mental vigor, and ever ready of tongue, he was suffering, more or less, from troubles incident to age, and his diamond jubilee was quietly celebrated at the Mount.

Brother Richard, the last of the jubilarians of the pre-Provincial entrants, may be said to be a man of jubilees. He is still living in the cradle of his religious birth, Louisville, and has never lived elsewhere. For over twenty-five years, he taught at one school, Eighth Street, and the occasion was duly noted by a grateful people. In August, 1917, his golden jubilee was observed at Saint Xavier's with the usual religious and recreational festivities, and was continued by the alumni of Saint Xavier's. The jubilee festivities were further extended by the old boys of Eighth Street, now scattered over the city, who met at the Tyler Hotel to renew old acquaintances, and to receive a new lease of life by seeing the genial and popular Brother Richard. Being a child of Saint Boniface, the Franciscans tendered him a celebration in the church of his Baptism, followed by a reception.

Ten years later, the diamond jubilee took place with all the éclat of the golden, and even surpassing it. Brother Richard has been noted for developing priestly vocations, and it has always been his ardent desire to have a Mitered-boy. The good Lord granted him this joy in the person of

the Right Reverend Theodore Revermann, who was consecrated Bishop of Superior, Wisconsin, in 1926. The diamond jubilee of Brother Richard was duly commemorated at Saint Boniface Church, Louisville, with his one-time pupils as officials at a Solemn Mass.

The first golden jubilarian of the Provincial period was Brother Raymond. Brother Raymond's jubilee was, no doubt, the most fittingly celebrated of all the jubilees to date. It was begun on earth to be continued eternally in heaven. At the time of its occurrence, October 10, 1926, he was stationed at Saint Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore. There a Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated on the day by his nephew, the Reverend Daniel Desmond of Somerville, Massachusetts, and the Reverend Thomas Stanton of Baltimore preached. At noon, the usual tributes were justly paid to good Brother Raymond at a banquet; and in the evening, the boys of the school rendered a suitable entertainment.

In consideration of the worth of Brother Raymond, invitations came from the North and the South urging that he be permitted to give the Juniorate and the Novitiate an opportunity of voicing their appreciation, and thereby present to the aspirants and the novices a living ideal of a Xaverian of fifty years standing. Consequently, that evening, he left with his Reverend Nephew for Massachusetts, intending to go South later. Apparently in the best of health and spirits, he never reached the Juniorate. On the night of October 27, while visiting his sister at Roslindale, Massachusetts, he became the victim of a sudden heart attack, and God called him to receive the Golden Crown his Brothers had fancifully woven for him, but not completed, on earth.

Following Brother Raymond's jubilee, came that of Brother Angelus. The celebration took place at the Novitiate, Old Point Comfort, in December, 1926, where Brother

BROTHER ANGELUS

Angelus resides. It was confined to the Novitiate, as he was averse to any recognition of the day, and could not be persuaded to continue the festivities elsewhere. The ceremonies began with Solemn High Mass, the Celebrant being the Reverend William Gill, a one-time pupil at Saint Peter's, Richmond, when Brother Angelus was in charge of the school; the Reverend Francis Byrne, D.D., likewise a Xaverian pupil, was Deacon; and the Reverend James McConnell, Subdeacon. The venerable Dean of the Richmond Clergy, Reverend John McVerry, Chaplain at the Novitiate, himself more than a golden jubilarian in the Priesthood, preached. *The Mass of the Angels* and the *Te Deum* were rendered by the novices, Brother Dionysius at the organ.

Present for the occasion were Brother Provincial Paul, Brothers Isidore and Albinus of Baltimore; the Brothers of Richmond, Norfolk, and Portsmouth; the Dominican Sisters from Old Point Comfort; and the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth from Newport News. At the Communion of the Mass, Brother Angelus publicly renewed his Vows with all the solemnity of the first occasion, and with the same tremor of voice, so much so, that the venerable jubilarian could hardly control his feelings. It was with a supreme effort at self-mastery that he was able to finish, and there were few dry eyes in the chapel at the affecting scene.

At noon, a banquet was held in the novices' refectory, at which the usual toasts of felicitation were given. Later, in the afternoon, the Novices rendered the following entertainment:

Overture.....Novitiate Orchestra
Address, First Holy Communion.....Brother Basil
Tableau—God's Acquaintance
Jubilee Hymn.....Novices

Address, Reception of the Holy Habit..Brother Jogues
Tableau—God's Betrothal
Cornet Solo.....Brother Maurice
Address, Holy Profession.....Brother Owen
Tableau—God's Espousal
Hymn, Heavenly Father.....Novices
Address, The Silver Years.....Brother Nestor
Tableau—God's Silver Crown
Music.....Novitiate Orchestra
Address, The Golden Years....Brother Alexius Joseph
Tableau—God's Golden Product
Address.....Reverend Brother Provincial Paul
Response.....The Jubilarian
Holy God, We Praise Thy Name.....Audience

This completes the history of the golden and diamond jubilarians of the Xaverians in the seventy-five year period of America. To those living, we do not wish longer life—we leave that to God. We do not wish them fuller life—we leave that to them. But we do wish them, and all other Xaverians, to whom the jubilarians are an inspiration in the upward climb, to feel the blessedness of life in the words of Bishop Spalding: "As long as we feel within us that vital power flows from us to illumine, strengthen, exalt, or lead Godward even one or two, so long are we certain it is a blessed thing to live."

CHAPTER XXX

THE JUNIORATE

From the age of three, I never refused the good God anything.
SAINT TERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS.

Perhaps some explanation as to the nature of such an institution as a Juniorate is necessary to one not acquainted with terms peculiar to religious orders, though the name "Juniorate" may vary in meaning with different orders. With the Xaverians, it means an institution where boys, eager to be Brothers but too young to assume the obligations of the religious life, live, and finish the high school course preparatory to their entering the novitiate proper, or training school of the religious life. Such an institution is an absolute necessity for teaching Brotherhoods. They must recruit from the young, or the building of an educated body of teachers would be out of the question as few, so few as to be considered negligible, enter the ranks before middle life who are equipped with the necessary knowledge to become teachers.

It may be thought that a boy of fourteen, the usual age at which the grammar school course is completed making him eligible for the Juniorate, is too young to be a Brother. So he is, and the statement passes without contradiction; but he is not too young to think of being one. More than likely, at that age, parents seek to know what their sons would like to be. They watch them to discover their inclinations, and some parents unwisely plan what *they* would like them to be. Pope Pius the Ninth approved of preparatory novitiates for teaching Brotherhoods, while the

Church has always fostered and established preparatory seminaries for the priesthood. The boy is too young to be a Brother, and the Church would not let him be one if the Brothers wished to make him one, which they, for their own good, do not. Boys never become Brothers; but men do. The boy of the Juniorate, at the end of his high school career, is generally eighteen years of age. Freely he then goes to the Novitiate, and two years later pronounces vows for a period of three years. At the end of the temporary vows, he is as free to go as he was to come. If he chooses to remain, he takes vows for life, and is about twenty-three years of age. Surely he is then of an age to decide for himself. The Juniorate is, then, but a school where a promising vocation is nurtured and preserved from the poisonous atmosphere of the world during the adolescent stage. Reason approves it, and justice to the God of vocations demands it.

For some time Brother Provincial Alexius had been looking for a suitable place in Massachusetts for a Juniorate, which would also serve as a place for the Brothers laboring in the state to congregate in the summer for retreat, study, and recreation. He happened to be making a visitation in Lowell, when Brother Vincent, of happy memory, ran across a scrap of paper (in those days newspapers were not put upon the community table for general perusal, so an odd piece found was sure to creat interest, even the advertisements) upon which was an advertisement of a piece of property for sale. Bringing it to Brother Provincial, Brother Vincent casually remarked that it might be of interest. He possibly ran the risk of being reprimanded for idle curiosity, but no reprimand was forthcoming, instead the beautiful Spring estate of Danvers, Massachusetts, became the property of the Xaverian Brothers.

It was named "Saint John's," some assert as a compliment to Archbishop Williams, whose Christian name was

SAINT JOSEPH JUNIORATE, PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS

John; but others maintain that it was called in honor of John the Baptist, the baptismal name of Brother Provincial Alexius. At any rate, the institution was known and incorporated as "Saint John's Normal College," and the feast of the house is observed on December 27. The immediate object of the place was for a Juniorate, or house of aspirants, and as such it was maintained from 1891 until 1907.

In September, 1891, the Xaverian Juniorate came into being at Saint John's, Danvers, under the capable direction of Brother Cajetan. The number of boys at first was small; but after a few years it grew to thirty-three which was as many as the house could comfortably hold. The aspirants of the early Juniorate lived a life different in many respects from the aspirants of to-day. To-day, the aspirants live just as any boy away from home at a boarding school, except for a few devotions destined to keep alive the spiritual object of the institution. They may return to their homes for the summer vacation; whereas, the early aspirants were as far apart from the world as any religious, and never returned home for vacations. Without possible realization of the Vow of Poverty in theory, they realized it in practice, and were subjected to hardships sufficient to daunt the most courageous. Brother Cajetan, a good man, a holy religious, was obliged to practice the strictest economy. His only support was the fund raised from Saint John's Union at a subscription price of twenty-five cents a year. Headquarters would have helped, but he refrained from asking. It was only when Brother Provincial Dominic, on his first visit, inquired into affairs, that the reign of penury came to an end.

Despite this, or rather because of it, in the seventeen years of Saint John's existence as a Juniorate, many good Brothers came from there. To-day, nineteen are living. All have at times held responsible positions in the Congregation, many holding the same to-day, while the names of

Brothers Marcian, Placidus, Aloysius, Claudius, Antoninus, Adrian, Gabriel, Rogatus, Celsus, and Ralph are honored on earth, and glorified, we trust, in heaven.

On August 17, 1892, the formal opening and blessing took place, the Right Reverend John Brady, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, officiating, and Monsignor Teeling of Lynn preaching on the occasion. Forty of the clergy, the Brothers of the outlying missions of Lowell, Lawrence, and East Boston were present. Each school had its representation in the cadets and respective bands. After the blessing of the house an interesting feature of the day was a competitive drill among the schools, the Lawrence contingency coming off with the honors. The planting of a memorial tree also formed part of the program. For years, the tree did not seem to grow. On investigation, it was found that it had not been removed from the basket in which it arrived. This being removed, it followed the course of nature, and to-day towers aloft in front of the administration building.

Brother Cajetan, heart and soul in the labor, guided the Juniorate until 1901, when Brother Bernardine assumed charge and remained until the Preparatory School was opened in 1907. The senior division of aspirants in charge of Brother Alexander continued their studies at the Mount, a few remained at Saint John's in charge of Brother Linus. The Junior division went to Old Point, and were under the care of Brother Bonaventure.

A branch Juniorate had been formed at Louisville in 1901. Owing to the small number, never over four, and dwindling to one, the institution was dropped in 1903. Finally in 1913, the Juniorate took definite shape. Instead of dividing its students among the schools, all were gathered at Old Point Comfort, and placed under the care of Brother Pacomius. At Old Point, the aspirants formed about one-half of the high school student body. Though attending the regular classes in conjunction with the secular stu-

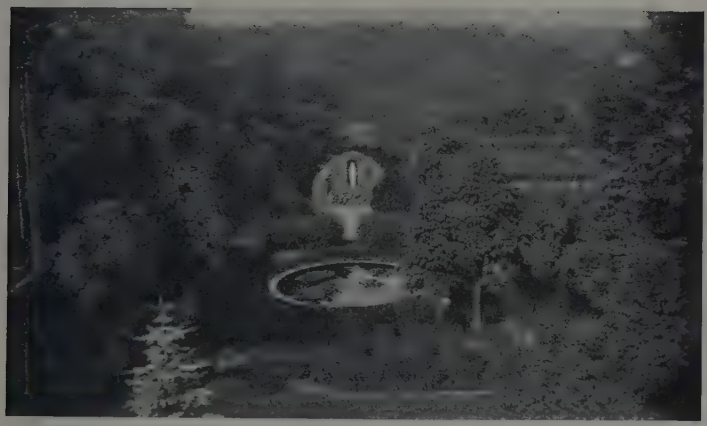
dents, they were apart otherwise, and lived in the cottage. In 1919, Brother Theodore succeeded Brother Pacomius as Master of Aspirants, and remained with them until 1923, when the Juniorate was moved to its present exclusive home at Peabody, Massachusetts.

In the fall of 1922, the number of aspirants reached forty-five. The space allotted to them at Old Point became too small, while the desirability of having the novices and aspirants apart became more apparent as time went on. Brother Isidore, Provincial at the time, commissioned Brothers Osmund and Norbert to seek a place in Massachusetts as a Juniorate. Massachusetts was selected, as most of the aspirants were from there. Brother Osmund, then Supervisor of Schools, in conjunction with Brother Norbert, looked around; visited several places in the neighborhood of Saint John's, and finally came back to the first place sighted, the Rogers estate at Peabody. Brother Provincial Isidore and Brother Benjamin, Treasurer of the Province, went to see the estate with the result that negotiations began, and the deeds of the estate passed to the Corporation of Saint John's Normal College on December 31, 1922. The property consists of two hundred acres, most of which is suitable for farming. A large frame house, barn, outhouses, and a double frame house three hundred yards away from the residence served the purposes of the institution for the first years. The houses were furnished and other improvements made. On August 5, 1923, it was blessed and dedicated by His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, the Right Reverend Augustine Hickey, Superintendent of Schools for the Archdiocese of Boston, preaching on the occasion. Present at the dedication exercises were the Superior General, Brother Bernard, Brother Gerard of Bruges, Brother Provincial Isidore, many of the Brothers of the New England section, and a great concourse of well-wishers among the laity.

By the latter part of August aspirants, new and old, began to assemble, fifty-four in number. Brother Osmund became Superior of the institution and Master of Aspirants, Brothers John, Aloysius, Nathanael, Jason, Paul of the Cross, and Carroll were his co-laborers the first year. The Reverend John H. Nugent became Chaplain, and the first Mass was celebrated in the house on August 16.

From the start, the benefits of the separate Juniorate were evident. The main house served as school and faculty building while the buildings away from the house were used as dormitories. Things were running smoothly, and the Juniorate, as such, would present little further history were it not that the hand of God was pleased to strike it rather heavily on April 4, 1925. In the afternoon of that day a fire broke out in the main building, the cause of which was traced to a painter's torch. The fire confined itself to the roof. This was completely wrecked, and rendered the building uninhabitable for some months. To the efforts of the Brothers and the boys, until the fire department of Peabody arrived, is due the fact that the entire structure was not burned. No time was lost at school for the boys daily went for a few weeks in buses to Saint John's, four miles away, for classes. As the dormitory was not affected, the household remained intact. The barn and gymnasium were fitted up for classes and chapel. By September, the main building was repaired, and the fire gave occasion to add a story, giving greater facilities for the general work of the place. The next year, almost to the very date, the plant was again visited by fire. While the household was at dinner, the barn burned, traceable to spontaneous combustion in the hay loft.

The year of 1928 finds Brother Osmund Provincial of the Brothers in America, and Brother Jason, Superior and Master of Aspirants; Brother Giles, Prefect of Studies. The number of aspirants increased with a sudden jump to



JUNIORATE SHRINES, PEABODY
(*Above*) SAINT JOSEPH; (*Below*) GROTTO OF LOURDES

seventy-eight. This number was out of all proportions to the chapel, dining room, and dormitories. To meet this unprecedented supply required some engineering on the part of the Brothers at Peabody. As many boys as possible were brought to the faculty house. Double-decker beds, Pullman style, proved the only temporary solution for the dormitories, and the overflow of the chapel was cared for by opening doors leading to classroom and dining room.

The most pressing need for the American Province to-day is a building at the Juniorate. From the very start at Peabody a suitable building had been in contemplation. The lack of finances alone withheld the authorities from building; but now it is imperative if the work is to continue on its present scale. It was hoped to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee with a monument in the shape of a building at Peabody. The Very Reverend Superior General, Brother Paul, being in the country, seeing conditions, gave his approval; but it is deemed inadvisable to build for the present other than temporary structures to meet the pressing wants. It is a burden the Brothers cannot assume single-handed. Friends there are, it is true, invaluable friends. The constant aid of the good people of Somerville, Lowell, Lawrence, Peabody, Salem and other nearby cities in the matter of Field Days has been of great assistance in helping to establish a building fund; but they cannot do it all. Yet what other means have the Brothers in order to build and expand? Let the Reverend Thomas Brady, a priest of the West, size up the situation as it really is. In one of his recent articles on religious vocations, he writes:

> Diocesan collections, seminaries, asylums, schools, all regularly stalk before our Catholic people, but the Brotherhoods, especially our teaching Brotherhoods, the very pillars of our parish schools, primary, high and college, are given scant notice, this furnishing a very

> grave weakness in our otherwise glorious ecclesiastical structure. The Brotherhoods seem to be some sort of unknown quantity algebraically expressed in "X".

The Juniorate is surely God's work, His initial work in the glorious cause of Christian education. Its importance to the Congregation in particular, and to Catholic education in general, is not to be overestimated. It annually supplies the Novitiate with a large number of youths of high school standing, mentally equipped to begin, after the novitiate period, their work preparatory to the teaching profession. Without this yearly increase the Novitiate would represent a paucity of numbers, for not many come directly from the world to take up the work of the teacher as a Brother. Writes the same Father Brady:

> What is done for these Brotherhoods, in the light of their sacred calling and the brilliancy of their exploits, seems shamefully small and miserly. The pulpit, the press, the pastoral seldom ring in the ears of young men, and in that fact is seen the explanation of the scarcity of young men who accept the exalted life of a Brother.

A fitting close to the diamond years of the Xaverian Brothers in America would have been the Juniorate building at Peabody, Massachusetts. Stand it will, we trust, in years to come, a tribute to the Brothers of the past, an incentive to those of the ever-present.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE NOVITIATE

> The kingdom of heaven is like to a merchant seeking good pearls, who, when he found one pearl of great price, went his way, and sold all that he had and bought it.
>
> Saint Matthew 13:46.

For the theme of the philosopher or the poet, there is no subject more prolific than "Life." Longfellow, to mention only one, has told us that: "Life is real; life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal." While no one thinks of disagreeing, how few carry the theme to its conclusion! How many wake up in middle life to find out, too late, that they have been chasing phantoms! Some men seek wealth as an objective; others, fame or pleasure; both require wealth as means to the end. Life is not only real; it is eternal. The things of time lead to eternity; and the Hindu's conception of death is not inapt: "A flight of stairs upward or downward."

Happy the man who surrenders in time what will be taken from him before he reaches eternity! Surrender begets the idea of war, and Job tells us that man's life on earth is a warfare. Many realize this, but how few realize that the battle ground is the individual soul! Not one man in a thousand becomes wealthy; yet, the testimony of daily experience fails to convince man that he is engaged in a losing combat when he strives to master wealth. Who is it that said "Hope springs eternal in the human breast"? There is Hope, and there are false hopes; the latter are either bound to die or live to torture eternally. They once

buoyed the rainbow chaser. Will they cheer him at the end, or do they become a vanishing point? The saints have felt the force of this. Madmen, their age called them; but they were foolish with the wisdom from on high.

Saint Ignatius, soldier that he was, conceived the idea of a specific religious order as being but a division of the great army of Christ whose "kingdom is not of this world." The Society of Jesus, he founded on military lines, and called it "The Company of Jesus," always referring to our Blessed Lord as Captain Christ. The noviceship is the training camp; the species of training being the conquest of self before the soldier emerges to conquer others for the Kingdom.

The noviceship is a period in which the youthful soldier of Christ studies himself, and is studied. It must last one year; it may last two years. At its completion, in the case of the Xaverian, the candidate takes voluntarily the religious Vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience for a space of three years, before binding himself by perpetual vows. This enactment but shows the wisdom of Holy Mother Church, who safeguards the novice from hasty action and protects the religious society, as well, from unworthy and unsuitable members.

The first Novitiate of the Xaverian Brothers in America was, naturally, in Louisville, Kentucky. Before the withdrawal of the four Brothers in the beginning, three postulants had been enrolled. Theirs was but a repetition of the scribe in the Gospel: "Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou shalt go" (Matthew 8:19). One remained three months; the second, three days; and the third, four months. When the Community was reëstablished in 1860, the Novitiate was at the Green Street House, whence came the unforgetable Brothers Joseph, John, Philip, and Peter. The third, and last Novitiate of Louisville, was at the Fourth Street House, Brother Boniface, of

ENTRANCE TO NOVITIATE, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA

happy and pleasant memories, being the first postulant admitted, and persevering to death through fifty-seven years of service. Brothers Francis and Stephen were in turn Masters of Novices, Brother Joseph assisting. Brother Francis, as we have seen, was an ascetic man, so much so, that he seemed far removed from the things of earth at all times. He had subdued human nature in himself, and he expected all to follow him, forgetting that no two battles in the soul are the same in intensity or duration. Almighty God has not made any two leaves of the same tree exactly alike; and in the finer workings of the human soul, there are no two temperaments the same. Though one may censure man for not taking theories to heart, we must remember that what is a defect in the mind of man may not be in the mind of God. Brother Francis was a very holy man, and God may have permitted that defect in his nature to prevent his being ensnared by creatures; and in turn, prevent creatures from making too much of the sanctity they admired. If he succeeded in stamping out human nature in himself, he did not succeed to the same extent in his charges, Brother Joseph a possible exception, for the human is nicely betrayed by Brother Philip in the chronicles on the change of Novice Masters:

> Brother Francis, a saintly man was Master of Novices. He had not the natural gift of winning youngsters, still less the knack of meeting half-way poor human nature; therefore, it seemed to me a good thing when the Brother General publicly thanked Brother Francis for his work and installed Brother Stephen as Master of Novices. I tell you we were glad.

Brother Stephen was no less ascetic than Brother Francis; but he was more human. He could be severe in denunciations, would tolerate no laxity, was an avowed enemy to innovations; but he could, and did, make allowances, as

well as realize that a moderate enjoyment of the good things of life is not incompatible with the spirit, and may even be conductive to it.

As the number of novices increased, an assistant was appointed. Boys were admitted, but were kept apart until such time as they were eligible for the habit. They were under the care of a Postulant Master. As both novices and postulants were in the schools all day as monitor teachers, the Masters of Novices and Postulants were also employed as teachers, and the work of instructing novices and postulants was done after school. Such a system is now wisely forbidden by the laws of the Church which expressly state that the Master of Novices should not be employed in work detrimental to the training of the novices, and that the novices of the first year must not have any employment that will interfere with the primal object of the noviceship. The times and circumstances of which we write did not admit of any alternative, and no one can say, knowing the sturdy characters that emanated from that school of hardship, that any detriment ensued from the undesirable system then necessarily in vogue.

What the novices and postulants had to endure in the way of privations has been described here and there, and this history is largely their monument. When the Province was erected in 1875, the question of establishing a mother house arose. We have seen that the first mother house in America was founded in 1876 at Mount Saint Joseph's, Baltimore. Previous to this, it was decided to establish a temporary Novitiate at Saint Patrick's, Baltimore, with Brother Stephen as Master of Novices, but this plan never materialized. At this juncture, Brother Stephen was at Saint Mary's Industrial School and Brother Dominic was Master of Novices in Louisville. At the purchase of Mount Saint Joseph's in 1876, the novitiate was moved to the new site on the Frederick Road, Brother Dominic arriving

GROTTO OF LOURDES, NOVITIATE

with three novices, Brothers Basil, Edwin, and George on November 1, 1876.

Considering the Novitiate of Louisville as an institution of the pre-Provincial period, it was directly dependent on the mother house at Bruges; thus, Mount Saint Joseph's became the first Novitiate of the American Province of the Xaverian Brothers. On October 10, 1876, the Brothers already living at the Mount, the first postulant was admitted and registered as Maurice Lynch, who later became Brother Raymond, and gave just fifty years of devoted service to the Congregation. The first investiture occurred on December 30, 1876, when Brothers Raymond, Angelus, and Columbanus received the holy habit. Brother Angelus, after fifty-three years of service, is living retired at the Novitiate, the only living memento of the nucleus of the first Novitiate of the American Province of the Xaverian Brothers.

Brother Dominic in the dual capacity of Master of Novices and Director of the College remained at the Mount until 1883 when good Brother Joseph succeeded him. Brother Joseph was assisted at various times in the work of the novices by Brothers Leonard and Peter. From the time the Novitiate began to function at Baltimore, its numbers increased. The place, at that time far removed from the distractions of city life, was adapted to the work. The want of retirement had proved a handicap to the work of the Louisville Novitiate. Postulants and novices were, for the most part, from the city itself, and unavoidable contact with old scenes and old associates had its detrimental effect on many. Another cause for the sudden influx of candidates is traceable to the zeal of a priest, the Reverend Peter McGrane. Father McGrane was living retired with the Trappists at Gethsemani, Kentucky, and taught at the school connected with the Monastery. This zealous man use his influence on the students for good. When he saw a

likely young man of pious dispositions, he spoke to him of the good that he might do in the Church of God by devoting his talents in the cause of Christian education. This appealed to many, and for upward of twenty years a number of promising young men came from the heart of Kentucky where the seeds of Catholicity, planted by Bishop Flaget and his co-laborers, had grown and ripened. The work of Kentucky's pioneer missionaries on souls was as solid as the cathedral they built. In the generations that followed, faith—a priceless heritage—and its effects are to be found in the sturdy sons of the Church in the rural sections of Kentucky. Too often we hear the expression "dark and bloody ground" applied to Kentucky, not because of its etymology, but by reason of the bloody deeds committed within her precincts. The quiet work of God still going on is lost sight of by a world only too willingly fixing its attention upon the lurid, as does the vulture on carrion.

Her sons of the soil generously left their homes, and came East to give their all for God. They formed for many years the very backbone of the Congregation in America, so much so, that Xaverian and Kentuckian were synonymous. If to-day Massachusetts claims the honor, if honor it be, good coming from God, of having given the most sons to the Congregation, the first seeds of the Xaverian Congregation, planted in Massachusetts were largely by the sons of the Congregation from Kentucky.

In 1887, Brother Cajetan arrived from Europe for the purpose of acting as Master of Novices, thus enabling Brother Joseph to confine himself solely to the college. Brother Cajetan was the first Master of Novices to be relieved of all other duties in order to give his whole time to the work of the religious formation of the novices, a condition long felt to be necessary, and supplied none too soon. By this time, the southern wing of the Mount had been completed. The students were confined to this build-

ing except for dining room service on the first floor of the novitiate building, and the work of Brother Cajetan became somewhat smooth by reason of this separation.

On the removal of Brother Cajetan in 1891 to Danvers, Brother Paul, present Superior General, was appointed Master of Novices, and remained as such for a period of seven years. The Novitiate kept up its flourishing condition both in numbers and in spirit. In 1893, one change from an immemorial custom was effected when the novices and professed were separated in refectory; the professed retaining theirs; the novices moving to a room off the kitchen, and now used as refectory by the Sisters at the Mount.

In their novitiates, religious orders have what are called tests to ground the novices in humility and obedience. When a test is known to be such and nothing more, it can easily be endured. It is doubtful if any tests were more severe, exacting, trying on human nature, or of longer endurance than the tests of Old Mount Saint Joseph's Novitiate. We cannot say they were designedly tests, but were adopted through the sheer necessity of obtaining labor for nothing. The entire menial work of the institution: washing dishes, sweeping, scrubbing, making boys' beds, devolved upon the novices. No doubt such work still forms the labor of novices the world over; but there is a vast difference between doing such on behalf of consecrated spouses of Christ, or for self, and doing it on behalf of supercilious boys who could not draw the distinction as to the motive underlying the work—"All for Thee, Sacred Heart." The work of servants it was, and as servants the novices were regarded. These tests proved a drawback in many instances, sometimes to the subsequent amusement of the novices with the right spirit. A postulant might say: "I did not come here to wash dishes, or to be a servant."

Right it was that such sifting should be done in the be-

ginning. Stout hearts are needed for God's sacrificial service, and stout those were that persevered through the ordeal. If the authorities saw fit to continue in this way, it was not through lack of sympathy; but as stated before, at the time they could not afford to employ help. The novices proved the happy expedient, and who shall say they were the worse for it? Still, time demands changes, and a system once useful may outgrow its utility.

It is all very well and proper to give pioneers their due meed of praise for laying foundations. Without superstructures, foundations are useless, and represent time and labor lost. If our pioneers laid the foundation of the Xaverians in America firm and strong, the superstructure was built by the generation of novices from the Mount. Their early training was in the school of menial labor. Hard and uncongenial was the labor, though so, only in the abstract, for Saint Augustine says: "Where there is love, there is no labor; or if there is, the labor is loved." The novices of the right spirit came to learn the lessons of the spiritual life. They were attracted to the lessons from the consoling words of our own Blessed Lord: "My yoke is sweet and my burden light" (Matt. 11:30).

From this work, Brother Paul was relieved in 1898 at the opening of Old Point Comfort College whither he went to take charge. As the institution at Old Point opened in January, Brother Dionysius was placed in charge of the novices for the remainder of the school year. Brother Ambrose of the Belgian Province succeeded to the office of Master of Novices but retained it for two years only. Brother Ambrose had not come from Europe for that purpose. He had been in the country for three years, and was chosen because he had acted in the same capacity in Bruges. Though a thorough teacher, possessing excellent methods and normally trained, his lack of familiarity with the language and acquaintance with the ways of the country

NOVITIATE GROUNDS

proved a handicap. The real work of giving conferences to the novices fell upon the busy Brother Joseph. To supply this most necessary position, Brother Norbert came from Saint Patrick's, Baltimore, in 1900. His coming was at a very distracting period, the period of building, and more or less havoc resulted as the space of the Novitiate had to be encroached upon to find room for the professed who were without living quarters. The novices had to give up their recreation room as dormitory to the professed, and the only passage thereto was through the novices' study room. The work proved disastrous to the nerves of Brother Norbert, and he was relieved in September, 1901, being succeeded by Brother Basil who retained the office until 1907.

Brother Basil was a type distinct in himself. He knew no bending. Firm and rigid was he in his dealings with the novices, and just as firm and rigid in taking their part, unknown to them, when they were assailed, as novices have been, are, and ever will be. It was while Brother Basil was Master of Novices that the fourth story was added to the Novitiate building to make it correspond exteriorly to the new main building. The Novitiate was moved upstairs, effecting a more complete separation. In the summer of 1905, Brother Basil went to Europe for a visit, Brother Walter having charge of the novices during his absence. While Brother Basil was absent, Brother Isidore, Superior at the time, in sympathy for the novices, to allow them a change of clothing after playing baseball, procured for them regular baseball suits. When Brother Basil returned, prudence, for which novices are sometimes noted, forbade their using them further. Whether the existence of the suits ever came to Brother Basil's knowledge or not is uncertain; but one day, he called a novice, no other than the late Brother Antonius, and told him to take off the habit he had on to try on another. At first the poor young Brother was perplexed. Knowing that no excuse would go, he

bashfully took off the habit, when lo, he had on baseball trousers. That evening, at conference, all baseball suits were ordered in, and moths had a feast. Though stern and unrelenting, Brother Basil was just, and his memory is revered by his one-time novices, who now see with the eyes of mature religious.

In 1907, Brother Theodore was appointed to the office. What Brother Philip wrote of Brother Francis was reëchoed by the novices as they learned of the change. Brother Theodore did not come as a stranger to the work, having been assistant to Brother Paul, and later serving in the same capacity to Brother Basil. During the time of Brother Theodore, owing to the thoughtfulness of Brother Gilbert, then one of the teachers at the Mount, the work of the novices was somewhat lightened. Brother Gilbert offered to initiate the boys into the art of bed-making, and from that date on, while the novices were at the Mount, they were relieved from this, not hard labor in itself, but hardly in keeping with the respect due to the religious habit. The heavy dish washing was rendered less laborious by being made congenial. Hitherto, the scullery was in a very small room, hardly large enough for one sink, the major part of the work being conducted in the kitchen. While on a visit, Brother Superior General Chrysostom, with an eye to the welfare of the novices, proposed a porch off of the novices' study room. Brother Theodore, with an eye to a greater want, suggested instead, to make a scullery where the work could go on more conveniently. His suggestion was carried out with the result that the space under the porch was walled, and the present long, airy scullery with its six sinks came into being, proving a blessing to future classes of novices.

Brother Theodore remained with the novices for six years. During his time he introduced two salutary customs: daily Stations of the Cross and the Holy Hour. Pre-

SHRINE OF SAINT JOSEPH, NOVITIATE

vious to his time, the Stations had been made daily by many through penance, now they were made through love. He was succeeded by Brother Alphonse in 1913 who remained for two years, Brother Sylvan replacing him. Brother Sylvan, after one year, was sent to the Catholic University for postgraduate work, and Brother Columbanus was in charge temporarily, Brother Julian succeeding to the office in 1917.

In 1921, the Novitiate, after forty-five years association with the Mount, was moved to Old Point Comfort, Virginia. This move was necessary for two reasons: first, the Mount was practically in the city; secondly, the Mount was crowded with students, and clamored for the little room the novices occupied. The change, however, was not new in the minds of the authorities. As far back as the year 1884, at the Provincial Chapter, it was moved that buildings be erected on the property on Edmondson Avenue, Baltimore, the intention being to move the college there, and retain the Mount exclusively as the Novitiate. Again, in 1896, at the Provincial Chapter, Brother Isidore strongly urged that the Novitiate be separated from the College. It would seem that Providence reserved for Brother Isidore, himself, to effect the change at a later date. With this in view, while Brother Isidore was Provincial, he acquired for the Brothers, in 1916, a piece of property of one hundred and ten acres of land and sixty acres of woodland overlooking Breton Bay at Leonardtown, Maryland. The site is admirably adapted for the purpose, both as to seclusion and to beauty of scenery, the famed Hudson not surpassing it. Opposition to the Novitiate's being at Leonardtown, on the score that the place is inaccessible, was considerable. The Provincial was slow in making use of the property, so slow that the fire at Leonard Hall foiled his plans, and all thought of building a Novitiate had to be abandoned. Even before the fire, when something could have been done, the

Baker estate on the edge of Catonsville was on the market, and Brother Isidore had more than Eve's eye upon it. Its price, a hundred thousand, was beyond the means available. Brother Isidore had hopes that the heirs, anxious to dispose of the property, would let it go for less, so he waited. In the meantime, he went to Europe to attend the General Chapter of 1919. During his absence the place was sold, the buyer realizing his investment by selling half the property for building lots. Evidently Providence did not have it in store for the Xaverian Brothers. But something had to be done in a year, as conditions at the Mount rendered an immediate removal of the Novitiate necessary. In the fall of 1920, Old Point Comfort was decided upon, the moving occurred in the summer of 1921.

The Old Point Comfort College Faculty and many other Brothers as well felt the closing of the old place as a school, but there was naught else to do. The Province could not afford to build; Old Point Comfort College was heavily in debt; there was no other available spot ready for use. With the funds gathered for a new Novitiate, it was put in readiness. Its selection as a Novitiate must go down in history as a matter of expediency rather than of choice.

On the fifth of July, 1921, eighteen novices who had finished their canonical year, left Baltimore under the care of Brother Columbanus to prepare the way; the others remained in Baltimore to do the packing. On July 28, Feast of Saint Ann, ten novices and twelve postulants bade the old Novitiate farewell and proceeded to the Point. Youth likes change. Possibly the severing of the old connections had no meaning for them; but the Mount is to all the Brothers, Mother, and the severing of almost a half century of traditions to start anew was not effected without a heart wrench from those who were bound to the Mount by every spiritual and human tie.

Old Point necessarily underwent a few changes, and the

arrangement is such that if a building were to be built for a Novitiate few changes in the plans would be necessary. The novices are entirely on the second floor. The old dormitory remained intact; on one side of the corridor leading to the chapel is the community room; on the other, is the recreation room. The lower floor, formerly used as classrooms, has been fitted up as sleeping rooms for the professed, some of whom are resting from their labors; others are engaged in work about the place.

The chapel underwent a complete transformation, made possible by a legacy to one of the Brothers. On the outside, changes have been made, and one is unique. Brother Isidore has a happy fancy for grottos, and a grotto of Lourdes the Novitiate must have. Anyone acquainted with Southern Virginia knows that rock is unknown, but Brother Isidore is a man who creates opportunities. While on one of his visits to the Novitiate he suggested getting permission from the Traction Company to gather clinkers from the roadside. This was obtained, and Provincial laid the foundation of the Grotto of our Lady of Lourdes. To build a grotto, especially of clinkers, many a bag of cement is required. A Brother interested his Hibernian friends and there are ninety bags of cement in that grotto. Under the feet of our Lady's statue is a tin box which contains the name of every Brother of the Province at that time, April, 1922, as well as the then novices and aspirants.

One thing suggests another; walks leading to the Grotto were necessary. Good will abounded, labor was plentiful, but labor depends on capital. The birth of the walks is interesting and deserves special mention. As the walks were the suggestion of the novices, they were told to pray for the means. It was just before the feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, and one novice made a novena to Saint Joseph and asked for fifty dollars, another asked Saint Terese of the Child Jesus for fifty dollars to come within a

week. It was calculated that the walks would cost one hundred dollars in cement and gravel, the labor would be supplied by the novices. These novenas were private. None knew of them at the time, except the two, and neither knew the other was making a novena. In the meantime a friend who had been very good to the farm was approached and asked for twenty-five dollars to complete one walk. This friend knew nothing of the special prayers, so you may imagine the surprise to receive, on the feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, a letter from him in which was a check for one hundred dollars, with the specification that fifty dollars was in honor of Saint Joseph and fifty dollars in honor of Saint Terese of the Child Jesus. Truly, it was a remarkable answer to prayer of simple faith.

The walks were finished by May. To complete the symmetry of Lourdes Park, one more walk was necessary. A promise was made to our Blessed Mother to name it in honor of her mother, Saint Ann, if she would supply the means during her month of May. To wait, would not be perfect faith, so the walk was started. Unasked, a friend became our Blessed Mother's almoner. Inlaid in blue cement at the beginning and end of each walk are the names: Immaculate Conception, Saint Joseph, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Ann, and Little Terese. To the novices of 1923, who worked industriously during recreation, must go the credit of these walks, and it is hoped that their zeal and devotedness in more lasting things will never wane.

The work of beautifying the grounds, and lending a spiritual atmosphere to them continued. Year by year, as means allowed, a shrine was added. Friends were not wanting who supplied the price of statues and the material for erecting the shrine, the novices supplied the labor. Besides the Grotto, the Novitiate to-day has a shrine to Saint Joseph, Saint Francis Xavier, and Saint Terese of the Child

CHAPEL, NOVITIATE

Jesus; that of the Sacred Heart was on the grounds when the place was acquired as a Novitiate.

The inner work of the Novitiate, itself, presents no history. It is that of the ordinary Novitiate: prayer, labor, study, recreation. It is the seeding time of the religious life, not its harvesting. As all seeds planted do not fructify with the same attendant shine and rain, so all souls do not respond to God's ever-present grace. One may point the way to a tourist; if he goes not the way pointed, the fault is surely his alone. So with the novitiate; it but points the way, nothing more; the individual must go that way himself or fail. Papini says that there is a germ of Judas in the heart of every disciple of Christ; so lapses from fervor, though not to be expected, should not be surprising. The novitiate hopes and prays that the novice—and when is one other than a novice, each day a beginning?—may, with God's grace as the power, make the present as the years roll on, history, worthy of the past—the past of which he is a product.

CHAPTER XXXII

TO-MORROW

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

LONGFELLOW.

YESTERDAY was; to-day is; to-morrow may be. The Xaverian yesterday in America has been partially told; its picture of to-day is: Brother Osmund, Provincial; Brothers Norbert, Dunstan, Angelus, Anselm, Consultors; Brother Leander, Secretary; Brother Leopold, Treasurer; Brother Noel, Financial Secretary.

Its houses are:

Archdiocese of Baltimore:

Saint Mary's Industrial School; established in 1866; Brothers, 35; boys, 630.

Mount Saint Joseph's College and Provincial House; founded in 1876; Brothers, 32; boys, 326.

Saint Patrick's Parochial School; established in 1815, taken by the Brothers in 1872; Brothers, 6; boys, 299.

Saint James' Home; established in 1878; Brothers, 3; boys, 48.

Leonard Hall, Leonardtown, Maryland; founded, 1910; Brothers, 12; boys, 110.

Xaverian House of Studies, Washington; founded, 1928; community varies.

Archdiocese of Boston:

SHRINE OF SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER, NOVITIATE

Saint Patrick's Parochial School, Lowell; established, 1882; Brothers, 5; boys, 202.

Saint Mary's Parochial School, Lawrence; established, 1889; Brothers, 9; boys, 360.

Saint Joseph's Parochial School, Somerville; established, 1893; Brothers, 8; boys, 330.

Saint John's Preparatory School, Danvers; founded, 1891; original purpose diverted in 1907; Brothers, 26; boys, 322.

Working Boys' Home, Newton Highlands; established, 1883; taken by Brothers in 1908; Brothers, 11; boys, 139.

Saint Joseph's Juniorate, Peabody; founded in 1923 from Old Point Comfort; Brothers, 10; Aspirants, 78.

Keith Academy, Lowell; founded by Cardinal O'Connell in 1926; Brothers, 8; boys, 152.

Mission Church High School, Roxbury; established, 1926; Brothers, 9; boys, 194.

Diocese of Louisville:

Saint Xavier's; founded in 1854; Saint Patrick's, 1854-1858; Eighth Street, 1858-1860; Green Street, 1860-1864; Fourth Street, 1864-1891; Broadway, 1891; Brothers, 23; boys, 526.

Saint John's Parochial School, Louisville; established, 1855; taken by the Brothers in 1860; the only remaining monument of pioneer parochial schools, being taught uninterruptedly by the Brothers since 1860; Brothers, 2, reside at Saint Xavier's; boys, 59.

Saint Lawrence Home, Louisville; established, 1908; Brothers, 2; boys, 11.

Saint Joseph's College, Bardstown; founded in 1819; acquired by the Brothers in 1911; Brothers, 11; boys, 132.

Diocese of Richmond:

Saint Mary's High School, Norfolk; established, 1891; Brothers, 7; boys, 142.

Saint Paul's Parochial School, Portsmouth; established, 1892; Brothers, 6; boys, 213.

Sacred Heart Novitiate, Fortress Monroe; founded as Old Point Comfort College in 1898; changed to Novitiate in 1921; Brothers, 7; Second Year Novices, 19; First Year Novices, 18; Postulants, 11.

Saint Vincent's School, Newport News; founded in 1903; Brothers, 4; boys, 70.

Cathedral School, Richmond; established in 1917; (Brothers in Richmond uninterruptedly since 1881); Brothers, 7; boys, 194.

Xaverian School, Alexandria; established, 1919; Brothers, 5; boys, 154.

Diocese of Springfield:

Saint John's High School, Worcester, Massachusetts; established in 1894; as a High School in 1898; Brothers, 8; boys, 260.

Diocese of Wheeling:

Catholic Central High School, Wheeling, W. Va.; established in 1897; Brothers, 10; boys, 276.

Saint Xavier's Manual Training School, Elm Grove; established in 1905; Brothers, 4; boys, 35.

Diocese of Detroit:

Saint Joseph's Home for Working Boys, Detroit; established in 1904; Brothers, 4 (one at University of Detroit); boys, 50.

Diocese of Syracuse:

Assumption High School, Utica; acquired by Brothers in 1917; Brothers, 7; boys, 210.

Diocese of Brooklyn:

Holy Cross Parochial School, Brooklyn; acquired by the Brothers in 1920; Brothers, 9; boys, 315.

Saint Matthew's Parochial School, Brooklyn; acquired by the Brothers in 1923; Brothers, 7; boys, 294.

Holy Name Parochial School, Brooklyn; acquired by the Brothers in 1924; Brothers, 10; boys, 378.

Saint Michael's Diocesan High School, Brooklyn; established in 1926; Brothers, 15; boys, 447.

Of these institutions, nine are community property: Mount Saint Joseph's; Saint John's, Danvers; Saint Xavier's, Louisville; Saint Joseph's, Bardstown; Sacred Heart Novitiate, Fortress Monroe; Saint Vincent's, Newport News; Leonard Hall, Leonardtown; Saint Joseph's Juniorate, Peabody; and the House of Studies, Washington, D. C. The twenty-four remaining are diocesan or parochial, and comprise: 7 High Schools, 11 Parochial Schools, 3 Industrial Schools or Orphanages, and 3 Homes for Working Boys.

Thus ends to-day. What of to-morrow? One may say that it is in God's hands. Is it? Yes, and no! Its blessings lie with God, surely; but its blessedness lies with those who make the to-morrow, to-day. Religious societies hope for a future, but in their epoch-makers is the potential future, and God's blessings will come if deserved.

The past has been but merely outlined in these pages. Behind its achievements are the secret struggles but dimly guessed; the heartaches endured; the baptism by fire, that purifying element that purges man from every atom of self before he can begin really to work for God. It is said that one must first experience sorrow before he can sympathize with another; and one must have passed through the ordeals of the Xaverian pioneers to gauge aright the hearts that remained true because tried. All were tried through the years, but not all were true; and what was, will be. The human element has ever run through God's Church; yes, even in the Apostolic Novitiate; and down to our own day history repeats itself. Religious orders, all, Bishops, too, have failures scored upon their books. They mourn as

mothers must, and do, the disloyalty of sons and daughters recreant to family honor and false to first ideals. They excuse on the score of human weakness where malice is not evident, and cloak the wrong, when wrong it is, with the charity of silence. But to the few who fall by the wayside, there are hundreds, yes, thousands, who are loyal to the cause because faithful to God, and to these the orders look with hope for a future worthy of their glorious past.

With that hope present, the Xaverian Brothers look forward. They are seventy-five years old in America. Let us rather say they are seventy-five years young. Let us hope they will be ever young—young, with spring-like, Pentecostal growth. "By concord, little things grow," is their Congregational motto. May they ever grow thus, receiving daily fresh life, perpetuating the old in renewed youth, reposing on the Heart of Christ, drawing inspiration from the Holy Church, that "Beauty, ever ancient, ever new." We would wish their to-morrow to be one of achievement reflecting the eternal youth of Brothers Francis and Stephen. We would wish to see them ever "zealous for the better gifts," seeking the highest in soul-culture of the true, the good, and beautiful that they may fulfill the hopes reposed in them by Holy Mother Church, and become real teachers, aspiring only to inspire the best in youth, whether it be the college, the high school, the grades, the orphanage, or the home. Then will a to-morrow be assured, worthy of the yesterday of these pages. Truly in the hands of the present is the future. How shall it be handled?

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant?

No! We would have the Xaverians trust the future in trusting God.

Let the dead past bury its dead?

LITTLE FLOWER SHRINE, NOVITIATE

This we would not have them do. Their past is their very life; their impetus to the future.

Act, act, in the living present?

Yes, this we would have them do:

Heart within, and o'er head.

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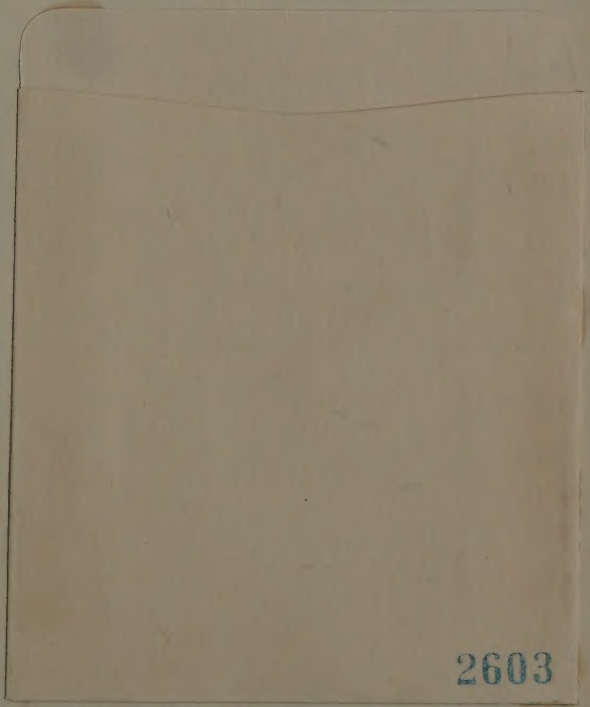
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